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SIR HENRY MORGAN,
THE BUCCANEER.

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SIR HENRY MORGAN

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SIR HENRY MORGAN,

THE BUCCANEER.

BY E. HOWARD,

AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OUTWARD BOUND,"
"JACK ASHORE."



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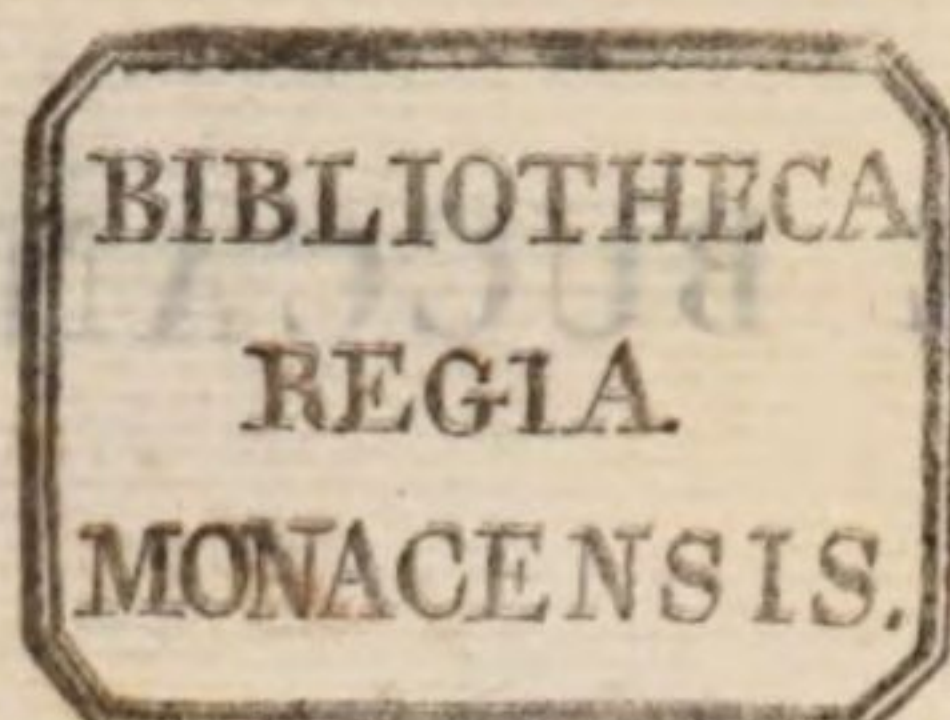
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1842.

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SIR HENRY MORGAN.



BY E. HOWARD.

ATTORNEY OF "THE BATTLE OF THE BURNES" "OF THE BURNES" "OF THE BURNES"



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SIR HENRY MORGAN,

THE BUCCANEER.

CHAPTER I.

The Scene of our Hero's Childhood—Some Account of his Neighbours—His youthful Appearance—His Genealogy and Parentage—His Education, and a Description of his Pursuits.

IN the summer of 1647, when the Puritan party had fully established itself, not only in England, but had also spread its ramifications into the most remote parts of Scotland and Wales, those who still professed the faith of their ancestors, and who had not courage sufficient to make them seek the crown of martyrdom, were obliged to practise the virtue of humility, and undergo all the seclusion, and much of the privation, of the anchorite, without the reward of his fame.

The noble and royally-descended Welsh family of Glenllyn, firmly holding on to the too-often-vaunted prerogative of their high birth, not to become the creators but the consumers of the good things of this world, had parted with acre after acre of their once princely patrimony, until little remained to them but their vast and ruinous castle, their religion, and their pride. Dig they could not, and to beg they were ashamed. The only estate that now remained to Sir George Glenllyn was just so much land as was enclosed within a boundary of mounds and crumbling masonry that had once formed the outer wall of Glenllyn Castle. There still belonged to the last of the Glenllyns a kitchen garden villanously cultivated, an orchard that was the place where all the young freebooters of the vicinity took their first lessons in plunder, and a morass that once had been a fountain, from which two or three heathen deities, tolerably carved in stone, had once scattered in various manners the living waters, that now humbly oozed along in a muddy bed, and, spreading themselves over the only piece of meadow remaining to the domain, rendered that a bog which was formerly one of nature's greenest and most beautiful carpets. Though the feys and fairies, and other such crea-

tions of the elvine tribe, had not yet deserted this romantic solitude, light as was their step, they had now too much prudence to frolic over the quagmire, for it is well known these little amiabilities always prided themselves upon being neatly and elegantly *chaussés*.

Of the castle itself, some few rooms were habitable; many might, with a little expense, have been made so; but by far the greater number were nothing but crumbling ruins, the floors, roofs, and all the wood-work of which supplied the few inmates of the family with fuel; and the other materials were sometimes used in mending the available roads round about, or exchanged with neighbouring yeomen and small farmers for various kinds of provisions, or other necessities, for the subsistence of the inmates.

This castle stood within a short distance of the sea-coast of Merionethshire, in Cardigan Bay, in a central situation between the little fishing hamlets of Penabock and Llangelynin; and at the time our narrative commences, the latter place only had existence, Penabock being then but the site of a large farm-house belonging to a yeoman of the name of Syrinan ap Morgan.

The situation of Glenllyn Castle was, in its solitary and gloomy grandeur, well calculated to strike with awe the casual spectator, and to fill with sentiments of deep romance and thoughtful elevation those born on, or accustomed to, the spot. Immediately behind the ruin arose the vast and mist-crowned summit of the magnificent Cader Idris with its triple head; whilst in the distance, on the left, Plynlimmon, but little inferior in elevation, seemed to dispute with its magnificent brother mountain the dominion of the skies. On the north, but at a still greater distance, Snowdon, loftier than either, blended its imperial crest with the blue ether, or withdrew itself from mortal gaze in the wreaths of its cloudy diadem. Gigantic hills occupied the intervening spaces, and looking inland, there was seen one vast amphitheatre of Alpine bulwarks formed by the Berwyn chain, amongst the most towering of which are distinguished the peaks of Cader Ferwyn, Cader Fronwen, and the Sylattin mountain.

Scenery sublime as this will not make a poet, but it will arouse the latent poetry of the character, and however the enthusiasm may shape itself afterwards, the impulse will still remain. The mere hewers of wood and the tenders of flocks will esteem the most striking features of nature but as the mere common-place of every-day life, and will never elevate their minds above the soil they cultivate. But still, among them there will always be found some one who has been touched by the grand beauties of the creation, and that one will be marked as a person who will

strive for, and perhaps obtain, distinction among his fellow-men. The early influence of the magnificent will magnify men's minds, if they have any. Such, we firmly believe, was the case with our future hero, Henry Morgan.

There was no communication inland with the rest of the world at the time of which we are writing, excepting by a very narrow defile called Bwlch y groes, from the circumstance of a cross having once been erected near its commencement for the guidance of the solitary and devout pilgrim.

At the time from which we commence our history, Sir George Glenllyn was a man of nearly sixty years of age, broken in constitution, in spirit, and in heart. When young, he had followed the wild courses of youth with the hot temperament of the Cambrian; he had involved himself in all manner of conspiracies, rebellions, and treasons; and with the intractability of a character peculiarly his own, he knew not how to soften resentment by submission, or to evade punishment by policy. Forfeitures, attainders, and outlawries had followed in his manhood upon the profligate extravagance of his youth, and thus he saw himself at once, on the brink of ruin and of the grave, with the last rood of land slipping from him, at the period when he was about to hide his shame under it. He asked only to die in peace; but he could not forget.

The character which Giraldus gave of the Welsh is good, even to the present day. "This nation is earnest in all its pursuits, and neither worse men than the bad, nor better than the good, can be met with." Relying upon this proposition, we pronounce that Sir George was a very bad man. He was the very essence of selfism. Little, indeed, had he brought to the common stock of the glory of his race; yet that glory, which he neither created nor could perpetuate, he obstinately conceived to be an ingredient of his own identity. This sentiment of pride caused him to be a mass of contradictions, a torment to all others, and a most ingenious torturer of himself.

The family of this poverty-stricken knight consisted, including himself, of five persons only; his family chaplain, a Catholic priest, of the order of Jesus; a bard of the order of Penwyz; his son, who could be reduced into no manner of order; and, best and last, his only daughter Lynia.

But, as we respect literary etiquette, before we begin to describe any of these persons very particularly, we are bound to give the precedence to our hero, Henry Morgan, and his family. Though Henry's father could not trace up his progenitors to any one of the five regal sources, to one or other of which the entire population of Wales at present lays claim, yet he had also ancestors

of whom he was proud, and this ostentation of blood had the most decided influence upon his actions, and in some measure influenced the fate of his son.

Syrinan's family was lately of Monmouthshire, and Syrinan himself sought not to trace his forefathers beyond the famous abbot of Bangor, who earned for himself the invidious and head-endangering distinction of the heresiarch Pelagius. This bold and great man was not, at Rome, quite so proud of his Gaelic extraction as the Cambrians usually are, for he changed his honest name of Morgan, which signifieth sea-born, from the Celtic words *mor*, the sea, and *gan*, born, to the more classical yet less euphonious Πελαγίος, and in Latin, Pelagius.

The infirmity of vanity is as natural to man as death; we must not, therefore, be surprised that Gaffer Morgan, and his gaffers before him, in order that they might boast of being able to trace up their ancestry so far back as the year 400, scrupled not to acknowledge that they sprang from one who, though he kept not his vow of celibacy, could not have married. The Morgans very wisely considered that it was much better to have a base-born progenitor of the fifth century than the most honourable parentage of the fifteenth, and, after the manner of heralds, they were excessively fond of it; for, according to their most approved doctrines, an ancient disgrace is more honourable to a race than any modern renown. Biassed by the same feeling, the Morgans had tenaciously held on to the Pelagian heresy, whether the prevailing faith had been either Catholic or Protestant. They were bold fellows the Morgans, and, though only yeomen, were too proud to confess to original sin; and, whether at meeting or mass, strenuously maintained that they were free agents. They held that they were enabled to accomplish all the commands of God without the intervention of grace, parson, or priest, and that sin was not born with man, but committed after his birth. This was a very fine doctrine to form a manly, independent, and self-relying character, but very bad indeed for all manner of spiritual pastors, as it considerably diminished their functions, and reduced their power over its professors.

Syrinan ap Morgan, the father of our hero, was a stern Presbyterian nonconformist, the doctrines of which sect he had contrived, in his own mind, to reconcile heartily with the Pelagian heresy; and he was ready to draw his sword, and stain it to its very hilt, in the blood of the Papist who was opposed to Calvinists and Lutherans, and of either Calvinist or Lutheran who, like the Catholic, upheld original sin, or even a modified predestination. We cannot sufficiently admire this hardihood of Syrinan ap Morgan, and his delicate manner of splitting hairs;

and this admiration will be increased when we consider that he could barely read, and could not write at all, but—was he not descended from the great Pelagius?

We verily believe, were there now a family in England who could lineally and undoubtedly trace up their ancestry to Alexander the Great, that all the members of it would carry their heads drooping over their shoulders, after the manner of trussed fowls; so we are not surprised at this mental leaning of the Morgans towards heresy. We are a wry-necked generation.

At the opening of our tale, young Henry Morgan had nearly attained his sixteenth year. He was a blithe-looking, well-favoured, and handsomely-featured youth, active as the wild goats upon his native mountains, strong in limb as the untamed horse of the desert, and fearless as the sea-eagle in the midst of his alpine solitudes. He was merry, frank, and just as wicked as any lad would necessarily be, who had been taught from his infancy that he was devoid of all original sin. But as, peradventure, this description is not sufficiently definite to satisfy my lady readers, he shall be described more in the detail. His eyes, for eyes will always claim the first attention, were vividly bright, with a hawk-like eagerness of expression, although their colour was of the deepest blue. His forehead was remarkable neither for breadth nor loftiness, although it could not be pronounced as either mean or low. His curling hair would have been of the most approved auburn, had not exposure to the sun and rain turned it into patches of sandy-looking tufts, alternated with a burnt white. The contour of the countenance was nearly round, the cheeks plump and outrageously ruddy, and the other parts of his face so deeply freckled, that it was hardly possible to decide what really was the original complexion.

As Henry Morgan is strictly an historical personage, and played a very striking part in the times in which he flourished, we beg particular attention to this description, which we shall continue by recording that his nose was beautifully formed, and by no manner of means a Welsh apology for the nasal articulation. His mouth was large, but certainly not badly formed; and its size, if at all a defect, was more than compensated for by the regularity and brilliant purity of his teeth. In the prominence of his chin there were energy and determination, and his whole bearing was free, bold, though a little boisterous. He was more remarkable for breadth and depth of chest and the spread of his shoulders than for his stature; and these characteristics, though much altered by climate, hardships, and years, he preserved through the whole course of his eventful life. He became one of the handsomest men of his time.

Morgan's family reformed with the Reformation, still preserving their Pelagian heresy, which they patched on very cleverly to their religious garment, and averred that it looked all the better for it. Thus, the little classical education that Henry received, he obtained from a perambulatory dominie, who lived and taught at the various farmhouses in rotation. Miss Glenllyn also gave him some insight into the Spanish, Italian, and French languages.

This tuition was suspended during the troubles of the struggle between Charles and his parliament, and Henry afterwards owed the further progress of his education to Father Polybius, the Jesuit priest of Sir George Glenllyn,—who believed a great deal too much, for he credited all that was taught by his superstitious church,—and to Ap Lywarch, the bard, who believed hardly any thing, for he was all but a heathen, who adored the misletoe, and would have had no great objection to burning a human being in a wicker idol, had such human being been a Saxon.

Thus, at this early age, Henry could read and write, speak English, say his paternoster in Latin, and his creed in Welsh, and sing Welsh love-songs to the crowd. In fact, as the son of an obscure though rich yeoman, he was wonderfully accomplished; but, as a descendant of the immortal Pelagius, he was but as one void of every thing useless and pernicious in polemical learning. However, he knew many strange legends of the Welsh kings and princes, of sons of the mist, and of the feys and fairies of Cader Idris and the surrounding mountains, with many stories, still more strange, of Romish miracles and martyrs. These, mingled up with the hard dry dogmas of the Pelagian heresy, that his father duly instilled into him by the means of a persuasive crabstick, formed the basis of his belief and notions of religion in early life. Youth believes every thing. Manhood, when it discovers the frauds that have been foisted upon its earlier and more plastic soul, revolts, and, running into the opposite extreme, takes refuge from further deception, not only in not believing anything, but in turning a deaf ear to all, and thus becomes a wilful stranger to divine truth.

Syrinan ap Morgan's farm of Penabock was by far the largest and best cultivated for many miles round, and Syrinan himself was infinitely richer than his titled neighbour Sir George Glenllyn. They were not on the best terms with each other, for Sir George still considered himself as the feudal lord of the yeoman, despite of forfeitures, foreclosures on mortgages, seizures, and attainders. Whenever Sir George spoke of levying the usual feudal exactions and services, Morgan's blood was up, and with it arose his three sons ready to do battle, and his numerous hordes of peasants, shepherds, and hangers-on.

The feudal lord dare not speak about the terrros of the law, being himself, as a recusant, without its pale, and only abiding in his ruin by sufferance; and as to strength and force, either in his household or in vassals, he had long ceased boasting of them. But Syrinan ap Morgan was most willing to assist his castle-possessing neighbour in every possible way, when that assistance was craved as a courtesy, and not demanded as a right. Fuel the old ruin itself supplied to Sir George; but it must be confessed that almost all the other means of subsistence for Sir George's contracted household depended on the liberality of Morgan principally, assisted, occasionally, by the benevolence of the very few farmers in the vicinity, and a present now and then from the more wealthy inhabitants of Abermaw.

Sir George was in that worst of all agonies, the agony of uncertainty, whether these degrading miseries would be terminated by his death or by his captivity. Continued and increasing sickness threatened the former, whilst the near approach of the parliamentary forces made the latter highly probable. Harlech Castle had lately surrendered to the Parliamentarians under General Mytton. This place, then defended by a Captain William Owen, was the last fort in Wales that held out for the unfortunate Charles. There was also a troop of Cromwell's horse at Abermaw, now called Barmouth, not more than eight miles from Glenllyn Castle, that seemed to be more intent upon conversion than annoyance.

The front of Glenllyn Castle was that part of it which had the most successfully resisted the ravages of the elements, the insidious sappings of time, and the slow yet sure corroding influence of poverty. The form of this castle had been nearly a parallel-gram, the two longest sides of which stretched inland towards the mountains. Each of the four angles of this vast structure was flanked by towers, lofty, vast, circular, and embattled. A staircase wound round the exterior of their walls, which made the ascent easy, and obviated the necessity of the short and awkward turning of the strictly spiral or corkscrew ascent.

The two eastern towers were nothing but stately masses of ruins, and the two western were much dilapidated, though still habitable. The ivy had, in pity, thrown over them its green mantle of foliage; thus concealing the ravages of time, and giving to age a richer beauty, and to ruin a more pleasing grandeur.

Formerly the building had enclosed a spacious court, which, however, had been wanting in the usual keep. The windows that had looked inwards upon the court were large, and had been highly ornamented, whilst those the aspects of which were towards the country were merely narrow slips, of a width suffi-

cient only to admit of the use of the bow or the pointing of an arquebuss through them.

The two towers facing the sea, and between which was the grand entrance, still preserved their integrity, as did also the principal rooms situated near them. Thus through the whole front range were three habitable storeys, to the whole of which light was admitted through narrow lancet-shaped windows.

On the second or middle storey in the north-eastern tower was the apartment of Miss Glenllyn. This room had a groined roof, the ribs of which formed twelve compartments, and was florid in ornament. It was a very handsome and baronial-looking room. One of these twelve compartments, that looked towards the mountains, was grooved out more than the rest in the solid masonry of the tower, and it was sufficiently large to contain not only the couch of the young lady, but also, directly under the long narrow window, which still preserved its stained glass in all its integrity, a small altar, upon which was seen an ebony representation of the Sacrifice on the Cross, and a highly-ornamented and elaborately-illuminated missal, with a few other additaments that Catholic superstition so much venerates. This recess was called "the daughter's oriel."

The apartment, altogether, was the most cheerful, and by far the best-furnished room in the ruin, and consequently it was that which was most frequented. It was here that the few and fallen of the house of Glenllyn would meet, and listen to the wild outpourings of the lord, or the more methodical inventions of the priest.

Of Lynia Glenllyn we have but little to say. She comported herself with that grave and proud humility which is more painful to behold than to enact. She was tall, dark, and very lovely to look upon. The healthful breezes of the mountain and the sea had fanned the glow of health upon her cheek, the warm rudeness of which was not exactly in unison with her composed demeanour and the sad propriety of her deportment. She rarely smiled.

Miss Glenllyn had been educated partly in France and partly in Spain, and she had much more of the air of a princess banished from some remote land, than of one born in the rural solitudes of Wales.

This lady was an awe and a wonder to young Henry Morgan, and he mingled up her image with all his thoughts, and modelled his every action in reference to her opinion. At this time she was nearly twenty, and he but little more than sixteen years of age. Miss Glenllyn had much distinguished him by a friendly affection, and had, besides teaching him a little French and Spa-

nish and Italian, certainly softened down some of the incipient asperities of his character, and removed some of the rust of his vulgarity.

As young Morgan penetrated into the deep solitudes of Cader Idris, and wandered alone for the livelong day over the immense sheep-tracts on the declivity of the many-shaped mountains, he cherished, strengthened, and enlightened his unfolding intellect with visions of the future, in all which the lady of his veneration bore the most prominent part.

At first young Morgan considered Miss Glenllyn only as a Mentor, a being that could be nothing to him but a feudal mistress, a monitress, and a director. Afterwards the sternness of this illusion became a little softened; he fancied that all her communications would not always be commands, all her conversation precepts. The friend gradually became identified with the tutor, and then the tutor faded away, and the image became more beloved. At length he dared to speculate upon his father's wealth and lands, and flocks and herds, which would one day be his, and then he even dared to rejoice in her poverty,—to anticipate the death of her querulous and ailing father, and to plant the standard of his ambition upon the last of her ancestors, and to build the palace of his hopes with the ruin of his feudal chief.

Was not Henry to be pitied? The insane delusion! The proud, the reserved, and the heart-stricken—stricken, too, upon the heart's most vulnerable point, the pride of race—to think that there could be anything in common with her and the half-tutored and wild peasant boy! Was not his fate deplorable? Oh, no! He was never afterwards more happy. He had rebuilt the castle—he had gained renown in foreign parts—in his imagination, he had surrounded himself with dignity, honour, and worship. He drew the bowstring strongly, confidently, and joyously, and, though his arm fell short of his mark in after life, it went far indeed.

Henry Morgan had been successful both as a hunter and an angler; he had surprised a young leveret in her form, and taken three fine salmon trout in one of the precipitous brooks of the mountain. They lay before him properly enveloped in broad green leaves, and the wild flowers of the hills were added with much taste, in order to make the whole an acceptable present. The offering lay at his feet. He was looking upon it with pride, whilst a shade of distrust darkened his honest countenance.

At this time young Owen, the son of the bard, who had come a little way from the castle to meet him, joined him in these his moments of abstraction, and, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "A

fine present, Master Harry, for our young lady! You have kept your word well with her."

"Yes, yes," said Henry, "I am only just thinking of some pretty little speech—something to say to her when I lay this at her feet, to prove that I am not quite a clown; besides, I am really tired, mountaineer though I be, and will just rest here a while."

But of the latter part of this conversation Owen heard little, for, tossing up his heels, and shouting wildly, he ran off to spread the news to all who would listen to him. His father and the priest soon became informed of Henry's good luck, and the circulating schoolmaster having crossed Owen's way, he also went forward upon a voyage of discovery.

When the wild son of the bard came, at last, into the presence of Miss Glenllyn, he had magnified the hare and multiplied the fishes in such a way, that the lady, had any one else been the informant, might have fancied that the stronghold would be victualled for a week.

But we must now return to Henry Morgan. Pensively seated upon a mossy bank, he felt that he was not yet endued with the gift of making gifts richer by rich words. Though not slow, he knew himself to be rude of speech; and as it was his intention to place his present in the hands of Miss Glenllyn herself, he was studying an appropriate oration in order to make it and himself more acceptable. In this difficulty, he began to recite aloud, sometimes in pure Welsh, sometimes in doubtful English. He seemed to satisfy himself in neither.

The poor boy had just recommenced a Welsh compliment, when he was interrupted by the laugh and the *salvete* of father Polybius Gonsalvo. After some jesting on the part of the elder, and a good deal of confusion on the part of Henry, the latter was cajoled into a confidence of his difficulty.

"Try it in Latin, my son," said the Jesuit, "there is nothing like it, and I am certain that Miss Glenllyn will be highly delighted; it will convince her that you are something better than a mere cowherd, and that I have not thrown my instructions away."

"I shall never remember it, father," said Henry, "and your Latin seems to me a strange jumble."

"I will write it down for you, young shepherd—moreover, I will take this trout as my honorarium. It is a day of fast, and will be acceptable."

So, first of all gloating upon the delicacy, he took it from the rest, and, placing it in his wallet, he scrawled some words upon a piece of paper with some pointed charcoal, and, giving it

to Henry with his blessing, shuffled off, not a little delighted with his acquisition.

Whilst young Morgan was endeavouring to spell out something about "*Bellissima et purissima donna Lynia, accipe,*" he was suddenly staggered by the heavy hand of the huge Welsh bard coming weightily on his shoulder.

"I know all about it," said Ap Lywarch. "Throw that balderdash to the winds—let the blast from the bleak Ferwyn bear it away on the wild surges—give not the vain language of the seven abominations to the light of the house of Glenllyn. I take this trout, and listen ye, and learn, and say thus to the flower of Merurad."

And then the poet rolled out a stanza of ancient bardic Welsh, quite as unintelligible to the poor lad as the priest's Latin. Lywarch, very well satisfied, walked away with the next finest fish.

Henry, looking disconsolately upon his diminished store, said to himself, "I have only to have two more preceptors in the art of making speeches, and I shall be relieved of all trouble about the oration. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"I have heard all that has passed—yea, with my ears I heard what the heathen Welsh sage and the papistical idolator have counselled you. Thou hast still, my catechist, one goodly fish left, which I will appropriate. Nay, I will fry it in butter, and will eat thereof, and thou shalt incontinently recover the other fishes from the two benighted ones who have departed."

"What am I to give you my fish for, dominie?" said Henry, a little savagely.

"Firstly, that I may eat it," said his schoolmaster; "secondly, forasmuch as I am an hungered; thirdly, and lastly, because I will take it: and, that it may not be accounted as a robbery, I will myself instruct thee in thy speech of presentation to the lady who is in the dark way of false faith. The mass-man and the man of vain verse will restore thee thy fish, seeing that their instructions were naught, and, having recovered thy victual, thou shalt say unto her thus, in saintly English."

But, as we have not given the other speeches, we shall refrain from this, and merely state that it terminated with the abduction of the third trout.

As the pedagogue was rapidly retreating, and Henry was just in the act of hurling a large stone after him, old Morgan came up, and seizing his hand, first giving him a cuff on the side of the head that made him totter like a lady with good intentions, he then bade him stand still, and listen to him with due respect. The old man then lectured him most severely upon the manner in which he spent his time, in snaring hares and angling for

trout, when he should have been roving from pasture to pasture, and from mountain to mountain, visiting the different shepherds who had charge of his immense flocks of sheep, thus keeping them on the alert, and reporting casualties.

When all this was ended, his father very quietly made a capture of the leveret, intimating to his son that it was his pleasure, for his divers faults and offences, that he should go to bed supperless. He departed, leaving Henry the gainer only of three speeches, each in a different language, and no other chance of breaking his fast than what the hospitality of Glenllyn Castle might afford him. Though nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, he had not eaten since breakfast.

When Morgan's father was fairly out of hearing, the dutiful son clenched his fist, and shouted out—"When the old rogue is under the sod, and Miss Glenllyn and I are ——"

It was the first time that, even in thought, he had so connected the lady with himself—he stopped short, and though he knew himself unseen, he blushed deeply; and then, young as he was, he fell into deep and bitter ruminations. His thoughts were tumultuous, and the conclusions to which he came were harassing and false. In his little circle he saw nothing but fraud and force. The blow that he had received from his father had set his rebellious blood in a ferment. He had been robbed under the most insulting mockery, by the three persons who arrogated to themselves, each in his own circle, mental supremacy. The taunting joke would be told to the arbitress and sole sovereign of all his thoughts and feelings.

"I am but a boy! I am but a boy!"—he exclaimed bitterly; "but yet I'll face them. If the fat friar dare laugh at me, I'll dash his breviary in his oily mazzard;—if the gaunt rhymester mock me, I'll break his harp upon his senseless skull;—as to the dominie, he is a poor starved anatomy, and should the bones of the trout fail to choke him, I'll forgive him. As to my father, I wish him no manner of harm—at least, I think so—and so now for the lady of the castle."

But he went not forward with the joyous step of youth, but deeply pondering how he should tell his tale of disappointment, and best excuse his vaunt. Already had the trifling occurrences of the day made him, in mind, seven years older. He went forward fitfully, and all his speculations were not of peace. He had that in his thoughts that was more magnificent than the triumph of a nation's conqueror, but darker, sterner—it might be, guiltier.

By the time he had arrived at the dilapidated portal of the castle, his rage and his hunger had so much increased, that he

was at a loss whether to seek the lady's presence, or to make a bold foray at once into the apartment that used to be the kitchen. However, even at this early age, he was sufficiently the hero to make his gallantry conquer his more ignoble yearning, and making a hasty adjustment of his simple yet clean habiliments, without any ceremonious announcings, he suddenly found himself in the midst of Sir George Glenllyn's family circle.

CHAPTER II.

Our Hero betrays the Impetuosity of his Temper—Is rebuked but not reformed—
The Beginning of an Adventure.

As neither the principal events of our hero's life, nor any striking and fate-directing catastrophe occurred to him in these wild scenes, that he had imagined were to him the arena of his ambitious struggles, and the reward of his enterprise, we shall pass over rapidly the days of his boyhood, relating only those facts that led immediately to his embarking in the perilous sea of adventure.

Resuming our narrative from the last chapter—Henry Morgan entered the apartment of Miss Glenllyn with a sheepish and very embarrassed air, which remained upon his countenance no longer than whilst his eyes were devouring the loveliness that he felt but could not understand, that was seated before him. His bashfulness changed immediately to a reckless fierceness when he surveyed the rest of the presence; from which audacious look, not even the grey hair, the attenuated form, and the helpless look of illness, could rescue Sir George Glenllyn himself.

"Pax vobiscum," snuffled forth the priest, "though your looks, young yeoman, wear the ensigns of horrida bella."

"He has not dined," said the bard, "and our ancient Cambrian proverb——"

"Why, father, feed a starving lad with musty proverbs?—provender for the craving stomach," said his unbroken colt of a son. "Here's hog's meat for thee, Hal:" and before Hal could look round, he found his neck environed by the brawny right hand of the youth Owen, whilst with his left he had nearly suffocated him with a sort of food that would now be called a black-pudding.

"In my day of state," said the complaining knight, "these antics, this ribald buffoonery, would have been confined to the hall of menials—but I'm nothing—nothing."

"You are still my father," said Lynia meekly.

"Of a pauper—of one existing upon alms-giving. Would to God, Lynia, that you were in a nunnery, and I in my grave!"

"The last would serve us both, my dear father."

"These murmurings, my children," said Gonsalvo, "are offen-

sive. There is much good yet in store for us. Certainly, this is a day of fast, yet for our evening's meal have we two exceedingly fine fish, and this lad's father, the wealthy yeoman, Morgan, has sent us a firkin of the most potent ale. There is comfort for us yet in store."

Lynia, very glad of anything that could divert the conversation into a less sorrowful direction, turned with a winning air to young Morgan, and thus addressed him: "My handsome and curly-headed young huntsman, I think that you promised me some of the fruit of your toil. You left me this morning full of hope, and I also remember that Owen Lywarch came here in a fiery haste, announcing your great success. Will not the spoils of your chace improve the banquet that the kind father promises us?"

"Miss Glenllyn, I had been successful, but on my way hither I have been robbed."

"Robbed! then it must have been by the lawless parliamentary soldiers," said she, a little startled.

"No, no, lady—had I yielded to force of arms it would have been honourable. Might makes right. I could then have had a brave blow for my wrong, and have struck at least fair strokes in honour of some one; but I have not been so happy—I have been craftily cozened."

"You, Henry Morgan? and who could have outwitted my brave lad of the hill?" said the young lady.

"Who, indeed! save the priest, and the pedagogue, and the ballad-monger. They are those who always feast upon the fattest, but are never foremost in the danger that procures it."

"The boy is right caustic, but ever truthful," said the invalid. "Harm him not, Lywarch. What good hast thou ever done me—or thou, sir priest?"

"The boy is malapert, and were it not for the presence of mine honoured lord, I would incontinently chastise him with many stripes; yea, even with my girdle would I chastise him," said the friar.

"Hark ye, youngster," spluttered forth the bard in most classical Welsh; "by the devil spirits in the bowels of Cader, but I'll weal thee with the hound-thongs, red-headed dog of a heretic."

"The boy shall not be harmed, I say. What! will ye lord it here before the cold sod lies on my feeble bosom? Have ye cheated the youth?"

"Most noble knight, and master of mine," said the poet, "this man of holiness and myself bartered with him. We gave him wisdom in excellent words for his paltry fish."

Then, with coarse humour, he told of the little plot that had

been laid to trick him, but he acknowledged that the pedagogue was an interloper, and that the coming of his father was an unforeseen accident.

"So," continued he, "beauteous heiress of Glenllyn, had it not been for accident, he would have had a fair present left him to lay at your feet, and two fair speeches wherewith to grace them."

"Come," said the lady, faintly smiling, "since the present, Henry, you have not, at least let me have the speeches."

"They are worthless, lady," said the boy sullenly; "my father's third swineherd, the half-idiot son of Nan of the dale, could have made better—though the one is in false Welsh rhyme, and the other in still falser Latin."

"I like the boy's spirit," said Sir George.

The priest and the poet defended their speeches angrily, and much amused Miss Glenllyn by their vehemence; but no entreaty of his could prevail upon the authors to recite that which they had so unceremoniously paid themselves for composing.

"Is either of them worth the smallest fish ever seen or heard of?" asked the lady.

"Mine, I am proud to say," said Gonsalvo, "setting aside the inappreciable honour and glory of the miracle;" then crossing himself, he continued, "is worth the miraculous draught itself—that is to say, in places and presences where worth is understood and rewarded."

"Every word of mine is worth a piece of gold," said the Prydidd.

"Then in pity let me hear them," said the young lady. "Henry, will you refuse me?"

"If you command me, I will; but I warn you, lady, that if I do, I will break the shaven pate of the missal-man with the bird-bolt from my cross-bow. And as to the rhymester——"

"What will thee do with father? I won't let thee touch him," said Owen.

"No, but I'll teach the bellman his rhymes, and have them sung to villanous tunes by the first drunkard that my father puts in the stocks. If he were not of your household, Sir George, peradventure I would have the mummer himself taken up as a vagrant. I hope all here remember that Syrinan Morgan is the magistrate of the district, and that I am my father's son."

"A pretty current of hell-broth boils in his veins," said the representative of the Druids. "Cause hath my harp to wail over the times. Lament, O Wales, O my country! The great of her mountains and the powerful of her valleys have passed away, and the low-born sit in her high places."

"The lie in your false throat!" said the passionate boy; "the Monmouthshire Morgans are of the best—had I but a sword!"

A sudden affray seemed likely to ensue, but when it was remembered that there was only an insolent boy opposed to a whole household, the bard and the priest affected contempt, and expressed their feeling in a scornful laugh.

Sir George's admiration of Henry's spirit had now merged in his anger at his impertinence; but he was too weak or too wise to express his resentment against the son of a man upon whom he and his family depended in a great measure for daily subsistence.

Lynia, however, felt offended, and thus expressed herself, looking with a womanly and gentle reproach upon our young hero, who was standing and stamping in all the madness of passion in the middle of the apartment, under the torture of the mocking of the friar and the poet.

"I am sorry, Henry, to see this violent outbreak of passion. It makes me tremble for your future fate. Consider, my young friend, that you are yet but a boy, and that those persons, as your elders, are entitled to your respect. I have very greatly indulged you, Henry; I have never remembered my superiority of birth and rank till this moment, when you have so entirely appeared to have forgotten both. I acknowledge your little services, and I am quite as grateful to you as I should have been had no one interrupted your well-meant presents. I must say this on your behalf, that my two friends have put but a sorry jest upon you; by so doing, they have hardly acted like discreet men, but you have resented it like a wayward and foolish child. My dear father and I have treated you as one of our own unfortunate and fallen family. If you will not see in Sir George the chief and the lord paramount, surely you may acknowledge the friend and the father."

"I do! I do!" said the youth, awed at once into submission, and taking and kissing most respectfully the hand of the sick man.

"Well, well," continued the lady, "let every thing be forgotten. You will stay, Henry, and partake the coming meal with us, to which you have so largely contributed. In the mean time, as you are not just now fit for conversation, let your agitated spirits subside in copying out for me this Italian tale. You have done my instructions great credit, Henry."

Young Morgan sate himself to his task amidst a struggle of tumultuous feelings. Gradually the angry flush passed away from his forehead, and then an expression more merry and more roguish mantled over his very intelligent countenance.

But it was fated that this harmony was not to be of long continuance. The heavens became suddenly overcast, and the

summer thunder-clap awoke with a deafening uproar the vast echoes of Plynlimmon, and Cader Idris rebellowed to the summons. The darkness became heavy on the waters, and the wind fitfully rushed round the turrets, and rioted in the deserted courts of the old castle. At first, the impetuous gusts blew from all points of the compass, but, finally, with all the violence of a tropical hurricane, set dead in upon the shore.

Nor was it long before the sea answered furiously to this elemental heralding to disorder. The roaring waves came rushing in angrily upon the beach, and, flinging themselves far inshore, expanded upon the greensward, and thus, having spent their force, lazily returned until again flung back by fresh assaults.

Every one in the apartment left all employment to gaze seaward. As yet no description of vessel was discovered in the capacious bay; nothing met the eye but the dark mass of heavy clouds, seeming to be every moment ready to mingle with the foam of the rolling waters beneath. At length, from amidst the blackest gloom of a cloud that appeared to be marching majestically forward upon the sea, were faintly descried the inclined masts of a large and gallant vessel. Shortly after her hull became visible, and showed her to be a ship of great burthen, and the elaborate carvings upon her head and stern that she was destined for honour as well as for the conveyance of wealth.

There was no hope of her salvation; no, not the slightest. She was already deeply embayed, and every attempt that she made to show canvass to the storm had only the effect of lurching her more rapidly towards the beach.

A ship of so much tonnage drew a great deal of water, and the bay was extremely shallow. Her fate was drawing on rapidly. Broadside on, and bodily, she approached the shoal water.

Aghast and in silence, the affrighted party at the castle watched for the fast-coming crisis. The huge bark grounded. At the instant, each mighty wave, finding its onward rush impeded, flung itself angrily upon the devoted vessel, and, breaking into surf and foam, entirely shrouded her from view in a whitened mist. This catastrophe took place at about a mile distant from the shore.

Then, borne upon the whistling blast, arose the loud shriek of despair from more than four hundred voices of the devoted to death. The wave that had mastered and obscured the vessel subsided, and she was again visible from the shore, but her masts were swept away by the board, and, still attached to the rigging, were beating about among the waves to leeward. But ere this could be well observed and noted upon, another wave

broke over her, and another shriek, fainter, and on that account more appalling, reached the land.

The sea was now crowded with parts of the wreck, and among them human beings struggling with their death-grapple. Small was the hope of rescue. At about a quarter of a mile from the water's edge, the swell took the ground, and then broke into an uncontrollable fury of surf, lofty and wall-like; this formed an agitated rampart against any approach to the shore. When the struggling seamen reached this band of destruction, they were whirled round in their last agonies, and, after disappearing for a space, invariably thrown up dead.

As the third wave broke over the ship, and the third shriek from the survivors still on board smote the ears of the spectators, Henry Morgan exclaimed indignantly, "Why stand we, like cowards, idle here? Some one may be saved. To the beach—to the beach!"

As if aroused from their stupor of horror, they all followed the young desperado, not excepting Lynia. The rain and hail mingled together were dashed along almost horizontally in torrents, and the wind was still so violent that it was with difficulty the strongest of the party could move against it. Nothing, however, could overcome the lady's anxiety, and, assisted by Henry and the harper, she found herself with the rest on the line of the sea, with its terrible waves rolling in at her feet.

CHAPTER III.

The Adventure concluded much to our Hero's Honour—A new Character introduced, who totally alters the Character of Henry Morgan.

MANY others besides Sir George and his party from the castle had now assembled upon the beach, and already had the ruthless waves washed ashore the drowned bodies of many of the seamen. They were so battered, and had been so long immersed in the whirlpools on the reef, that there was not the least vestige of life in any one of them. The Welshmen, therefore, according to the custom of the times, began to plunder the bodies, notwithstanding all the efforts of Sir George and the better nurtured among them.

This profanation of the dead, and relic of barbarity, was soon put a stop to by a detachment of Cromwell's dragoon's. Fanatics as they were, they were possessed of too much discipline to suffer such outrageous conduct before their eyes. A part of them dismounted and drew up upon the beach, and the rest scouted to the right and left to warn off the wreckers.

By this time the shore immediately opposite the parting vessel

had become crowded, and many were the sensible remarks that were uttered, the unanimity of which was surprising, all agreeing that no one could be saved, and that the property that would be strewn along the coast would be immense, and the determination was pretty general to profit by it. It had already been ascertained, by her build and equipment, that the vessel was a Spanish galleon, that had run so far north to escape the English cruisers, and had thus been embayed and wrecked. The dress of the seamen cast ashore corroborated this opinion.

In the short space of a quarter of an hour the war of elements ceased, the clouds broke away, and left the setting sun, in all the majesty of its intolerable brilliancy, glowing in the west, and bringing out in strong relief the parting wreck, over which, but at increasingly long intervals, the waves broke magnificently. The whole of the high poop still remained above the water, but the hull had parted amidships, and between the after and fore part of the vessel the sea flowed uninterruptedly.

Not a vestige of a living being remained on the forecastle, and but one solitary person was descried standing on the highest part of the stern. As there was nothing between him and the horizon, although the distance was too great for those on shore to distinguish his features, every bend and peculiarity of his figure was distinctly marked, and every the least motion accurately defined. He seemed like a lone actor upon the stage, with a hemisphere for his proscenium, heaven's own horizon for his background, and the crowd on the strand for his spectators. As seen from the shore the sun and he seemed alone in the creation, and to the enthralled gazers the sun was unnoticed. This man appeared to be in the prime of life, beautifully formed, and of gigantic proportions.

The sympathy for the poor wretch had reached to agony; for though it had now become nearly calm, the sea still raged, and the boiling surge on the barrier of the reef was as terrific as ever. The crowd on shore in their excitement had lost in a great measure that reserve and distance of manner that usually subsist between the various ranks of persons, and at the time of which we are speaking much more rigidly observed than at present. We must not, therefore, be surprised that Miss Glenllyn was leaning on the arm of Henry Morgan, if not fondly, at least with the confidence of one conscious of protection. Though the lady was three years older than the son of the yeoman, yet was that son (so well had his native air and his mode of life caused him to thrive) taller than the daughter of the knight, and apparently quite as old.

Being longer unable to bear the torment of her anxiety, she

turned her face, suffused with tears, to young Morgan, and said to him, "Can no one save that glorious being?"

"Glorious being, Miss Glenllyn! a papishly image-worshipping Spaniard!"

"Henry, for shame! What then am I? This is too ungenerous."

Then freeing herself gently though coldly from his arm, she continued looking to the right and left upon the crowd with a lofty contempt.

"And what are all these? Are there no men among them?" said she.

It was a severe but an unmerited rebuke. There were men enough, and good and gallant men, but the dangers of an attempt to rescue were of a nature too appalling for anything short of madness to hazard. The few fishing craft on the beach were too heavy and too crazy to ride over the surf, so that the probability was, that before the sea had sufficiently subsided to become navigable, the wreck would be shattered into fragments, and the survivor now upon it share the fate of his comrades.

The taunt and the manner of Lynia had more effect on the stubborn and ambitious spirit of Henry than would the most earnest entreaties or the most fascinating smiles. In truth, he cared but little for the perilled Spaniard, and, in common with the assembled crowd, he shared the notion that if neither man, dog, nor cat survived the wreck, then all that might be plundered from it would be the legal perquisites of those who were so fortunate as to acquire the booty. But already had his daring soul felt its innate superiority: he stole silently away from the mass, and in less than five minutes after the rebuke of the lady he was observed launching his own little punt, with which he was used in fine weather to take up the fish-baskets sunk a little way out from the beach. This craft was so small that two full-grown persons were as much as it could carry. Three persons would have endangered it.

This act of Henry was not observed until he was fairly afloat among the waves that rolled in in long and high billows on the sand. When his father observed him he was almost frantic, and running along the beach until he was opposite to the young adventurer, he fairly plunged into the sea, and ran up to his neck in the water, in order to bring him again to the shore.

We are really obliged to confess our fears that Henry's notions of filial duty were not very exalted. For, when nothing but the paternal head was visible, there arose a very irreverent shout of laughter from the little boat, accompanied by an agile spinning of one of the oars, that came down afterwards with a very defying splash upon the water. Morgan, the father, had therefore

nothing left him but to wade back to the shore, and ease him of his wrath by sundry very heterodox and truly Pelagian curses, until the contemptuous son was fairly out of hearing. He then joined the rest of the spectators, who were principally congregated directly opposite the wreck.

By this time the crowd had much increased, and a strong troop of horse soldiers had picketed themselves along the strand, in order to prevent that appropriation of property on which most of those then and there had devoutly determined.

In the mean time Henry rode in his little coracle triumphantly over the lofty and unbroken swell, now a mere speck, like the buoyant waterfowl upon the crest of the wave, and now totally lost to the view of those on shore in the deep valley of waters. But the in-shore swell was not the danger. There remained the vexed and roaring reef that seemed to form an impassable barrier against the outward sea. Many supposed that the young adventurer never intended to attempt to pass it, but only to amuse the spectators with a little boyish gasconade, in dancing up and down in his boat upon the stupendous waves. Henry had a nobler intention, and his courage was made the more laudable by his prudence and his coolness.

Though from the shore the semicircle of reef appeared to be unbroken, it was not actually so. The two shallows that formed it overlapped each other, so that in the centre the northern termination of the one ran many yards beyond, and in-shore of the southern commencement of the other. But the interval between the two reefs where they doubled upon each other was extremely narrow, scarcely affording sufficient passage for a good-sized boat. This pass was well known to Henry, though it had never been detected by the two or three indolent and unobservant fishermen, who, in the proper season, visited the bay.

At length Henry approached the aperture of the reefs. All wondered and held their peace. The father, with clasped hands and straining eyes, gazed on in horrible silence. He loved the bold boy, and when he thwarted him most he loved him best. The troopers craned over their necks from their horses—the devout prayed—all wished him back. At length a shout, half shriek of horror, half applause, was heard. Henry had seemed to plunge into the surf, and was seen no more.

There were a few minutes of dreadful suspense, during which old Morgan had the fixed look of settled despair, and then people began to turn away and to mourn the boy as lost—when, to the surprise of all, his boat was seen floating triumphantly on the summit of a wave on the other side of the reef in comparatively smooth water.

Loud and protracted was the shout of applause along the beach; the mountains behind repeated it from one to the other in their majestic echoes, and it was borne over the bosom of the waters, and brought joy to the solitary being on the wreck. Syrinan Morgan shed tears, the first that had moistened his cheeks for many years, and Miss Glenllyn, notwithstanding the bigoted crowd about her, crossed herself devoutly. Her own heart shared Henry's triumph, nor did she then blush at the generous emotion.

But he of the wreck? As the little boat approached that was bringing him salvation from a lingering and a public death, he was seen to fall upon his knees, and uplift his clasped hands in prayer.

In the mean time the poor boatmen, who had mingled with the spectators, began to wear cloudy brows, for the sense of shame was upon them thus to be outbraved by a mere boy in a crazy punt. They affirmed that there was witchcraft in the act, and that, it being impossible to go over or through the circle of boiling surf on the reef, Henry must, by the means of diabolical aid, have made his way under it. "But," they exclaimed, "wait the event. When he will endeavour to return with the heretical Spaniard, both of them will be sucked down to hell together, when they get among the whirlpools of the reef."

By this time the boat had taken a position directly under the vessel's high and projecting stern, and the foreigner was observed to lower down into it a box of moderate size, and then, by means of a rope, to follow himself. He was seen gesticulating his thanks to his boy deliverer in the sternsheets of the little craft, and to be kissing his hands and bowing to him with an energy that, amidst all the heroism of the deed, had something ridiculous in it. Another shout of approbation arose from the crowded beach.

Henry seemed to be pulling with a hearty good will, and was therefore soon obscured from view by the white-crowned surf. The same doubt and suspense were felt, which almost amounted to horror, when a much more considerable space of time had elapsed since his disappearance than before. The fishermen then began to plume themselves upon their prophecy, and old Morgan's despair was strong upon him, when the little black boat was seen floating out from amidst the white whirl of waters, and rapidly approaching the land.

Another shout of gratulation, more hearty and louder than the others, welcomed the young hero and his bewildered passenger. His father, not being able to restrain his impatience, once more rushed into the water, but now accompanied by several others, and seizing the boat, they ran it high and dry upon the sand.

When this was effected, Morgan plucked his son forth from his seat, and, when he had secured him on *terra firma*, he boxed smartly both his ears, and then catching him to his bosom in his arms, he blubbered out like a child, "You young villain, you had nearly been the death of your father."

We need not repeat the praises that were bestowed upon Henry. The officers of the cavalry and all the principal persons of the vicinity now closed round him and the rescued Spaniard. Sir George Glenllyn, his daughter, and the priest, were soon in request; they alone perfectly understood the Spanish.

A short conference ensued, when it was ascertained that the person just saved was the only son of one of Sir George's most intimate friends. After many explanations, recognitions, and embracings, the Spaniard and his box were carried away by his brother Catholics to the ruin of Glenllyn Castle, and young Henry Morgan again placed in his little punt, which being hoisted upon the shoulders of as many as could place themselves beneath it, he was thus borne in triumph, all the crowd shouting and following, to his father's house. Old Morgan was a proud man that evening.

After our young hero had been duly escorted home, and placed in honour and safety in the paternal farmhouse of Penabock, the honest Welshmen began to think of their own interests, and to spread themselves up and down the coast in order to pick up such "unconsidered trifles" as the sea might convey ashore. The colonel of the troop of horse also read the parliamentary proclamation against wrecking, and his soldiers dispersed themselves to anticipate, and to share with, if they did not prevent, the good intentions of the plunderers.

But the elements prevented the intention of both parties, by causing a strong easterly gale to spring up towards night, so that the early daylight of the next morning disclosed nothing but an angry sea, not a vestige of the wreck of the Spanish galleon being visible. Every fragment of the vessel was carried out to the deep water, and the most anxious search produced none other than its own reward, which being, in general, all that virtue herself can accomplish, the wreckers ought to have held themselves eminently content.

The occurrences of the previous day, though they appeared to have been sufficiently momentous of themselves, as involving the loss of almost incalculable wealth, and the destruction of hundreds of human beings, were still more dreadful and fate-deciding in their consequences. The wreck of the galleon was followed out years after, by a terrible waste of human life. Spain bled for it in her rich and vast colonies, and at home she raved with impotent

indignation for her armies braved and defeated, her power despised, and her national dignity humbled and insulted.

CHAPTER IV.

Our Hero absents himself—Grows moody—Gives the Reins to his Imagination—and, fancying himself a Man, acts and speaks very childishly.

THE robust frame and sanguine temperament of young Henry Morgan had already indicated that he would be, if not rigidly governed, the slave of strong animal propensities. But at present his mind was tortured with greater anxieties, and the passion for distinction was inflaming his young brain, and swelling his little heart almost to bursting. To say that he was then in love with Miss Glenllyn, would be to assert an absurdity; but it was certain that he had learned to connect her with all his thoughts, and that already he regarded her both as the means and as the reward of his ambition. How this was to be worked out, he then had not the remotest idea; he possessed the determination only—and, though as yet he knew it not, with him to determine was all but to succeed.

On the morning following his rescue of the wrecked Spaniard, he arose with the dawn, and was soon plunged in the almost impenetrable woods of the mountains that frowned over the sea-coast. In gloomy solitude and painful reverie he thereremained, until, impelled by hunger, he loiteringly shaped his course homewards.

All wondered at the castle that the hero of the previous day had not appeared to receive his laurels from the hands of those who, it was well understood, though never asserted, could most honour and the best reward him. Sir George Glenllyn and Lynia had despatched several persons to seek for the wayward boy, and among these was his young friend and companion, the son of the family bard, the red-haired Owen ap Lywarch.

This was a sturdy square-built lad, nearly of the same age as Henry, as strong and robust as he, but in intellectual powers vastly his inferior. His father had tried the bardic influence upon him; but whatever music the son might have had in his soul, there was some great physical obstacle to its manifestation. Though by no means a clever lad, he possessed a very large share of that homely tact called “mother-wit.” But his fondness for rude and boisterous exercises, and a natural impatience of ever being still, except when sleeping, had caused all instruction that might have been derived from books to be utterly wasted upon him.

“Well, Hal, what dost here counting the pebbles; whilst

twenty bare-legged boys are seeking thee—shorewise, landwise, and hillwise? The worthy knight has whimpered less this morning than a' has done this two year, a talking of thee. Miss Lynia says thee be brawest, bravest—— Oh, Hal! not a word for your old playmate?"

"Well, Owen, I'll prate thee dumb if you will. What mummery is forward now at the castle?"

"Hot cakes and ale-boiled salmon—many good cups of Malmsey wine—kid, tender and fat. The officers of the horse-troop—the magistrates—your two brothers—and your own dad, looking prouder than king or keigar. There's talk of thee, Hal."

"Then, Owen, I go not. True, I pulled the Spaniard out of the water; more willingly would I have landed a good sheep-dog. I deserve no praise—and I want none. I go not."

"Then I must haul thee thither—Miss Lynia's orders."

"Catch me;" and away bounded young Morgan like a startled fawn up the acclivity of the hill, and the heavier Owen after him.

Two hours afterwards the fatigued and abashed son of the bard returned alone to the castle. Henry was seen no more that day, and when he presented himself before his father on the next to all questions he replied that, "he could not abide such folly—that he hated both equally—the being preached at, and the being praised."

For the next week, Henry Morgan sedulously attended to his pastoral pursuits, spending most of his hours with his father's sheep and goatherds on the mountains, and duly returning home to sleep away at the farm-house the short summer nights. One morning as he was about to absent himself as usual for the day, among the mountain-pastures, the intelligence met his ear, how or from whom he hardly comprehended, that Sir George Glenllyn and his family were going to leave Wales, and that their departure would take place very shortly. What was this to him? Yet he was exceedingly troubled. He loitered about the homestead, made short excursions towards the hills, returned, became moody and singularly ill-tempered. He then asked if he had lately been sent for from the castle, and the negative annoyed him terribly. "They have soon forgotten me," he thought. "Now that they are ungrateful, will I face them. I shall not now be pestered with their fulsome offers of service."

Once more he appeared among the inmates of Glenllyn Castle. His welcome was not only hearty—it was enthusiastic. Each vied with the other in praise of his gallant conduct. He was oppressed by all this, and Lynia's reproaches at his absence actually pained him with excess of pleasure.

At length she spoke of the person whom he had saved. She undertook to offer for him the most fervent expressions of gratitude. For the first time young Morgan deliberately surveyed the stranger, but he did not recognise in the dark handsome man before him, the fear-blanced wretch whom he had so lately saved.

With the lightning speed of passion, Henry, as he gazed upon his classical and proud features, passed from admiration to jealousy, from jealousy to the most deadly hate. He hated him for his noble presence, he hated him for the bland accents of his speech; but when he saw the intercommuning glance of his all-eloquent eye borrow fresh lustre from the admiring gaze of Lynia, the tortures of our young hero's detestation were exquisite.

Henry said but little; he was humbled, abashed, and miserable. He withdrew to a remote seat, and employed all his energies in marking and treasuring up in his memory every word and look that took place of those assembled. Miss Glenllyn, after several fruitless attempts to wile him away from his apparent distraction, left him, as a wayward boy, to indulge in his own sickly fancies, and patiently awaited his return to his usual good spirits.

Though Morgan could not converse fluently in the Spanish language, he understood it well, and heard, in its hated accent, the death-warrant to all his wild hopes. He now fully comprehended how madly ambitious he had been. As yet, the remotest contemplation of slaking the ashes of hate with the blood of the hated one had not entered his soul, but dim visions of revenge for the first time rose up, haggard and ghastly, on his tormented imagination.

The party before him discoursed unreservedly. The wrecked Spaniard was no stranger to Sir George and Miss Glenllyn. They had been intimate at Barcelona, and even there an alliance had been projected between the families. Alonzo de Guzman had since lost his father, and had lately returned with immense wealth from Panama, and was thus wrecked in his homeward passage. Morgan had enabled him to save several thousand pounds in doubloons—and the increase of comforts, and even luxuries, in the dilapidated apartments of the castle were owing to this accident.

Alonzo de Guzman's wealth, notwithstanding his recent loss, was still considerable, without taking the treasure saved from the galleon into the account. It was arranged that Sir George, his daughter, and all his household, should, with all convenient speed, accompany the Spaniard to Barcelona. Thus all things

conspired to make this the most desirable proceeding, and the declining health of Sir Gerge made it still more necessary.

This arrangement afforded infinite joy to the priest, Polybius Gonsalvo, though the Prydidd seemed to have his doubts as to the advisability of conveying his poetry and music among so uncivilized a race as the Spanish. He therefore strongly advocated the repairing of the old castle with Alonzo's wealth, conforming to the existing state of things, and making the halls once more resound to Druidical minstrelsy.

Gonsalvo reproved this counsel, upon which all the bardic blood of Lywarch rose to the boiling heat, and he reminded the churchman of his privileges, his immunities, and his rank.

"Know ye not, Sir Shavenpate, that I am entitled to one beast of the best out of every spoil taken, whenever I am present at the foray, besides my own share with the others?"

"Yes," answered the ecclesiastic, "upon condition that you be found in your place, singing, in the front of the battle. Should times of misrule again arise, your claims will not much diminish the general stock of booty."

"I care not for your taunt. The good times are gone, but not my rights. It is mine, upon my singing an ode before any prince, to ask what gift I will—nor could any noble refuse me legally if I sang him three."

"I can now comprehend that there may be mercy in deafness."

"Ay, when sermons are grunted through the nose. To compare your dignity and your craft with mine!—the insolence!"

"Peace, peace," said the wearied Sir George.

"I am rather amused by it," said the Spaniard, to whom Miss Lynia had interpreted the conversation. "Suppose the poetical gentleman had to ask a favour of me, how many songs should I get?"

"How many songs—why, by the harp of my ancestors, I must then even sing him asleep; because he is but a villain. Thus saith our law; and, Lady Lynia, also tell the stranger that my land, whenever I get any, is to be held free, and that I am entitled to a horse whenever my honoured master may have one."

"What, before me, Prydidd?" said Lynia.

"Verily, I think so—by the ordinances of Hywel the Good. However, of this I am sure, I am entitled, let the young and gallant be as jealous as they may, to a plain gold ring from your fair self."

"An iron ring for thy snout would better become thee, thou Prydidd y moch," exclaimed sullenly the hitherto silent Morgan.

"Tut, the yeoman's son grows peevish. Sir George is very good to admit the serf into his presence at all; below the salt at

the second table is his place, whilst mine is next to one to the head of the family. What sayest thou to that, proud priest?"

"That it is all paganism, heretical and damnable. There are no other distinctions among men than those proceeding from mother church, which are the first and the more honourable, and the secular ones which emanate from the lawful sovereign."

"To hear him utter treason against the Parliament, and, what is much worse, blasphemy against our sacred order? Thrones may be overturned, religions may pass away, but the bards shall exist whilst men have souls for harmony. In the fallen fortunes of my patron, I urge not my lawful claims; but it shall never be forgotten, whilst I live, that I possess the right to conduct whom I please into his presence—that from every one to whom I teach my art I am entitled to twenty and four pence—from all the frail among the fair, four pence—and that my person is inviolable from the commencement of the singing until the last song."

"Then thy croaking must have saved thee from many a beating. To what end is all this?" said Polybius.

"Thou shalt understand anon—if I am insulted my demand is six cows and six score pence—and the murdering of me can only be atoned for by six score and six cows."

"The riddance of so great an annoyance would be cheap at the price," murmured Henry.

"Why, Prydidd, remind me of all this?" said Sir George, languidly.

"That, my liege, if I am to pass with thee over sea as thy bard, I cannot forego one particle of those privileges that I have permitted to remain in abeyance here in Wales, seeing the unhappy depression of our worldly affairs. Will the signor grant them?"

This request having been translated to Alonzo de Guzman, he replied, that they would be inconsistent with the institutions and the habits of his countrymen, and that he would prefer giving him a pension, and thus support him in England or Wales.

It was then arranged that the bard and his son Owen were to remain in the ruins of the old castle, until the family should be enabled to return and restore it to its former splendour, and that a sufficient annuity should be forwarded for their support.

All these dispositions were made calmly and deliberately in the presence of Henry Morgan, and with as little reference to his tumultuous feelings as if no such person existed. His air-built castles were overturned with as little remorse as we should display in blowing down a structure of cards. It was to another that Lynia was to be indebted for all that makes life pleasant and dignified.

Young Morgan's soul grew at once into manhood. Love had long had possession of his bosom, as a sentiment of deep affection—an awe-stricken yet a very tender sentiment—it had not, till that moment, become passion. But now it was a feeling less endearing, but intensely violent, and it was mingled with bitter and angry sensations—it thirsted for utterance—it was scorching with the lust of power—and what made all this the more intolerable to the young lover was an overwhelming sense of his mere boyishness, that seemed to cover all his corroding emotions with ridicule.

Yet had he, all through that long day, the stern spirit of a self-devoted martyr. He took a perverse pride in his own sufferings. Every plan of their future operations was to him the stab of a jagged iron. He courted the infliction, and bore it all with a sullen apathy. Long, very long, and often did he intently scan every feature in Don Alonzo's countenance. He seemed determined that neither time nor accident should obliterate him from his memory. He noted his accent. In his mind he imitated the modulation of his voice. How fervently he detested that noble-looking dark man!

And he, the preserved one, was kind, and gracious, and patronising to his youthful saviour. He would have caressed him as a loved boy—would have familiarly patted his head; but Henry shook off his hand with abhorrence—recoiled in disgust from his mere touch. Yet, for the most part, he sat in a sort of stony stupidity—eating and drinking as did the others, but conversing only in petulant monosyllables.

Lynia, perhaps, guessed darkly at what was passing in Henry's bosom—for she gradually became subdued in spirits, and almost sorrowful. As the evening advanced Don Alonzo's mirth increased. Even Sir George rallied wonderfully, and was all but cheerful. The mirth of the priest grew uncanonical, and the bard became actually so uproarious, that his son was obliged to lead him away—a blind harper then, harp and all.

Then the animated Spaniard spoke with enthusiasm of the beautiful countries in the New World; talked lightly of his losses, and poured forth a generous gratitude into the unwilling ears of the young Welshman.

By degrees Lynia seemed to partake of his energy, and to feel less distressed at the sullen silence of the wayward boy; she once essayed to take his hand, which he rudely withdrew from the kindly attempt; and he then became trebly miserable at the self-imposed restraint.

Already had a vista of new and beautifully tinted views opened upon the young, and though somewhat melancholy, yet san-

guine mind of Lynia. She had known and much liked Don Alonzo in her childhood, but she was prepared now to meet him with a still warmer sentiment. Glances more eloquent than words, and the amiable solitudes that love only knows, had already been betrayed to each other. Sir George looked on all approvingly.

In this state of affairs, it was natural that the young and rude and sullen boy should be overlooked by all, and seemingly, though not in truth, almost entirely neglected by her whose least notice was the highest bliss he yet could conceive; whose indifference was a torment to him, new, terrible, and astounding.

At length, the fresh and dewy night sank down upon the earth, and a soft and starlight shadow gently removed the golden twilight from the west. But Henry Morgan, with arms folded, and his head drooping over his desponding bosom, betrayed neither the wish to share in the chastened hilarity of the party, nor to depart from a scene that pained him so much.

Twice had the bard, who had now returned sobered to the party, rung out upon his not untuneful harp, and with his strong voice, that noble Welsh drinking song—

“Giviraid ywain, draw dra digoll vynyl
Mor wynych i harvoll
O win cyvyr gain i hid cyvyrgoll
O vit, O vuelin oll.”

Which may be thus tolerably rendered: The liquor of Owen, yonder, on the other side of Digoll's Mount, how frequently it is served round! It is of clear sparkling wine, without stint, and of mead, all from the buffalo's horn.

Once more something like the light of other days made joyful the faces of the indwellers of Castle Glenllyn.

“’T is well, ’t is well,” at length Sir George exclaimed; “but my good Lywarch, in your songs and your carousings you must not wholly forget that I am an invalid. Take as many more cups of wine, friend, as thou wilt, but spare us thy songs. And see, the venerable priest is doubtlessly counting his beads, for his chin declines upon his breast-bone, and he nods profoundly; his devotion must be intense. The night wanes, and Harry there, our triton of the coast, is dull and sleepy also. One cup round, and we will to our slumbers. Let us drink it with a pious prayer in our thought, for truly this has been a happy day to the old care-worn knight.”

CHAPTER V.

Our Hero grows worse and worse in his Infatuation—Commits strange Follies, and proceeds to make Love too soon—Rewarded accordingly.

HENRY MORGAN had drained his wine-cup with the rest, but his unsaid prayer, we fear, sped him not heavenward. They all rose to depart, and now Father Gonsalvo had mumbled forth upon the separating party his Latin benison, and the salutation of the night was upon the lips of Sir George, when Don Alonzo, stepping forth into the centre of that old Gothic and half-furnished apartment, in the Spanish language claimed from all present a short attention.

Henry watched his motions like a tiger ready to spring upon its prey, but still stood aloof from the rest.

With the deep intonation of suppressed emotion, the Spaniard thus commenced :

“I am truly grieved that, until this evening, I have had no opportunity afforded me of endeavouring to prove to my young and brave deliverer there my deep gratitude for the most important service that one human being can render to another. I do not affect to brave death, or to despise life; and my life, since its preservation by that heroic youth, has become inestimably precious to me.”

Here he took the unresisting hand of Lynia, and with the graceful gallantry of the foreigner, and with the impassioned ardour of the lover all over the world, he kissed it more than once. He certainly was most happy in his method of conciliating young Morgan. “It has much pained me,” he continued, “to find that brave youth distant in his manner to all, and particularly reserved towards me. But no coldness of his shall quench my gratitude, no dislike on his part repel my affection. I will honour him and love him, whether he will or not, until the latest moment of my existence. Noble and generous young sir, will you with us all to Spain, and share my fortune? It is already ample; it will open to you a splendid prospect. Your father will consent with joy. One of my most gallant vessels, fitted alike for commerce as for war, shall be made yours immediately on our arrival in Spain, and the full half of my present fortune.”

Henry shook his head sullenly.

“You hesitate. Do you doubt my sincerity? Throw such loose thoughts to the winds. By every legal instrument the superb El Dorado shall be yours, and one year of probation in her will fit you to be her captain as well as her possessor. You are already a gallant seaman, as my preserved life testifies. What say you, my young friend?”

Don Alonzo had struck the right chord, but his was the wrong hand. He suddenly had offered to our hero that which was as much his heart's wish as it had been beyond his most sanguine hopes. He looked up once, his form became erect, and his features flushed crimson. He extended his right hand eagerly, and was on the point of speaking, when Lynia, pleased, astonished, and overcome by the magnificent gratitude of her lover, seized his hand and kissed it, and then placed her head upon his shoulder.

The lightning's shock could not have more suddenly transformed the appearance of Henry. His eager lips closed, his extended arm dropped heavily, his countenance became very pale, his head declined, and he drew still further back, with a shudder of aversion.

"This is singular," said the Spaniard, "and cruel as singular. Why will the youth turn his benefit into an agony? But what I can I will. Sir poet, hand me here that coffer."

Don Alonzo then poured forth its contents upon the strong oaken table, and making of the shining and massive doubloons two heaps, as nearly equal as could be done without counting them, he thus continued:

"Justly, not only the whole of this, but myself, ought to be at the disposal of my young deliverer. But when he so gallantly and so miraculously saved me, he also bestowed upon me other blessings, and with them other claims beyond myself. The half of this treasure will be necessary to transport this estimable family to Barcelona, with that state and comfort which their high quality demands. Though the whole is yours, Sir Morgan, take you now the one-half, and I pledge myself to remit to you or to your father the other, immediately on my arrival in Spain."

"Nobly said, signor!" exclaimed Sir George Glenllyn.

"Generous Alonzo!" murmured Lynia.

"Lucky water-dog," growled the poet.

"The claims of the church!" said Father Gonsalvo. "My son, in thine exceeding peril among the angry waters thou must have vowed some oblation to the Virgin and the saints. Thou considerest not my prayers when I observed thy danger; in those lay the efficacy, in this rough boy merely the instrument. Thou shouldest not reward the tool, but the skill of him who uses it."

"Good father, you and the church shall be cared for. Take the gold, my good young sir, and with it my grateful friendship."

The glittering heaps had moved the boy more, much more, than the Spaniard's splendid promises. Incipient avarice gloated in his sparkling eyes, and his fingers clutched convulsively. He

had never before seen or conceived of so much treasure, and the thrice regal coin was so new, so sparkling. He threw off his bashfulness, as does the assassin his cloak, that he may the more surely strike the fatal blow; the future pirate stood forth confessed. He advanced with a proud and hasty step to the table, dabbled his young hands luxuriously in *both* heaps of the gold, let the pieces fall through his fingers, and listened with delight to the jingle so new and so musical to his ears.

With his hands buried in the tempting piles, and stretching his neck across the table, he looked Alonzo fiercely in the eyes, and said, "Spaniard, I'll not take the gold, because I'll have none of your friendship."

"Take your share of it—do take it, Henry—for my sake do," said Lynia, persuasively.

"I would take it all," said Morgan, sternly, "if I might knock the owner on the head at the same time."

"The young savage!" said Sir George.

"This is horrible, very horrible!" exclaimed Miss Glenllyn. "But you know not what you say, Henry."

"Hardly, hardly," said the lad, shrinking back into the bashful boy. "Indeed, I didn't mean any harm—I meant in fair fight. No, madam, poor and ignorant as I am, I would take no one's money, except as fair plunder; but I'm not comfortable, and I don't know what I say. But the sight of so much gold made me hungry with my heart: put it out of sight, my masters, it worries me."

"Take your share, Henry, that is so freely and so generously offered to you."

So saying, the young lady replaced the one half of the treasure in the iron-bound coffer, and the other in several folds of strong cloth, and held out the latter to the boy.

"Thank God, I see it no more! it troubled me. I now know what I am, what I say, and what I do. Miss Glenllyn, I am not to be paid so. The money was not much after all, but with money I am not to be paid," said the boy.

"How will you be rewarded?"

"I would tell you if we were alone together."

"Do so—you are my own dear pet again. Come to-morrow."

"No, now—now or never!" said the impatient youth.

"Well, let it be now."

"Then come with me."

At first there was some hesitation both with her friends and on the part of Lynia to the trusting herself alone with the excited lad. But she smiled away her own fears and those of her friends, and suffered him to lead her to the platform of the tower immediately above her own chamber.

Imagination could conceive nothing more wild, solemn, and romantic, than the scene that was displayed from the ruined tower before that young pair. But the souls of neither were in unison just then with the calm and solemn beauty around them.

The lady was apprehensive of some undefinable calamity; the youth excited, and half mad with feelings that he could not understand. With a precaution of which she was ashamed, but in which she still persevered, Lynia placed herself in the centre of the platform, whilst Henry leaned recklessly against one of the crumbling battlements.

"Come from thence," said Miss Glenllyn; "the stones will give way."

"Well, what do I care?" said the youth, moodily, and at the same time leaning more desperately against the parapet. A few of the stones gave way, and, thundering down the sides of the old tower, rang heavily on the paved court below.

At this sudden convulsion the affrighted owls shrieked, the bats whirled by through the cloud of dust, and the dogs yelled mournfully. Lynia was at his feet in an instant, clasping his knees, and assuring herself that he had not toppled over with the ruins.

"Come hither, come hither," she frantically exclaimed, endeavouring to draw him inwards.

"Not I," exclaimed the young reprobate. "What care I, now, if the old castle crumbles into a dust-heap!" and then, after a pause, he exclaimed, with a mournful tenderness, "*You* are going to leave it."

"And why not, dear Henry? why should we remain here in poverty, in distress, in humiliation?"

"I don't know, excepting for me to take you out of it."

"You, Henry, you?"

"Yes. Do you know how old I am?—more than sixteen, Miss Glenllyn. Do not you judge of manhood by the birthdays. I have felt myself almost a man a good while, and since this day week, when I did as a boy what no man out of a thousand men dare do as men—I'll be a boy no more—that is, if I can help it."

"Well, sir, I certainly shall be more respectful to you in future. If, in mistaking you for a very brave, bold, forward lad, I have taken a liberty with your manhood, I most humbly crave your pardon. But, sir, since I have the happiness to converse with a person arrived at such mature years of discretion, may I humbly intimate to you that my father may be a little uneasy at my prolonged interview with so ripened a gentleman?"

"Worse and worse; do not mock me—you, the only being whom I ever loved! What are my feelings to my father, my

brothers, to all my kith and kin, to the affection I bear you? When I feel worried in mind and wearied in body I pant to nestle in your bosom, to feel again as a child, to be hushed there to repose, as my dear, dear mother used to hush me; and when I fancy some one harming you, and when alone I do nothing else but think about you, then I become as twenty men, and grind my teeth and stamp. You must not go from this place—my only, only friend: what had I been without you? all that I know you taught me—you must not go—no, no, Lynia, you shall not.”

“Come, this is asserting your manliness rather painfully. Pray what is your request—that we may put an end to this?”

“Yes! I see how it is. You love this swarthy Spaniard better than me — me, who for the last five years have been your constant, your fond playfellow. Was there a rock too dangerous for me to climb to get you a rare flower—a tree too high? Was the sun ever too hot, the bleak winds too cold, to prevent my toiling for livelong days together, and nights too, to do you but a little pleasure? My father’s heart I have softened towards you, and through me he has fed you and yours in your pride and idleness; fed, Lynia, not only him, but his canting priest and his profligate ballad-monger. Have I not made my father stand between you and persecution? You weep—cry on—it pleases me.”

“I weep, young sir, for your want of generosity.”

“It is you that want it, not I. What has this dirty-looking Spaniard done for you? He has brought you some gold. He—no—poor spiritless hound! It is I who brought it you; to bribe you against me—against all my schemes. You ask my request. Let the miserable Spaniard go about his business and take his gold with him, if he can keep it. Trust to me. In a very few years, even you will acknowledge in me the manhood I now feel. Your wailing father will then be dead!”

“Holy Mother of God! what a heart have I been cherishing!” exclaimed the shocked lady. “He speculates upon the death of my father as calmly as on that of a stalled ox!”

“Look you round, Miss Glenllyn; all that your eye can reach on that side, and far up on the distant mountains, all will be mine, and I have plans to make all on the other side mine too—not boyish dreaming plans—I will toil, I will fight—do worse; but I will then rebuild this castle; but I will sit here in state! If I am to do all this—say so; young as I am, I feel that I shall have the power. I am not a wooing you—not now; but if you won’t let me, in due time, when I am old enough, very soon shall this ruin be but a heap of rubbish, a mound of dust and stones, a

bed for the nettle and the thistle, a home for no living thing better than the lizard and the toad."

"Mad and cruel boy! as yet I recognise in you nothing of the man but his untamed wildness, and more than the folly of the boy. But listen to me, Henry, once more like my pupil; listen to me calmly. You are of a very romantic nature, and promise to be the slave of the wildest passions. I have been so long used to poverty and to privations as to despise them. But supposing that you were my equal in rank, have you thought upon the differences of our ages, of our religions, of our tempers, of almost all our ideas? But I demean myself by talking thus to a mere child. Making love to me—in perspective—really it is most ridiculous, and I could be merry with it had you not displayed so much selfishness—such blackness of heart. The future wife of Henry Morgan—the son of the Penabock yeoman!"

"Perhaps worse," muttered the boy, malignantly. "But what am I thinking, what am I saying? Can I ever forget how good she has been to me? Miss Glenllyn, do be kind to me—do, gracious lady, answer me one question—are you what people call in love with this Spaniard?"

"And suppose, young sir, that I tell you, frankly, yes?"

"Then will I as frankly answer you, and not by another question. I am only the boy, Henry Morgan—but I am one who has his happiness to care for as well as he. He has no right here. I loved my mother, now I trust in heaven; she and you only, of all this world's creatures, have I loved. Had a viper stung her to death, and were that viper writhing in a fiery furnace, I would rather have plucked it forth, at the hazard of scorching up this young right arm, than have saved that Spaniard from the reef, if you, Lynia Glenllyn, dare—dare, I say, boy as you think me, to love him."

"Merciful Heavens! what a tyrant have we here at sixteen! Perhaps you will have the goodness to lay upon me some other wholesome injunctions."

"And do you think, lady, with all your unkind mocking, that he shall leave this coast—this castle even—in safety, bearing with him his gold and you—my friend, the opener of my young heart, my teacher of all things good, of all things pleasant, of all things mysterious, of all things grand? Have pity upon me! He is a foreigner—a mere Spaniard—one of those who are always enemies to Englishmen by nature. There is no more murder in his death than in the killing of a wolf. It is you, Lynia, who slay him—your love. You start, you are moved. My hand is bloodless yet—I have a reluctance to kill—really a very considerable reluctance—though at a hundred paces, with the old arquebuss, I

have rarely missed my mark of late. I will consult some of my father's tried old herdsmen; it may be a case of conscience the putting away this enemy."

"For Heaven's sake, Henry Morgan, speak not thus darkly. Now you are truly all man. To injure him would be a deeply-dyed crime. The rites of hospitality would be violated—it would be a million times worse than a simple murder. Think of your former glorious action in rescuing this poor stranger—of your father's shame—think, Henry, of all this."

"Who thinks of me?" said the boy, moodily.

"I do often, and really very affectionately. But I did but jest when I said I loved this gentleman. It was but to tease you for your airs. I who have known him but for so short a time—love him, indeed!"

"O, Lynia Glenllyn, are you sincere?"

"Why should I not be?"

"Then," said he, whispering mysteriously, "the old castle shall be built up all the sooner. Leave it to me. Only tell me in which room he is lodged, and where he hides his gold."

"Out, young monster!"

"Only tell me; the castle shall be in all its glory again."

"Let me go—you madden me."

"Your father once more in his princely state."

"Detestable unfledged vulture!"

"O, I also did but jest—do not spare me, Lynia. I will be so good, so obedient. The brave Spaniard, for me, may sleep in the highway in safety."

"I trust you no more, Henry Morgan."

She descended the spiral staircase, and left him to his newly-awakened passions.

For some time Morgan was astonished at all that he had said and acted. He seemed to himself to be under two influences, and to partake of a double nature. He tried to return, but in vain, to his careless and boyish feelings. The devil of mischief seemed to have possessed him, and, to satisfy its cravings, he began to pitch over the rotten battlements into the courts beneath.

The riot that he made was confounding. The priest and the bard went up to remove him, but these he drove away by pelting them with stones. So he was left alone until he had wearied himself. At what hour he ceased from his dilapidations or left the castle is not known; but from the ruin that he effected he must have laboured hard and long.

Don Alonzo changed his sleeping-apartment that night -- a night the greater part of which Lynia spent in weeping.

CHAPTER VI.

Morgan commences his Travels, and repents—Is joined by Owen—Is cheated by a Covenanter, whom he afterwards cheats.

THE wild and desperate boy did not sleep that night under the paternal roof, but walked about the beach until the morning broke. Henry's father had been too much accustomed to these irregularities either to be alarmed or surprised at his absence which, most probably, he never noticed.

We well know that the writer of a romance is expected to know every undivulged emotion of the characters of his creation, and also to be able to account for every incident. This responsibility must not be thrown upon us, for these especial reasons: the first is, that we are writing biography, and speak only from authorities, many of them dubious, we must confess, and from what our hero has himself divulged in occasional conversations; and the second, that many of the transactions — must we call them atrocities?—that have been imputed to him, he resolutely denies. These atrocities we are forced to record, and let the reader himself judge by the manner in which we relate them, whether or not they may justly be attributed to him.

It was never accurately ascertained if Henry Morgan went home at all after his interview with Miss Glenllyn, but it is most likely that he did not. The numerous household of the substantial yeoman, his father, were all at the devotion of the eldest son, and a few of the wilder spirits would hesitate at nothing that he bade them; it therefore can cause no wonder that they divulged nothing.

About mid-day after Morgan's interview with Lynia, as that young lady was standing under the arch of the now doorless entrance into the castle, leaning upon the arm of the Spaniard, some description of fire-arms was discharged, and two bullets were flattened against the stones immediately behind where Alonzo stood, one of which gave him a smart flesh-wound on the shoulder, the other, at the same time, carrying away almost the whole of his outer ear. The shots must have been fired from a considerable distance, therefore it was a shrewd aim from no unpractised hand.

The Spaniard was more galled and irritated than hurt, and he was in the act of bounding forth to ascertain and arrest the assassin, when he was withheld by Miss Glenllyn, who flung her arms around him. The household of Sir George was too feeble to afford any hope of the apprehension of foes with arms of any description.

Our hero was never seen afterwards in the vicinity of Glenllyn Castle, and he always strenuously denied, whilst it was as stre-

nuously believed by its inhabitants, that he fired the cowardly shot. It may have been the act of one of the herdsmen to whom Henry had related his supposed wrongs. Gaffer Morgan's arquebuss was, however, never afterwards found.

The disappearance of the lad and the wounds of the Spaniard made a great sensation in that part of the country. In two days afterwards, Sir George, his daughter, the priest, and the Spaniard, removed to Cardigan, and shortly after to Bristol, from whence they took shipping to Spain, and were no more heard of in Wales, and seldom spoken of, except by old Lywarch, who was left to vegetate among the ruins of the castle.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of July, 1647, we find Henry Morgan many miles from home, in a wretched by-road leading to Tregaron, alone, with but little money in his pocket, dispirited, but resolute, and full of vague hopes and strange imaginations. "The world was all before him where to choose." The excitement of the wine and of his interview with Miss Glenllyn had subsided, but his resentment was still burning, and the desire of revenge was increasing by all the difficulties to which he had voluntarily submitted himself.

It would be of little importance to trace our hero's progress through the wild district that he had to pass until he arrived at the small village of Llandadum, and here his money was exhausted. He slept that night among the cattle of a farm-house, and put the cows under contribution for his breakfast. His intentions were to proceed to Bristol, and then to enter on board of some large trading vessel, trusting, with all the enthusiasm and inexperience of youth, for promotion, to his rather superior education, his talents, and his energies. He knew not that among the worldly of the world he was as a child, although in his own confined circle he was looked upon as a hero, and had sometimes acted like one.

The burning and intolerable noon of the next day found the lad foot-sore, way-worn, and faint with hunger, a few miles beyond Vaynor. His physical exhaustion now produced a calmness that had not been his for several days. The fever of unwonted excitement, and of cups still more unusual, had merged in the prostration of strength; and repentance came with reflection heavily and bitterly upon his soul. His visions of future glory faded from his mind's eye, as melt the mists from his native mountains, scorched up by the meridian sun. For the first time the vast importance and dignity of primogeniture struck him. He pronounced himself a fool, thought upon his two younger brothers, and was angry; then on the white hairs of his stern old father, and, for the first time, he wept.

Henry's passion of grief was long, and would have been healthful to his soul, but for one of those little accidents that decide the fate of men. After he had wept himself into good sense, and a resolve to return and again lead the pastoral life of his father's steward and servant, the pangs of hunger and thirst made him have a sharp sense of his improvidence. The thirst he soon satisfied, but the hunger was not so easily quelled. The season was yet too early for the hedges or the gardens and orchards to afford him food ; no house or habitation of any description was in view ; therefore, with a faltering step and a drooping head, Henry Morgan turned his face homewards. Had this good resolve been carried into execution, what horrors, what agonies would have been spared to outraged humanity !

He had scarcely proceeded homewards a furlong, before the shrill clear voice of Owen ap Lywarch, doing much wrong to an excellent Welsh song, saluted his ears, and shortly after that very careless personage made his thrice welcome appearance. He had, however, eloped from the parental authority in a much more provident manner than Henry ; for he carried, strapped to his shoulders, a tolerably well-filled wallet.

"What," said Owen, "has the birdie thought better on't, and is he walking home with a sinner's pace, with his head under his left wing ? What ! my cock of the crows, doth repent ye ? But list ye to me, Hal, noddie as you think me, take my advice and on with ye. The justice of peace has his warrant out—'twas a shrewd aim, Hal, but you've only flayed, not struck your quarry home."

With a surprise which, if it were not real, was most admirably feigned, young Morgan professed to hear, for the first time, of the attempted assassination of Don Alonzo. However, he took counsel with Owen upon this intelligence, and, fortified with an excellent repast, and with more aqua vitæ than was at all prudent, it was resolved between these two sages, to act with vigour, and to fulfil Henry's first intentions of seeking fortune upon the precarious seas, both of them being fully persuaded that, in case of misfortune, their homes would always afford them asylums.

It must be fully borne in mind that both these hopeful youths were much better apparelled than were the sons of the labouring classes, the habiliments of the latter being generally very wretched ; yet were they not in the rich dress of the nobility or real gentry. They had all the appearance of the offspring of substantial landholders ; and though the look of Owen was then decidedly rustical and even clownish, Henry had much of the free demeanour and lofty port of the franklin of substance.

Their jovial repast was just finished, and Owen was about to

repack the tempting contents of the wallet, when a tall, gaunt, swart trooper pricked on his horse towards the spot where they still were seated upon the grass, and reined up close upon them almost before they were aware of his presence.

“Speak! discover! Who may ye be? Some catch-singing ’prentices, I take it. Unfold, varlets! Nay, if ye budge an inch, or attempt to conceal ought—lay out again upon the sward that savoury-looking pasty.”

By this time the man had alighted, and began to play the tyrant fearlessly. The two lads looked at the intruder, but could not find it in their hearts to do battle with one apparently so strong, and assuredly so well armed.

The stranger having very leisurely tethered his powerful horse where the turf seemed to be sweetest and most plentiful, first slackening the girths of the saddle and relieving it from the bit, next turned his attention to the youngsters, and commenced a severe examination into all matters pertaining to them. The result was, that he told them that he held them to be two very suspicious characters, and that he felt himself bound, firstly, to say a very long grace, then to devour a full moiety of their provender, with the totality of their strong waters; and afterwards to confiscate, for the time being, all their little property; and he bade them to consider themselves as prisoners.

Both Henry and Owen told a very imperfect and a very suspicious tale, the main fault of which was, not that it wanted veracity, but probability. Young Morgan was too jaded and lamed to attempt a start, and Owen had not the remotest idea of leaving behind him his pack and all his little wealth; so they moodily resolved to wait for the event, and trust to that most ample of all chapters, the chapter of chances.

By the time that this cavalry cormorant had well eaten and more than sufficiently drunk, he became sonorous and especially vain-glorious. He was one of the agitators in the parliamentary army, and possessed the perilous gift of much speech. As he was but the type of a character very common at that period, we shall dismiss him as hastily as we may, for he but once crossed Morgan’s adventurous course, and repented thereof.

“Spawn of Satan, know that ye are of the ungodly, and of the sin elected—yet is one of ye a canny youth, and well-favoured—but the twain have lied unto me most abundantly. Stand still, ye writhing serpents of iniquity—I will manacle ye together—yea, with manacles of iron shall ye be bound.”

The troopers who then scoured the country in search of the dispersed royalists were always provided with the needful instruments for securing the captives that they might make, and the

sight of the irons had a very commendable effect upon the run-aways. They changed their sulky deportment into respect and humility, and Morgan even condescended to fawn a little. The trooper had fed too well to be rigidly severe, so, at their earnest entreaty, he consented to forego the iron cuffs, upon their promise not to attempt an escape.

It must be presumed that the horseman's digestion was excellent, as well as Henry's powers of conciliation; for he condescended, after he had proceeded a little way, to inform his prisoners that he was No. 85 in Colonel Bother-the-Ungodly Thomson's troop; that in his own days of darkness he had been sinfully called Joseph Dobson, but since he had basked in the new light, he had been re-baptized in the euphonous name of "Beat-down Beelzebub;" and that he conveyed in his leathern vest under his steel corslet, a description of, and a warrant for the apprehension of, a cavalier disguised as one of his own regiment.

To use a modern novel phrase, the conversation now became general and animated, in which Beat-down-Beelzebub certainly bore the most prominent part. The aqua vitæ, assisted by the hot afternoon's sun, began to take a very palpable effect. He told his companions that his heart inclined him to mercy towards them, and that, to save trouble, he should merely hand them over to the boroughreeve of the next village as vagrants, where he would leave them in the stocks, and carry their baggage forward to head-quarters, there to be fully examined and duly disposed of; for truly these were dangerous times, and conspiracies as plenty as broken promises.

This arrangement met not the approval of the parties most interested, but they held their peace upon the subject, and humoured the prating Puritan to the utmost.

At length Beat-down-Beelzebub became half asleep upon his slowly-pacing horse, and wholly benevolent, and the visions of the bliss destined for the regenerate occupied his mind to the utter exclusion of the tortures preparing for the prelate. Henry well timed his opportunity, and dwelling piteously on his fatigue and exhaustion, he claimed the boon of a seat behind the trooper upon the saddle, which was immediately accorded, and together they jogged on harmoniously. We must here observe, that the wallet which had been made a prize was placed at the saddle-bow.

We blush while we confess it, but Henry here committed an act the most unheroical. Notwithstanding the iron corslet and the leathern jerkin, he contrived, unnoticed, to ease the trooper of his warrant. It was very mean and pickpocket like, this conveyancing; but he made amends for it afterwards, and relieved people of their property on a much more magnificent scale.

Unconscious of his loss, Beat-down-Beelzebub lifted up his voice, which lifted up a stave, and thus singing at the top of his voice, the party approached Pontypool.

Henry now commenced his operations; for, after striking in for a verse or two with the singer, he humbly requested to be heard. He said that they were two honest lads who had run away from their masters to go to sea, as his wisdom had discovered—that they knew that they deserved punishment, but that that would do their captor no good—as for their little luggage, they knew that they could not keep it—so let it go—when they arrived at Bristol they should find all that they wanted—that the soldier was perfectly welcome to all they possessed, provided that he would permit them to pass on quietly to their destination—that, now they were at the entrance of the village, all that he and his companion desired was, that he should give them his blessing, remember them in his prayers, and let them go their way in peace.

Beat-down-Beelzebub thought all this very reasonable, especially that part that had reference to the wallet; so he very carefully assisted Morgan to dismount; with pious tears in his eyes he prayed over them, and then giving them his benison, he sanctimoniously jogged on to the principal inn, and there made himself and his conscience snug for the night.

When the two lads found themselves alone, Henry thus cheered his chop-fallen companion.

“Owen, look not so penitential; we’ll have our revenge yet upon the crop-eared rascal. Shake not thus your fiery pate, man. Surely, Owen, so wary a lad as you must have some little money about you—you did not leave home, like me, mad or drunk, or both. Come, untruss, my friend.”

“Why, Hal, see ye, some money I confess to; but all our clothes, and my Sunday shoon with the plaited buckles, the hymn-wrenching rogue!——”

“Well, bear a good heart, and let us see your cash. Why, Owen, this is excellent. But we must on to Newport, and let us better arrange our story, so that we may be prepared to meet accidents. Now listen to me.”

Morgan then laid down a plan of acting, the successful results of which will soon be perceived.

CHAPTER VII.

Morgan leaves the Covenanter stock-still, and with Owen journeys to Bristol—Meets with a friendly Stranger, who knows more about his Connexions than he does himself.

ACCORDING to the early hours of people who lived two hundred years ago, our travellers arrived excessively weary and very late

at Newport. Here young Morgan assumed the airs of master, and Owen fell easily and naturally into the deportment of servant. With a little more authority than the occasion accurately required, the young squire ordered supper, and preparation for beds for himself and servant, and pens and ink. He intimated at the same time, that he was despatched to Newport on business of no common importance, and that his father had entrusted him to the care of his servant Thomas, so far as merely bodily protection was concerned.

The wants of the two adventurers were respectfully attended to; and when Henry found himself alone with Owen, he showed him, for the first time, the prize that he had purloined from the trooper. It was a warrant for the immediate apprehension of one Anthony Hazelboon, a noted Cavalier and very pestilent rebel, and directed to all justices of peace, constables, headboroughs, and good subjects of the realm. It stated that he was last seen disguised as a trooper of Colonel Bother-the-Ungodly Thomson's regiment; and then followed a very circumstantial description of his person and peculiarities.

"Now," said Morgan, as the ample and slovenly-written document lay before him—"now, Lynia Glenllyn, I thank you. For your kind instructions I can almost forgive you for your late scorn and your unjust treatment of me as a boy; this at least shall prove that I have a man's wit."

Owen shook his fiery curls with bursts of laughter, as, leaning over Morgan's shoulder, he watched him neatly erasing, amending, and altering the paper, until it presented an exact description of Beat-down-Beelzebub. It also went on to state, that he had lately robbed the bearer of the document of his baggage, the contents of which were described; it also stated that this traitor had borrowed the name of a famous agitating trooper, that he mimicked his manner, and would most probably enter the town singing a psalm, and that he would answer to no other name than Beat-down-Beelzebub Dobson.

Having sufficiently coated these alterations and additions with dirt, our two vagabonds went gaily to bed, to dream of present revenge and future prosperity.

Early next morning, Morgan called up the landlord, and charged him, upon his allegiance, to repair with him and his servant to the mayor—he then read to him the warrant, and told his story. Mine host commended the young yeoman heartily, and with three or four more wiseacres they soon found themselves before the worshipful magistrate. He, the aged man of wisdom, with his nightcap on his head, and the last night's rheum in his eyes, coughed out his approbation of young Morgan,

and talked learnedly of the necessity of calling out the *posse comitatus* for the capture of the well-armed royalist.

Morgan, who for very substantial reasons did not wish for too many to be engaged in the affair, suggested that as the royalist would enter without suspicion, he might be easily seized by surprise by two or three stout fellows in the dress of countrymen. It was so arranged, and a watch set to welcome Beat-down-Beelzebub.

In about two hours after, as Morgan had predicted, the godly trooper entered the little town, with the wallet before him, singing dolefully, but very loudly, one of the penitential psalms. He was set upon by the rustics, pulled off his horse, and disarmed in a few seconds, and then well cuffed and thumped in the name of the parliament, for his resistance.

He was soon hauled before the mayor, who sat in awful dignity upholding the majesty of the offended laws, and looked wrath into the very bones of the prisoner. Beat-down-Beelzebub was at first a little—nay, a great deal, confounded; but as speaking as well as fighting was a part of his profession, as he could not fight he spoke, and that manfully, but to very little purpose. He certainly gained himself the credit of being a most artful villain.

At last, the mittimus was made out; but as the prison in the place was not in the best repair, whilst a messenger was sent post haste to the nearest military post, for an escort to convey the malefactor to the county jail, he was, for the greater security, placed in the stocks, amidst the scoffs and the derision of all the old women and little boys of the place. Morgan and Owen having signed their depositions, their baggage was restored to them with many commendations, and they retired amid the acclamations of a little knot of quidnuncs and fools to the inn where they had slept the night before.

They were both sensible that it would not be prudent to make any prolonged stay at Newport; so having refreshed themselves, adjusted their dress, and discharged their reckoning, with many thanks and bows from their landlord, they departed, Owen carrying the wallet in right of his servitude—an arrangement to which he seemed to have no manner of objection.

In passing through the place, Morgan could not forbear himself the satisfaction of going to the trooper. As he approached, the flouting mob respectfully gave place to him. There sat the soldier in the most abstracted resignation, with his eyes so turned up that nothing of them but the whites were visible. He was heroically suffering in the good cause.

Henry approached behind him, and seizing both his ears, he tweaked at them with so much force, that, had they not been

stouter than the best tanned bull's hide, they certainly had parted from his head.

Like the Indian at the stake, the trooper scorned to notice this petty torment, though he could not prevent his face vibrating from east to west, as Morgan pulled the harder at the one or the other ear.

"Listen to me, Beelzebub," said Morgan from between his closed teeth; "curse thee, I wish I could make thee squeak. Do you note that your feet are in the stocks—the clod notes nothing. Beelzebub, I'll slit this ear of thine with my knife; I will, by St. David, if you speak not. Will not this teach thee henceforward not to rob and ill-treat poor boys? You intended them these wooden ankle-ties, did ye? Methinks they are heavier, and a thought or so less handsome than the delicate handcuffs you were so obliging to intend for us. Speak, you hound! Come, Owen; the brute has less feeling than the oaken bench that he sits on. An' I had the time, I would try thee farther, friend. Beelzebub, we have beaten thee down—fare thee well, Beat-down-Beelzebub. Leave off spoiling good tunes with thine abominable voice, and ill-use no more boys; so perchance shalt thou die a month or two later on thy predestined death-bed—a dunghill."

For all answer the much-enduring trooper, as his tormentor departed, screeched out at the top of his voice,

"The Lord my refuge is
In this my great distress."

When the two lads were well clear of the little town, Owen sidled up to Henry, and said, "Though I am nearly two years older, Hal, than you, may I never again milk a goat but you are twice the man I am."

"I know that."

"I suppose this comes of your bookishness; perhaps you wouldn't take a turn with the wallet."

"Not I."

"It grows heavy, Hal, and it's outrageously hot."

"It won't do, Owen; I am a gentleman. But if thou art tired, my poor fellow, I'll go rob thee a horse—I see some fair ones in yon meadow. A gentleman may do that."

"And swing for it, Hal. No, before my dainty master should dangle, I'd drop dead with the burthen. You managed the trooper wondrously. Henry Morgan, simple though I be, I prophesy that either you'll be a great man, or you'll be hanged."

"I'll be hanged if I am not."

"It will be near upon it, I see. And I fear that you are a bit spiteful. I suppose it's all come of your love to our young mistress."

“Who do you say is my mistress?”

“Don’t be so fierce, Hal. Pr’ythee, don’t ye. Miss Glenllyn, who else? Ah, Hal ——”

“Noodle Owen, there lives not the created being that I will ever acknowledge as my mistress or my master—that is, in the way of superiority. And look ye—I don’t love Miss Glenllyn—I had once some vague dreams about doing the wench good, and of lifting up her proud and beggarly father; but the half-drowned whelp of a Spaniard that I fished up and cast ashore—that empty painted bladder—has opened my eyes. Treated me as a boy!—well, I’m not now going to vex myself. But you must know, Owen, that we are Monmouthshire Morgans, all descended from the first of the five great Welsh kings. Sir George Glenllyn himself is nothing but a mere Norman mushroom; why, his grandfather had an upstart French name—he was ashamed of it, I suppose, for he got Queen Bess to give him leave to call himself Glenllyn, which certainly showed in him something like good sense. But I see that I am talking to an addled egg. Only understand this, that, all the world over, a Monmouthshire Morgan is by descent superior to all other living men. If you don’t understand this, I’ll beat it into you.”

“Beat me!”

“Ah, well, I think I could, but I won’t. And you look really tired, and, poor Owen, you won’t let me steal a horse for you. Well, nobody here knows of my descent; and if any one meets us when I bear the bundle, don’t call me Morgan—but Glenllyn or Stuart, or any other low name. But, after all, what is descent but rubbish? So give me the pack.”

Thus discoursing, and carrying their baggage alternately, the evening after, they safely arrived at Blackrock, whence they intended early next morning to pass over the Severn to Bristol.

Morgan again assumed the master, and Owen fell back quietly from the grade of companion into that of servant. At this place they pretended that Henry was sent by his uncle on a visit to an old aunt who resided at Bristol, and that he, under the care of his servant, had obtained leave to travel on foot during the fine weather, in order to become acquainted with the country. The account was quite feasible, and passed unsuspected.

The next morning they found themselves in Bristol, which was then as now a place of the greatest consideration. It also had much interest for our young travellers, as it had lately sustained two or three severe sieges, and had alternately been in the hands of the Royalists and the Parliamentarians. The town teemed with life and hurry; importance and excitement were on the countenance of almost every one whom they met. They spent

the whole forenoon in looking about them, in visiting the breached and battered walls, and lastly they came and stared with admiration upon the numerous and splendid shipping that filled the port.

The lads had strolled upon the wharfs and quays for some time, when they were accosted very civilly by a man richly dressed; one, indeed, who seemed more to affect the splendid attire of the cavalier than the sober apparel of the Puritan. This person was a hard-featured man, with a constant smile upon his lips, in which the rest of his face seldom seemed to participate.

"I see, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with much show of respect, "that you are strangers. Can I be of any service to you? I shall be most happy to show you all that is curious or remarkable in this place. Permit me to crave your acquaintance. Brothers, I presume?"

At this last observation Morgan looked a little mortified, whilst Owen smiled, drew himself up, and took off his cap as he made his obeisance, thus displaying a rich profusion of the reddest of hair.

"You mistake, fair sir," said Morgan; "the fellow is a good lad, but only my serving-man."

The stranger tossed jauntily a piece of silver into Owen's hat.

"Or rather mine honoured uncle's," continued Morgan; "good Mr. Price ap Price of Carmarthen. Perhaps you may happen to know him."

"O, I know the worthy gentleman very well. Indeed, when we were younger, many's the jovial carouse—is my good friend, estimable Mr. Price ap Price, as hearty as ever?"

"As ever," responded Morgan, with utter astonishment.

"Not know him! not know my old companion, Price ap Price? very pleasant—well, and then ——"

"Why then, sir, being an orphan, as perhaps you also know, perhaps you know me too?"

"Let me look at you again, sir—why, yes—no—features change so much at your time of life—but I shall know you soon, sir, I am sure—and be very happy in the knowledge."

They reciprocated bows, and Owen grinned awfully.

"So, sir," Morgan continued, "my father says to me ——"

"Your godfather, you mean."

"No, my paternal uncle," he says to me, "the first thing you do when you get to Bristol, as it is a very large place, and is the resort of all manner of unprincipled varlets, and aboundeth in knavery, be chary, Hal, of flauntily-bedizened strangers, and, above all things, answer no impertinent questions—not alluding to you in the least, sir," and Morgan bowed again; "only I should

wish you to understand that I have been advised, and I am not to be taken in."

"I much applaud your prudence, young and amiable sir, and I have seldom heard a gentleman speak better English, fresh as you are from the Welsh mountains. Yet you have the trick of the goat upon your tongue yet; but with a little intercourse with the polished society to which it is my intention to introduce you, you will speak English as pure as if you had been brought up at Southwark. Pardon my interest in you, sir, but of course you have seen your aunt—I have forgotten her name—what name did you mention, sir?"

"O, probably you know her as well as you do my uncle; the name is Meredith, sir."

"Ah, good Mrs. Meredith—surely I do know her—a widow, with fifteen children?"

"I cannot speak to that, sir, never having seen my cousins. But in this lies our great misadventure. This loon here, my uncle's youngest serving-man—a sort of under-page, sir, that was given me to see me safely hither—has lost the letter to my good aunt, and we really have forgotten the name of the street."

"Let mine be the business to discover the good lady. In the mean time, will you step on board my poor vessel, and take some little refreshment?"

"Which may it be, gallant sir?" said our hero, eagerly. Upon one of the most splendid ships being pointed out to him, a noble craft indeed, armed, as we now call it, *en flute*, that is, equally adapted for war and commerce, his heart leaped with joy.

At that period the ship was a more gaudy affair than at present. Our vessels now, of the superior class, both in the royal and mercantile service, have only a majestic simplicity and a Doric severity of grandeur to distinguish them. We no longer see the cumbrous and high stern, with its poop elevated upon poop, overladen with sculpture, and garish with paint and gold. The ships of that era were certainly more gorgeous pageants than are those of the present times, and were much more likely to excite the enthusiasm of a young mind.

We need not say with how much joy the invitation was accepted. Morgan and Owen viewed everything with a delight which, in its deep simplicity, might well be called childish. The vessel was certainly as complete of her class as any that had yet left the English shores.

In the cabin, refreshments, with wines and strong waters, were very liberally offered and eagerly received. Owen was permitted to seat himself at a side-table, and not only to partake of the good fare, but of the conversation also. Then Morgan's

heart opened, and, with mingled craft and cordiality, he made known his wish of embarking in the adventurous life of a sailor; but he said that his birth, reputation, and education would ever be objections against his serving otherwise than as an officer.

The stranger, who had now announced himself as Captain Van Vagardo, appeared thoughtful, but at the same time he applauded the resolution and spirit of his young companion. Mutual confidence seemed to increase, whilst each was deceiving the other.

After eating heartily, and drinking much more than was prudent, Henry and Owen expressed their wishes to be put on shore, that they might view all that was curious in the neighbourhood. To this the captain made not the least objection, but offered to accompany them. The best boat was manned, and, with great outward show of respect, Morgan, Owen, and their entertainer were landed.

They strolled about the place for some time, which time was employed by Morgan in asking a thousand questions respecting the pay, the promotion, and the usage in a vessel similar to that which his professed friend commanded. The answers were all golden. As this dialogue proceeded, Owen's shrewd simplicity was not altogether satisfied, and, at each glowing description of Captain Van Vagardo, he thrust his tongue into his left cheek, very probably as the best means that occurred to him of keeping it silent, for he began to think that he was truly the sworn thrall and servitor of Henry.

The evening began to close, and, much to the honour of the talent that was hereafter to make young Morgan the leader of men and the doer of immortal deeds, during the long conversation, in which he was exposed to the most searching questions, that he had held with this astute man of the world, he had not uttered one single sentence of truth, but a whole volume of lies that looked marvellously like it. Already he had begun life. The captain, on his part, seemed altogether won by his information and charmed by his wit.

At length Captain Vagardo proposed, as night was fast approaching, that they should now set about finding Mrs. Meredith in earnest. This overture met from Henry with a very cool reception, though he dared not decidedly oppose it. The captain, with consummate politeness, did not press it.

The question now was how the two adventurers should be lodged for the night. Till then Morgan had carried it off stoutly, but at this discussion, for the first time, his manner was hesitating, and he stammered in his speech. At length he was compelled to admit that, through the carelessness of his attendant, the money that his uncle had furnished him with for his journey

was almost all lost, only a few silver pieces remaining; therefore, the very humblest lodgings that could be procured were those that they should prefer, until they had discovered the abode of this lost aunt.

And then Captain Vagardo showed all his worth; they should sleep on board his vessel. They were to suffer no alarm, nor to be under the slightest apprehension on the score of money; but if they preferred passing the night on shore, he had coin at their service. True, the place was overflowing with sharpers of every description, and, though they were two very sensible youths, if cunning failed to entrap them, violence might overcome them. However, would Morgan take the money?

Owen had his hand immediately extended, but Morgan thrust it hastily and scornfully back.

"What, sirrah, you who have lost I know not how many angels and marks of mine?"

"I don't know either."

"Silence, varlet, and know your place. Courteous sir," he continued, turning to his new friend, "I accept the offer of your hospitality without hesitation, and when you come into the northern parts of the principality, my father, my godfather I mean, who is the good uncle of whom I have so much spoken, will repay your kindness a hundredfold. Hunting, coursing, fishing,—all manner of country sports shall be at your service."

"No more, no more, my gallant young friend. On board, on board! we'll make a night on't, by Jove!"

So on board the Dolphin again they went; and soon after a very appetizing supper was served, of which Owen Lywarch partook, sitting at a little table apart.

After the repast the captain became eloquent. He told Morgan that his gallant vessel was freighted with all manner of manufactured goods, which it was his intention to smuggle into the Spanish settlements of the new world—that on many articles the profits would be enormous; but still the greatest advantage of the cruise remained to be told: when he had disposed of all his cargo, it was his intention to ship another homewards.

"I presume," he continued, "your penetration and quickness did not permit you not to see how well armed is this beautiful lady of the seas. When I am in the Indies I shall merely double my crew, and, on my own account, formally declare war against Philip of Spain. No one detests piracy more than I do; but seeing the distracted state of these realms, his majesty making war upon himself by the means of his own parliament, at the same time being in close confinement, I hold it to be the duty of all good subjects to vindicate the supremacy of England. I know

very well that we are at peace with the Spaniards on this side of the tropics, but on the other it is a matter of option with any one, with the planks of a ship like this under his feet, to be either at peace or war with any potentate whatever, and no piracy either; for, as I said before, I hate pirates. Here will be adventure, plunder, fortune—all that can sharpen the edge of man's life. Indeed, to my thought, this is the only way a man of spirit and a gentleman should condescend to live."

Morgan thought so too, and then, taking a tremendous draught of wine, he said what he thought. He then began to diplomatize, and was fast swallowing his deluder's bait, whilst he supposed that he was deluding the deluder.

It would take up too much space to detail how each gradually approximated to the exact point to which the one wished to bring the other. To the speechless wonder and, we must say, to the consternation of Owen, he heard his self-constituted master at length agree to send a letter to his uncle who did not exist, to beg his permission dutifully to make a cruise with the gallant Captain Vagardo, and at the same time to request of that fabulous uncle to remit to him at Liverpool fifty pounds sterling, in order to fit him out properly as an officer, and twenty more suitably to equip Owen as his attendant.

On his part, Captain Vagardo agreed to take Henry as a cadet or volunteer, until the first vacancy offered for the berth of an officer—that till then he was to be treated in all respects as a gentleman, and to be the captain's companion, messing with him as such, and Owen was to be permitted to wait upon Henry as his peculiar servant. It was also agreed that both Morgan and Owen should remain on board until the vessel sailed, as, should the non-existing uncle not assent to these arrangements, he might endeavour to recover the person of his fugitive nephew. Everything being concluded, small sleeping-cabins, very well fitted-up, were assigned to each, and very late they all retired to rest.

Next morning Henry Morgan awoke with a trifling headach, but his bosom inflated with hope, and his vanity still more puffed up with the idea of having outwitted the captain. There was no doubt in his ardent spirit that he should speedily distinguish himself; he calculated the chances of deaths from battle and sickness with eagerness, and he was already, in his heated imagination, homeward bound, the second in command, laden with plundered gold, and not unknown to fame. Even his sudden and violent friendship for the freebooting captain did not prevent him from speculating even on his death, and the command finally devolving upon himself; and then he felt with such a ship he

could conquer such ships, that he could with them conquer half the world.

The captain remained on shore nearly the whole day, and thus Morgan and Owen were left much to themselves. They took their meals in the cabin, and on all sides they met with nothing but tokens of respect; distant and guarded, it is true, but still it was respect.

Now the son of the harper did not participate in Morgan's sublimation of spirits. He told his friend that, as he had voluntarily left home and parent out of pure affection to him, he thought it very unjust that he should be at once degraded into a menial, for a period that seemed to him indefinite. To serve him, he had no objection to play any part for a short time, but thus to be settled as a domestic among strangers, and those of the most harsh description, so far as manners were considered, was very grievous to him.

To all these representations Morgan answered jocosely, but certainly with too little respect to the love Owen bore him, or the sacrifice that he had made for him. He told his poor friend that what was now done could not be helped—they must continue as they were for some time; that, as they were on their high road to fame and fortune, he would seize the first opportunity of freeing him from his unpleasant bondage. That he would be able soon to do this, he spoke most confidently; that Owen was to prepare himself for his preferment by discarding all low and base-born thoughts, and, above all things, to dismiss every suspicion of his honour and that of the noble Captain Vagardo. Morgan had already begun to talk grandly.

Another supper, much in the same style as the former, closed the second day, and, if possible, the swaggering Captain Vagardo appeared more amiable than ever.

Very early the next morning the Dolphin left the docks, and, with a favouring tide, was soon in the Severn. Neither of the youths being unused to the sea, they were less in the way on the decks than could have been supposed, though they were still ignorant of the manœuvres of so large a ship.

As they rapidly passed the headlands of Caermarthen and Pembrokeshire some severe qualms smote Henry's conscience, whilst the more natural and more simple Owen felt acutely. "It will be but for a short while," said each to the other at the same moment. When man speculates upon time, too often the calculation is finished in eternity.

The Dolphin neither called at Liverpool nor any other place, but steadily kept her course westwards; however, after rounding the Land's-end, the vessel hauled a little up Channel, and,

when she arrived off Falmouth, she lay to. Here several large boats came alongside, filled with a heterogeneous set of male ragamuffins, comprising a vast variety of the worst description of the human species. Most of them were manacled, and had evidently been cast forth from many prisons ; still they were all strong, robust, young men.

As they came up the gangway, one of them brushed the garments of Morgan. The latter shook himself loathingly on the contact, and cursed, with all the airs of a civet-scented courtier, the ironed and rag-enveloped object. The man turned to him, and quietly said, "Young malapert ! I trust that your curse will be expiated here, not hereafter."

"The vermin-encrusted scoundrel, does he prate?"

As Morgan uttered this he turned round, and his eye met the eye of the captain. He found there an expression that he could not define, but did not at all love.

These people were placed in wooden cages on the main-deck. They were shipped as white slaves for the use of our infant colonies.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our Hero and his Friend are caught like the worthy Nephew of Gil Perez—Morgan grows eloquent upon his Wrongs, and does Battle but ingloriously.

EVERYTHING had proceeded pleasantly enough until the Dolphin had cleared the chops of the Channel, and the last vestige of England had melted away in the blue haze that united the heavens with the sea on the distinctly-marked line of the horizon.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, as Henry Morgan was pacing athwart the chief cabin, with a swelling bosom and much of a lordly air ; he was carelessly remarking the preparations that the cabin-boy, under the direction of the skipper's steward, was making for dinner. Let philosophy put on her most stoic mantle if she choose, yet we will defy her to resist a little curiosity as to the proceedings that are taking place under the eye in a matter so important as that of dining. All Morgan's self-elation did not prevent him from time to time eyeing the preparations ; nor did it escape his notice, that there was in the looks both of the steward and the boy a droll cast of countenance, that would have been actually malicious but for its unequivocal mirth.

"You are merry, my friends," said Henry, patronizingly.

"Blue water, my young squire, and there grins go round on the two sides of people's food-traps."

At which profound remark the excessively nasty cabin-boy displayed a set of teeth that would have suited Cadmus admirably.

"Well," replied Henry, a little pompously, "my serving-man,

Owen, shall assist you, if you wish it, in preparing the dinner. He is not remarkably clever——”

“Yaw! yaw! there be twain o’ ye,” said the cabin-boy.

“Insolent picker of dirty bones, how dare you thus answer me? That, and that, and that, will teach you, filthy varlet, how to address a gentleman; and if those do not suffice, take that in addition, and learn respect.”

The screams of the be-pummelled lad brought the redoubted Captain Vagardo into the cabin; and awful, indeed, was the violence that boiled over in his countenance. At his appearance the cabin-boy increased his lamentations into a terrible distressing sound, that partook equally of the nature of a whine and a howl. The captain, with clenched fist, advanced to strike Morgan, but he, who never lost his presence of mind, stepped back, and seizing the rammer of one of the iron guns in the cabin, stood coolly on the defensive. Owen was also ready to press the assailant on the flank, and in this position the captain condescended to parley.

With oaths, terrible in their construction, and terribly uttered, he demanded of Morgan how he dared to leave the convict prison on the main-deck, and intrude into his cabin. He then sent immediately for his first and second officers, and three well-armed seamen, and when they had arrived, he ordered Morgan and Owen to be seized and handcuffed to each other.

Indignation rather than fear denied Morgan at first the power of speech; but soon his passion found utterance in an overwhelming burst of invectives. All this only produced from the skipper a burst of scornful laughter, in which he was joined by his officers and the seamen.

“Let me tell you,” said he, “you shall both be immediately gagged with the dirtiest marlingspikes in the ship if you don’t carry a civil clapper in your bows. Here has been a small mistake, Mr. Spun yarn; these two have made their escape from Bridewell. Show me the shipping-list of the convicts—ay, here it is; one Simon Simcox, about sixteen years old;” and he then proceeded to give an accurate description of Morgan’s person. “Has been three times whipped for petty larceny, and is now sentenced by the sheriffs to be sold as a slave to the plantations in Barbadoes. A violent little villain, no doubt. His last crime was picking the pocket of a god-seeking member of one of the self-denying ordinances of a small tooth-comb and a pamphlet, entitled the ‘Ladder of Divine Love, or Fifteen Spokes Upwards.’ Well, Simon Simcox, what have you to say to all this?”

“Base inveigling traitor, you well know that my name is Henry Morgan, a name——”

"That you received from your godfather and uncle, good Mr. Price ap Price," replied the captain with an abominable leer; "and I am sure your respectable aunt, Dame Meredith, will testify to it. Mr. Spunyarn and Mr. Deadeye, I know the whole history of this springald. Notwithstanding his fine words, you may perceive that his tongue twangs strongly of the leek. He was a page to one of the cavalier lords, and there picked up a few fine phrases; but he was whipped out of all honourable service for his innumerable petty pilferings; nothing that the urchin could lift was safe from him. He was next flogged through all the jails of North and South Wales, after which he was kicked along the road, begging and thieving for a subsistence, until he arrived in London. But here they were too sharp for him; his thefts wanted due cunning. He pleaded at the bar under the name of Simon Simcox, in order, I suppose, to hide his Welsh extraction; but it is too strong in his speech yet. The other, let me see, his name is Joseph Bradley, as great a rogue as his companion, but also a much greater fool; however, as they are both well-knit strongly-limbed varlets, they will fetch a good price among the planters. I'll pouch at least a hundred pounds for this red-haired Joseph, and it shall go hard but that I get a hundred and fifty on this Simon Simcox."

"Infamous liar—man thief! O think not that you shall escape my vengeance. Was it for this, was it for this that I left my honest father's house?" exclaimed Morgan, in the bitterness of his agony.

"You mistake, interesting young orphan—you mean your venerable godfather; and he, you know, turned you out of his house for robbing his pantry of cream and new cheeses, and stealing the maid-servants' little fooleries."

"My friends," said Morgan, addressing the people about him, "if words of truth and feelings of justice can have any force with you, believe me that we are two poor lads who have been basely, very basely, and under the cheat of hospitality, kidnapped on board this ship. You must all of you have known, that until this hour this vile thing that calls himself, and that you are base enough to obey as, captain, treated me as his equal. Join with me in showing him how wickedly he is acting; and if he will not permit me to be his companion as he promised, still do not suffer him to treat me as a felon."

The rough fellows whom he addressed only grinned, and shook their shaggy heads mirthfully. They were too much accustomed to this sort of thing, not to be amused by the high-flown airs that they conceived young Morgan gave himself.

"Do you know, you little freckled brute," said the captain,

“that I might just string you up on the yard-arm there, for inciting my officers and seamen to mutiny? But I love justice; and though no doubt but that I demean myself by entering into any explanation as to my conduct respecting such a pestilent vagabond, yet, merely that my honest seamen may know what a consummate liar and thief you are, I will just mention of what he has been guilty before he was convicted in London for his last petty larceny on the pious member, ‘Wipe-up-the-stains-of-iniquity Hogsflesh,’ which is the worthy man’s regenerated name. Now, Simon Simcox, falsely calling yourself Henry Morgan, dare you repeat before me, these gentlemen, and these honest mariners, that you have an aunt living at Bristol, named Dame Meredith, or an uncle at Carmarthen called Squire Price ap Price, with a large estate and vast hunting-grounds?”

Morgan’s eye quailed under that of the fierce captain; his countenance blanched, and he almost trembled.

“And here is a warrant accurately describing these two young vagabonds, signed by four justices of peace, for their apprehension, on the very awful charge of perjury in putting forward a false and wicked charge against that well-known, active, agitating trooper Beat-down-Beelzebub Dobson. Imps of iniquity, dare you deny this?”

And the formidable captain struck the paper that he held in his left hand several times violently with his right. The noise made by the crackling paper more startled Morgan than would have done a whole broadside from a line-of-battle ship.

“Are they not pretty fellows?” continued the captain, turning to his men scornfully. “But, Simon Simcox, I have not yet done with you. What, thou young spawn of Satan, is more base, more dastardly, than *assassination*? Coward that you are, is it your fault that a certain noble Spaniard still lives?”

The captain’s auditors drew back one step from Morgan with signs of loathing; Morgan himself turned furiously on poor Owen, and seizing him by the throat with his unmanacled hand, he would have strangled him on the spot, had they not relieved the trembling lad from his spasmodic grasp.

“And you too, Owen!” said Morgan convulsively, “have you betrayed your friend?”

“Shame upon you, Henry,” said Owen in Welch, when he had sufficiently recovered breath to speak. “Word never passed my lips, or thought entered my head, that was injurious to you. O my poor father, would that I were now listening to the wild music of your harp! For the first time I repent me of having shared the fortunes of this wild young man.”

Owen uttered this with a pathos so deep, and the original

words were so touchingly simple, that in vain did Morgan struggle to repress the gushing of his tears. But this tenderness towards his companion seemed but to increase his ferocity towards his tormentors, and he turned upon the captain with the hot malignity of hatred, and thus addressed him:

“Tyrant, I have lied—I confess it—but you are a crimson-dyed liar compared with me—I have lied only to protect myself, and to ensure safety to my companion; but you, you have lied to betray, to wither away, to destroy young life; each lie of yours is worse than the assassin’s stab; the striker in the dark runs some personal risk; but you—I loathe myself for wasting words upon you; I will lie no more; I did not attempt the life of the Spaniard; you know that I saved it, if you know anything at all about it; but had he died, he would have deserved it, for him I hate as I do you—openly, manfully.”

“Bring the prisoners on the deck,” was all the reply that the captain deigned.

Though very acute, Henry Morgan had been too rurally brought up, well to comprehend all the usages and workings of the world at large. Though intelligence did not then travel with the rapidity that it now does, it travelled, however, and more than one scout had been sent after our young scapegraces. Had they not gone on board the *Dolphin*, they would have been apprehended in Bristol, and it was there currently reported, that the shot which had slightly wounded Don Alonzo had been fired by Morgan. It would not have suited the captain to have taken the youngsters before the magistrates; and, as some forms were necessary, he was obliged to create a fictitious conviction, in order to justify his intended sale of their bodies.

Kidnapping was then a sort of general adjunct to the profession of skippers voyaging to the Indies, as the settlements in the New World were then called, and all those who commanded vessels bound thither were always provided with the necessary forged documents, that only required to be filled up with the name and description of the persons to be stolen. At that time, the exportation of negroes had but recently been adopted, and the plantations were cultivated either by the aboriginal Indians, who were rapidly disappearing, being unequal to the labour, or by white slaves, or Europeans, who had voluntarily sold themselves for a certain number of years—usually twenty. The reader who may be anxious for information at large upon this subject has only to consult De Foe, who has treated upon it very circumstantially. We may mention, that it was not unusual for Cromwell to thus transport the rank and file of the conquered armies of the royalists by hundreds and even by thousands.

Virginia, and our other North American colonies, were almost peopled in this manner. At the time that Morgan was entrapped, Barbadoes was the favoured spot.

By the time that Henry and Owen had gained the deck, unperceived they had squeezed their hands nearly through the handcuffs that had united them. As they stood before the captain, a great number of the crew, and a few of the respectable persons who were going out to the islands to settle, crowded about them.

With a great show of justice and moderation, the captain addressed those about him mildly, explaining the circumstances under which the boys were deported; and when he had fully satisfied them and himself, he solemnly asked Henry Morgan if he still denied that he was the person described in the warrant of transportation, and that he was sentenced under the name of Simon Simcox, it being kindly remarked to him, that what was his really Welsh name was of no consequence.

"I do," said our hero impressively; "although, under circumstances of great suspicion and still greater folly, I have abandoned my father's home and affections—abandon his name I never will. Under every circumstance of honour or of disgrace, of woe or of weal, I will live and die Henry Morgan!"

"Well crowed, my little cockatoo; and you lank-haired red-pated sawney, I suppose your name is not Joseph Bradley?"

"It is, if you please, sir," said Owen, very quietly.

"Come," said the captain, "after all, simple as he looks, this lad has more sense than the other; and you are not his servant, Joseph?"

"Not unless you please, sir," said Owen, very submissively.

"He is reasonable—but for the other, he is a mad fool. Here, gaoler, put them both in the cage under hatches; you may take the handcuffs off this red one, this Joseph Bradley, but keep the other ironed until he knows his real name. Away with the Welsh thieves; they scent horribly of putrid cheese and decaying leeks."

The man, who on shore would be called the turnkey, advanced to lay his hands upon the prisoners. Now, though Henry and Owen had not been much of one mind for the last quarter of an hour, all at once they displayed a wonderful unanimity. The left hand of Henry had been ironed to the right of Owen, so they simultaneously lifted up each his manacled hand, and let it fall with tremendous force upon the pate of the gaoler. His heavy hat did not prevent his being completely stunned by the blow. This sudden action relieved the two lads of the already loosened handcuffs, and, long before the bystanders had recovered their

surprise, they had each seized a cutlass from the sailor nearest them, and cleared for themselves a very respectable circle.

"Owen, can you die with me here?" said Morgan in Welsh.

"Very comfortably, Hal," said Owen in the same language.

"We will never be sold as slaves."

"It would be uncomfortable. Cambria for ever!" and off went the ear of the man next him, with the sweep of his sword.

"Give them the point, Owen, my darling—and don't leave the mast. Never strike round, but dab it into them this way. They shall acknowledge I'm my father's son."

"And I mine," responded Owen, thrusting out manfully.

They had backed against the mast, and the affair began to look serious; one man was already bleeding, and several had had very narrow escapes from the straightforward thrusts they now so very prodigally offered on all sides.

"Shall we rush in and disarm the foolish boys?" said the first officer.

"By no means," said Captain Vagardo; "it would be doing the beggarly vagrants too much honour to put them to death like men, or even to use men's swords to them at all. Bring here the cook's slush-tub—there! drench them with it."

In a moment they were nearly smothered, and quite blinded, by all the accumulated grease and filth of the ship. Their swords were wrested from them before they could either recover their breath or their sight, and, propelled by many kicks, they were actually footed into the den, and, thus bedaubed with all manner of impurity, hurled among the convicts.

CHAPTER IX.

Is full of Plot and Counterplot—Morgan shows Symptoms of Talent, regains his Liberty, and learns a Seaman's Duty, to hand, reef, and steer.

IN the closely-pent-up receptacle called the prison, hot, dirty, and with hardly space enough to move, Henry Morgan remained in a state of sullen and revengeful silence. He was heavily ironed, and the object of the aversion and the jeers of his fellow prisoners. He was compelled to go on deck, some hours each day, for the sake of air; but, even on these occasions, he was never relieved from his irons. When on deck, he was obliged to be in constant motion, to trot up and down the gangway, and, if he paused for a moment, he was smartly pricked with a long pike; no one ever took the least notice of him. The captain and the officers seemed wholly to have forgotten his existence: it was this utter contempt that was the most torturing to him.

At first, he attempted to refuse his food, but this gave his gaolers

not the least concern. With an instrument constructed for the purpose, they wrenched open his jaws as a matter of course, and thrust down his throat very nauseous boluses of some sort of grease and meal. He soon returned to the ship's allowance, which was both ample and good. Cattle intended for sale should not be starved.

Owen's conduct, during all these tribulations, was very sensible. He betrayed neither sullenness nor violence, but a sort of tranquil indifference. He did not refuse either to converse or joke with his fellow captives, though he sought it not. He ate cheerfully always what was given him, and was very obedient and civil to the surgeon and his assistants, courteous to the officers, and cordial with the men who would take the trouble or have the kindness to converse with him through the wooden bars of his cage.

But his conduct towards Morgan was really instinct with beauty, it came so naturally, and so completely without effort. He attended to the cleanliness of his friend's person, as a mother would to that of her favourite child; for, in the first agony, Morgan neglected everything. For several days Owen never attempted to speak to him; but he fed him daily, stroked his face, parted his hair, and petted him like a sick boy.

All this time, though to the world Morgan seemed lost to himself, and more than half dead, he was never before so much alive. He was writing on the tablets of his heart deep inscriptions of intense hatred to his fellow men. Being cruelly tormented, he was teaching himself to be cruel. On the seventh day of his incarceration, as he was sitting close to Owen, he wrung his hand, and, in their native tongue, spoke, for the first time since his confinement.

"Owen, my heart's companion!" he said, the tears streaming down his pallid features, "my playmate on the sea's white sands, bethink thee, my dear brother, what thy father and mine are now doing—tell me, tell me, Owen, that my bosom may not burst."

"It is just now sunset," said the lad, speaking also in Welch, "and your father, may his life be long in his hall, and his shadow be seen on the mountain until his years be wonderful in number—your honourable father is now standing on the little mound, by the wayside, that leads to the homestead, with his pitchfork in his right hand, watching the herdsman driving the cattle into the farmyard; he is counting them, dear Hal, but he falters—he has lost the number; he is now passing the back of his left hand across his eyes—for they are full of tears; he is thinking of his absent eldest born son."

“Do you think so? Yes—I see him—there is a mellow sunbeam burnishing his broad forehead; how noble he looks in his grief! Do you not observe, Owen dearest, that he has turned his eyes towards heaven—his old kind eyes—without doubt he is praying—do you think it can be for me?” said Henry, tremulously.

“O yes; and there come your blithe young brothers—but they are blithe no more—but sad; yet they look kindly; and there, little Davy is trying to make your father notice him, but he cannot; the old man’s heart is far away.”

“Is the tip of our mountain, the noble Cader Idris, crimson with the last touch of the light-shedding sun? Tell me, Owen, for my eyes are very dim.”

“This is bitter fooling, dearest blood of my heart! That we may once more see the beloved hills, and drink up thirstily the morning breeze in our green valleys, let us forget them for a while—let us look round upon our misery, and, though mere boys, bear up against it like men. But, Henry, do you not observe that you only are ironed, because they say you are sulky? Shall I call the sentinel, and tell him that you are no longer what they say is mutinous?”

“What a horrid noise these low-born varlets make!” said a transported London apprentice; “the swine pent up in the sty would turn up their snouts at this Welsh jargon. Your real Taffy is half goat, a quarter hog, and a quarter man.”

“Shall I smash in this reviler’s face?” said Owen, always speaking in Welch.

“No, I may want his assistance; but mark him for your opportunity.”

“No—I strike now, whilst my blood’s up, or forget it.”

“Well, well—I have a thought—get me rid of this accursed iron; I will be very humble, and smile a little.”

“Now, Henry, you are a good boy; those words have brought us two hundred leagues nearer Penabock and the dear old ruins—and there is there a bright dark maiden, Hal.”

Owen managed matters so well that he very shortly procured every indulgence for his friend which the rest of the prisoners enjoyed, if anything like enjoyment could have found place where everything went to make the present miserable and the future hopeless; but there must be degrees even in intense suffering.

It was evident that the soul of Morgan had passed through the shadows of the dark valley of despair, and had taken a sterner character and a blacker hue. He had hardened himself against adversity, and, in his resolve to right himself, he was now fully determined to set all right at defiance. He distinctly saw the end

that he sought, and woe to those who would dare to thwart his intentions, or cross his dangerous path. He now made his spirit's health to consist in the activity of pursuit, and he was resolved to think of happiness only when he had attained his object. His present situation was wretched enough, but already had he lighted the lamp of hope with the fire of ambition, and he fed it with anticipated revenge. He resolved to dissimulate.

He now became courteous, smiling, and very humble to all his cage-mates. Each of the wooden cages held about twenty, and these twenty were packed so closely together that they could not all sit down at the same time. When they slept, ten of them were slung in hammocks over the other ten, who lay on the bare deck—and the tens changed situations on the alternate nights. Though the prisoners were thus separated into small parties, oral communication was easy from one cage to the other, all the length of the main-deck, as, for the sake of ventilation, as we have before stated, each prison was nothing more than strong wooden gratings, the interstices of which were sufficiently open almost to admit of a man passing his head through them. Thus, there was nothing to prevent them knowing their minds, and, so far as action was permitted to them, to act in concert.

Already had the two lads become the favourites of their own department, and of the one abaft and before them. Morgan began to sound them at a distance as to their wills and their capabilities of making an effort for their freedom. It is much doubted whether he was sincere, but he certainly made them believe so. He commenced a double treachery.

Long before he had ever broached the subject of the rise to his fellow prisoners, he confided to the sentinel who was the most often on duty over them, a plot that he afterwards should create, so that at least three persons knew that on some very early midnight, just as the guard was relieved, the convicts were simultaneously to break prison, murder the officers, overpower the seamen, and gain possession of the ship.

When Morgan had thus prepared those whom we may call his enemies, he next proceeded to rouse his friends. He acknowledged to them that he was too young, too weak, and too ignorant, to act more than a subordinate part in the outbreak—but he said that he would much rather perish in making the attempt for his liberty, than die as a slave. The rest seemed fully to be of his opinion, and, in the middle watch, the plan, the time, and the means, were discussed and settled, fore and aft, from cage to cage. They were unanimous in all but one thing—as to who was to take the command. So forward had they got in their preparations, that there was not one of the cages that had not so many

of the bars loosened as to be removed in a moment. Indeed, so far, they were only prisoners voluntarily.

Now, all this time, Captain Vagardo knew of the progress that his troublesome charge was making, or he thought he knew, for he kept up an active correspondence with Morgan, who deceived him. At length, the convicts had agreed upon one daring fellow, that should take the command for one month only, and then all the superiors were to be chosen by ballot, and the third night from that period was fixed for breaking out simultaneously, seizing the arms of the sentinels, rushing on the crew, and murdering all those who would not join them.

There was much difficulty and danger in doing this, even under the most favourable circumstances; for though the prisoners outnumbered the crew in the proportion of two to one, yet all the former kept their watches with cutlasses by their sides, and there was a stand of fire-arms on the poop, under the charge of the sentries. But the mutineers hoped to be upon the crew as they relieved each other, and as the last watch on deck would be in the act of delivering over their swords to the present.

All this plan, to the minutest circumstance, Morgan, by means of his spies, fully detailed to Captain Vagardo and his officers; he deceived him but in one particular—a most important one—he named one night later than that agreed upon. By this, he supposed that all suspicion would be removed; and thus, if the convicts were to conquer, they would conquer the more easily.

At that glorious period, men were less tender than now of human life. Murder, dignified by the name of “civil war,” had become naturalised to England. Captain Vagardo was a little, nay, more than a little, tainted with the general vindictive spirit; he held, with the majority, that for all diseases, whether they be political or social, on shore or at sea, nothing was equal to a little blood-letting. He wanted victims, and to make sure of as many as his humour might at the moment desire, he arranged that the mutineers should have liberty to make the attempt, and be repulsed, with a little lopping off of limbs as they made it. He did not intend that too many should be maimed and killed. That would have been to lessen his profits too materially. He had bought them all of the pious parliament at fifteen shillings a-head, and their passage out. He had no objection that some twenty should be sacrificed, for then there would be better accommodation for the rest, but certainly not more. The surgeon had assured him that they were so closely cooped up, that he must expect to lose that number at least, when they got into the warm latitudes; so it would be better that they died by the sword—much better for all parties. It

would save those sabred and pistolled much misery; the rest would be quiet for the remainder of the voyage, and, above all things, he should be the gainer by the provisions of those who fell. Thus, upon motives of very excellent expediency, he was determined that every convenience should be afforded for the sally. He had a very statesman-like conscience.

Morgan had also settled the matter with his conscience. If the captain were deceived and conquered, he would be amply revenged, and he trusted to his cunning to turn the rise to his advantage. But he was resolved to hold back, and see which party was likely to be the conqueror before he thrust himself forward. He was but a poor weak boy. He advised Owen to act in the like manner.

If Captain Vagardo could not be worsted and slain, why, had he not great claims on his gratitude? It is true, he had made a mistake in the time, but the fault was not with him. The prisoners, for some rascally purpose, had deceived him, for they all along suspected that he was in accordance with the commander. So who became so happy as Henry Morgan?

But it was not thus with the convicts themselves. Those who were to do great deeds were looking wondrous small upon it; though it began to be insufferably hot, they did nothing but shiver and yawn—that is to say many among them. But the fiercer spirits had sworn death to any one who should flinch, and it now seemed, even to cowardice, that safety lay more in rushing on the danger, than in attempting to avoid it. Poltroonery takes many strange disguises, and seeks many singular refuges; it is sometimes seen in glowing regimentals, courageously leading on a charge, and gets the reward that true courage would have too much sense to seek.

Henry Morgan, acute as he was, yet, at that time, possessed the too common fault of clever men—a distrust in the honesty of others. He suffered Owen to remain partly in the dark, and made the mistake of treating him, not as a friend, but as an instrument. Of course Owen knew of the conspiracy, for he had been compelled into it. Henry also made him acquainted that he had betrayed it to the captain, but not that he had betrayed the captain also.

Owen cared but little for the treachery towards the convicts—he thought their plan wild, and all but impossible of success; and he commended Morgan for giving information of it, as it would be the saving of much blood. He knew not, therefore, that his friend had contrived all the mischief that he could, in order that he might become a waiter on events.

Already had the appointed night closed in, and Morgan was in

the height of enjoyment—it might have been a fiendish pleasure—but it was an excitement that made him extremely mirthful. He had become of much consequence among the prisoners, and as the night advanced, some of the bars of the cages having been removed, he went from the one to the other, to ascertain the spirits and the temper of the insurgents.

Owen all this time, supposing that Morgan had acted faithfully towards the captain, was utterly astonished to see no precautions taken; indeed the sentinels seemed unusually remiss; everything about the prison wore the appearance of confidence and security. The hour was nearly arrived, he thought, of securing Henry's safety, and not being able to find him in the dense crowd and Stygian darkness, he elbowed his way to the sentinel, and, through the bars, most energetically begged to be immediately conveyed to Captain Vagardo. The man at first hesitated, but when Owen solemnly assured him that the safety of every man on board depended on it, he was passed aft until he found himself in the redoubtable presence of the skipper, who was just breaking up the night's party, and who was in that happy state of elevation which prompts the knocking down of others.

"Well, Joseph Bradley, what has brought your flame-coloured nob hither? Are you going to fire the ship abaft?"

"If you don't look about you warily, and right speedily too, your ship will be fired not only abaft, but forwards, amidships, everywhere. But save my poor Harry; he has an aged father living, and so—and so have I."

"Your Henry stands well in my favour, so don't be alarmed, my man; I suppose, being his confidant, he has told you all. To-morrow we shall mark down a few of them."

"To-morrow, this very night, this very hour; they mistrusted Morgan, and deceived him as to the time. O, get him away from them, and then do with them as you will."

"Ah! say you so? This seems feasible. Go, get him away as quickly as you can—this must be looked to. Everything shall be arranged for your and his safety. But stop—be you two the first that break out, and pass over behind our ranks; orders shall be given not to strike until you are both in safety. Away with you!"

Captain Vagardo was prompt as he was sanguinary. He stationed men completely armed around the cages, and in the darkness they were entirely concealed. He withdrew the sentries, so that they could not be suddenly overpowered and slain, and then he, with a sharp Turkish scimitar, posted himself in such a manner that he could easily chop down the betrayed convicts, like so many rats, as they popped out of the cage, and even make a

selection; for it was arranged that, on the first tumult, lights should be suddenly shown.

Henry Morgan had during Owen's absence diligently prepared himself for the conflict. In common with the rest of the prisoners he had his knife, and by some means had purloined a handspike, to the end of which he had firmly lashed the former, so that together they formed a very tolerable pike. All the conspirators had prepared themselves for the strife in the best manner that they could.

After groping about some time, the two friends met together, and Henry whispered to Owen in Welsh:

"What arms have you?"

"None."

"Where, stupid one, is your case-knife?"

"I left it in the wooden platter outside the cage."

"How improvident you are! Never mind. Stand behind me, Owen. I always meant that we should wait till the last. What can be expected of mere boys like us?" and he felt with much satisfaction the point and edge of his newly-made weapon.

"We must go out first—I have seen the captain and explained your error. How could you let these wretches so deceive you? It might have cost you your life."

"And so you have set the captain right? You are—you are—never mind, Owen; tell me all—this time all."

Owen, without scruple, and without the least concealment, told what had passed, and all that he had done for their mutual safety.

"I thank you kindly, Owen, for what you have done," said Morgan, "because it was most kindly meant towards me; but, my dear fellow, you have spoiled the prettiest skirmish that was ever planned. In my heart I believe these wretches, dastards though they be, would have got the best of it. They are mad with heat and intolerable thirst. You have stood between me and my revenge, for I had intended to have carved up that thieving man-stealer for supper this very night. It is, however, only postponed. As we get nearer to the southward there will be the more guests at the filthy feast. The sharks, as yet, are scarce."

"For my part, Henry, I should like very well to kick him up to the top of Snowdon, my honourable father playing all the while the scurviest tunes upon his harp. But we are too young to be dabbling in blood yet; and so, dear Hal, let us warn these poor deluded wretches; for if they make the attempt, many of them will never see land."

"Idiot! and then one of two things will happen. This cursed

Vagardo will hang us both at the yard-arm for falsely plotting murder; or, if we are believed to have been true to him, these wretches will cut our throats in the dark for falsely betraying them. You have spoiled a very pretty bowl of hell-broth by shoving your silly leek into it. But come, as we march out first, let us be prepared."

A few words from Morgan to the rest, and the place of honour was yielded to him and to his friend.

The eight bells had ceased to fling their vibrations over the almost silent waters, when a wild hurrah resounded through the ship—a hurrah in which the wild shriek of coward despair mingled with and swelled the cheering call of encouragement, and the triumphal shout of bravery. There were stout hearts among those doomed to slavery; men who had fought bravely, though unfortunately, in some of the best contested battles which had lately depopulated England. They had no other thought but that which is conveyed in the word "onward," and to draw back, and to die, conveyed to them the same meaning.

"Hurrah!" and down went the previously loosened bars, and out leaped, with savage exultation, as many as could stand in the narrow space of the main-deck not occupied with the wooden cages.

"To the hatchways!" was now their cry; but it was checked, then altered to shouts of horror and moans of pain. Sharp cutlasses slashed among them indiscriminately, and ere one of them fell the lights were shown, and discovered the mutineers hemmed round by well armed men.

"To your work!" shouted Captain Vagardo; "strike down only the old and the sickly; teach the gaol-birds a little necessary discipline."

Those outside of the cage could not get back for the pressure from within; and then arose the plaintive cry for mercy, and the humble supplication for quarter. But all did not join in this humiliation. The old cavalier soldiers rushed valiantly upon the points of their enemy's weapons. The redoubtable Captain Vagardo was sadly puzzled between his avarice and his thirst for blood. Several times he was upon the point of sheathing his long and iron-hilted toledo in the body of some stalwart mutineer, but the thought of losing one hundred, or one hundred and fifty, pounds sterling restrained the arm and saved thus many a life.

Owen Lywarch was excessively shocked, and stood behind the line of combatants, all pale with a strong emotion made up of fear and pity. It was the first time that he had seen the blood of life in man wickedly wasted. Morgan stood beside him with folded arms, dispassionate, calm, and observant. He looked upon the

strife like a show of gladiatorship. When he saw a clever cut, a vigorous thrust, or an ingenious parry from either party, he smiled grimly, and slightly nodded an approval. When he marked any one of the prisoners fall and die unflinching, his countenance lighted up with a strange animation. But still he moved not, nor spoke. He was conning his lesson for the practice of a future day.

At length, Captain Vagardo bade his men give quarter. The unscathed of the mutineers were returned to their enclosures, the bars made secure, and the sentinels doubled. Three dead bodies were thrown overboard, and the only ceremony that attended their briny sepulture was comprehended in an oath, a sigh, and an observation from the skipper, that there went three hundred pounds worth of his property. The wounded were placed under the care of the surgeon and his assistant, and in one little quarter of an hour the ship was careering on in silence towards the west.

As Morgan had foretold, this sanguinary occurrence worked in his favour. Neither he nor Owen were again confined among the prisoners. At Henry's solicitation, Owen and himself were permitted to learn and do a seaman's duty in the vessel. They soon became, both of them, smart useful topmen. By their attention, their activity, and their cheerfulness, they won the good opinions of the officers and crew, and of none more than of the hard-hearted captain.

Morgan again became merry and boyish. He appeared no longer to be meditating desperate deeds, or to be dreaming away his young life in sad and hopeless visions of ambition. The stern and determined air that had lately marked him forsook his countenance. His appearance became engaging and mirthful, and he was altogether a very handsome jocund sailor boy.

Owen, too, became as happy as his nature would permit him, and he had great capabilities for felicity. Morgan grew, every day, more and more attached to him. He now much pitied his deficiencies, and seriously set about supplying to him some of them. In their watches on deck and below, he taught him not only to write, and the rudiments of arithmetic, but he gave him also a little insight into geometry. Owen was grateful, and attentive. As the ship approached Barbadoes, the fate of Morgan, if not so brilliant as he expected, seemed to partake of the brightness of the beautiful climate in which they were then enjoying themselves.

When, and for some time before, they reached Barbadoes, Captain Vagardo was condescending, and sometimes actually kind, to our hero and his companion. Most of his officers began

to think that he would not treat the youths as transported convicts, but retain them as part of his crew. However, he never admitted them into his familiarity, and always called them by the names that he invented for them.

On this point Henry Morgan was inflexible, though it was plainly intimated to him that if he would consent to adopt the captain's account, it would be highly serviceable to him. Owen treated the matter with the greatest indifference, and fell very quietly into the habit of thinking himself Joseph Bradley, as every one persisted in calling him so. Such is the force of example, that even Morgan addressed him as often by his new name as by his old one. As Owen never after laid it down, we shall not be so hypercritically correct as not to give into the general habit, and shall therefore henceforward speak of him as Joseph Bradley, except on some very momentous occasion, should any such occur.

The Dolphin is at last riding at single anchor in Carlisle Bay. The convicts are all well cleaned and arranged round the decks; the planters and the proprietors, with the civil and military functionaries, are on board; the lists and descriptions are verified, and the sale of christian man to christian man begins. Captain Vagardo was a hard man-merchant. He put a valuation on his property that was highly complimentary to the valued. The sale went forward but slowly.

As neither Morgan nor Joseph Bradley were stalled up with the rest for inspection, their hopes became sanguine that through the torturing and degrading ordeal of slavery they were not doomed to pass. They therefore unsuspiciously and carelessly sauntered about the decks, or gazed with all the eager curiosity of youth on scenery so new to them, in all the glory of a tropical sun. Poor innocents, they even consulted together upon the feasibility of asking the dreaded captain permission for leave of absence for a few hours, to go on shore and view the wonders of the place more closely.

Thus passed off the first day, and but little business had been done. There was strict watch kept on board, and a guard-boat rowed round the ship all night. On the following morning the market recommenced, and was much better and more numerously attended. Several planters had come from the interior of the island, and the convicts fetched much better prices; the doughty captain was consequently in much better spirits. Passing accidentally near Morgan he joked with him. Thus encouraged, the lad made bold to prefer his request that he and Joseph might be permitted to go on shore for a few hours to see the place.

“Go on shore! to be sure, my fine fellows. I have provided

for all that. Do you suppose, my little goatakins, that I intended to mew you up here? Wait a spell, my hearties, and you shall have shore enough to fill your heart's desire."

"And a dollar or two for spending money," said Morgan hesitatingly; "you know, sir, that you can stop it out of our wages."

"You are too modest. Why not ask for fifty or so, and give me an order on your respectable aunt at Bristol for the advance?"

"Well, never mind the money, sir, so long as we get on shore."

"Be under no uneasiness. Everything shall be attended to that can make your going on shore comfortable and even pleasant."

Morgan now seemed the happiest lad in the world, and Joseph a great deal happier—consequently Joe must have been trans-mundanelly happy. Had Morgan's bad passions been lulled into a torpidity that promised death to them? For the honour of human nature, we hope that they had. We hope that he had forgiven the treacherous Vagardo, and that he was well content to work his upward way honestly and honourably in the world.

For the first time, for many a long day, Morgan and Joseph were invited, about noon, to share in the hospitality of the captain's cabin. They walked in with light and proud hearts. They found there, seated at a table loaded with the choicest wines, and the luscious fruits of the climate, the skipper and two men, the elder of whom was well advanced in years, of a staid and even a puritanical appearance, with rigid and strongly-marked features. He was, at least, fifty years of age, and assumed an air of great importance, wearing his immensely broad-brimmed hat, whilst the rest sat uncovered. There were sundry paper and parchment documents before them, and vast piles of splendid doubloons. The younger person was handsome, yet faded—had a very profligate yet good-humoured countenance, and seemed to take but little interest in the proceedings.

The elderly person scrutinized the two lads in a manner more curious than polite, and, after remarking that they looked wild and very young, coolly asked Captain Vagardo if he could warrant them sound wind and limb. At this impertinent question, Morgan's mountain blood began to boil, and he asked the grave old gentleman, very audaciously, if he intended to buy them. Thereupon the young gentleman laughed very heartily, and so did the skipper; a sarcastic ill-omened smile lighted up the features of the elder, and Morgan and Owen, thinking themselves particularly droll, joined in the merriment. They were a very pleasant party just then.

However, this sociality did not prevent Old Sobersides from making several disparaging remarks upon the two youngsters, and how grateful they were to hear the captain take their parts so energetically!

“ You may go in the boat alongside, my dear young friends,” said the skipper, in quite a fatherly manner. “ My worthy friend, the excellent and respectable God-seeking Mr. Hethersall, will take care of your comforts, and treat you both like his own children. The money you asked me for to make your stay on shore agreeable your second parent there will provide you ; there can be no doubt of it. Go, my sons, with my blessing, and may Heaven share with pious Mr. Hethersall in taking you both in his holy keeping.”

Not quite liking, and not at all understanding, this, the two lads found themselves in a boat alongside, and, accompanied by some very ill-looking fellows, they were soon landed at the rough and wooden wharf at Bridgetown, and, before they had time to look about them, thrust into a large gaol, and there safely locked up. This was but a sorry welcome for our two adventurers, who, not knowing what would next happen, stared on each other in astonished silence.

CHAPTER X.

Our Hero made a white Slave—Reduced to extremities—Almost mad—Bears up manfully—He and his Friend become reconciled to their Lots—Some Account of the Barbadian Manner of living in the seventeenth Century.

AT this period, Barbadoes was in a most prosperous state, although it had not been yet colonized fifty years. When Morgan arrived, he found two-and-twenty ships anchored in Carlisle Bay, and as much traffic in boats as there now is on the Thames below London Bridge.

The first mention that was made of this beautiful island was in 1600, and five years afterwards it was still wholly uninhabited, for at that time some Englishmen landed and erected a wooden cross, on which they inscribed “ James, King of England, and of this island.” At length, it began to be settled by Englishmen, on the most enticing parts, till good things began to be said of it, when the Earl of Marlborough goes and begs it of the king for himself and his heirs for ever. This modest request was granted of course. However, what was as lightly given seems to have been as lightly recalled. Charles the First, in 1627, granted the whole of the Carribean Islands in perpetuity to James Hay, Earl of Pembroke; and then he granted Barbadoes again to the Earl of Carlisle.

Both these noblemen fitted out vessels and despatched settlers,

the one party fixing themselves to the windward, the other to the leeward, side of the island. They made war on each other in a most horrible, bloody, and treacherous manner, whilst Carlisle and Pembroke fought the battle at the court of Charles. Carlisle eventually conquered. Soon, however, did the giver-away of islands lose his own, and his head also.

At this time Barbadoes, being left to itself, prospered exceedingly. It was populous with Royalists as well as with Roundheads, and they being sensible men abroad, though the most infatuated of fools at home, lived together on the most amicable terms. It was made a law among them, that whoever should be so remiss as even to allude to party, or mention the words cavalier or parliamentarian, he was to forfeit a good dinner to all his neighbours. So well was this law observed, that it was never violated but in joke, in order to furnish an excuse for the most unbounded hospitality.

At the period of the arrival of our hero the land was cultivated by both white and black slaves, although the whites were called servants, and sometimes apprentices. Their treatment was harsh and cruel in the extreme, and the mortality among them dreadful. Of this we shall soon have occasion to speak at length.

Shortly after their incarceration, our two young friends were called before a stern-looking person, who, enjoining silence upon them, signed a document, and they were then delivered over to a constable, handcuffed together, and conveyed some miles into the interior of the country. They now fully comprehended that they were kidnapped, and had been sold, either for life as convicts, or for five or seven years as apprentices, servants, or, as the French then called it, *engagés*.

The heat was oppressive; the insects, winged and creeping, made them have a very clear foretaste of what the Catholics fancy about purgatory; but this was nothing to the torture of their minds—Morgan suffered intensely. It was evident that neither of them was held in much account by those about them, for whenever they met slaves and apprentices like themselves, they were taunted and hailed by all manner of opprobrious names. Mankind was getting dreadfully in debt to Henry Morgan, and though he had determined to wait patiently for the day of payment, he was resolved that the requital should be full, even to overflowing.

At length, nearly exhausted by heat, and barefooted, the two unhappy boys arrived at the plantation of Mr. Justice Hethersall; and the guide and the constable having summoned the overseer, their handcuffs were knocked off, and they were delivered over to him as Henry Morgan *alias* Simon Simcox, and Joseph Bradley.

This overseer was a cruel-visaged man, with bloated features, and a complexion of the exact colour of a well-burnished copper pan. He was gaunt, and, though thin, strong and muscular. In his right hand he carried a cane, stained with blood from one end to the other. He was followed closely by a herculean-built negro, with an instrument of torture made out of a strong untanned bull's hide, split into three thongs, and fastened to a short and stout wooden handle. As this black fellow advanced, he grinned like an ogre on the two lads, and began dangling his scourge with hideous playfulness.

This overseer was a man penurious of words. He was named Mandeville, but, from his cruelty, and for the sake of abbreviation, was sometimes called "Devil," and "Damned-devil" for detestation. He led the way to the shade of some locust trees, and then merely deigned to let fall from his blue and parched lips the word "Strip!"

Morgan began a very indignant expostulation, but was interrupted by a repetition of the word, with a severe blow across the shoulders with the cane. As the stroke sounded upon the person of our hero, the negro flourished his scourge vigorously over his head.

A blow was a degradation that Morgan as yet had not learned to endure; he clenched his fists, and was in the act of springing upon Mandeville, when another blow across his face from the cane, and a terrific slash from the negro, brought him bleeding to the ground.

Joseph Bradley saw all this with terror. He was undecided whether to resist or to obey; the lash was over his head, and he obeyed. Morgan was stripped to the skin by other negroes, and two coarse, very coarse, linen shirts, and two pair of drawers of the same materials, being flung to our adventurers, they were told to dress themselves and come afterwards to the store to provide themselves with shoes. The coarse vestments might fit as they chanced, but they were permitted to suit themselves with their shoes.

We must all bend to circumstances or sink under them. Morgan's mind was too buoyant to sink under any circumstances; he was supported by an ardent desire of revenge. He wiped the blood from his lacerated forehead, attired himself in his shirt and drawers, which were fastened round his waist with a withe, and, accompanied by Bradley, repaired, with dogged looks and in sullen silence to be fitted with shoes. Amid the jeers and scoffs of both black and white slaves, a Monmouth cap was clapped insultingly on the head of each, and behold our two friends fully equipped for plantation work.

The negro with the thongs then led them forth to a place a little shaded with some palmetto trees, and, giving to each a bill-hook, ordered them, on a certain spot, to erect each his hut. The black fellow was strutting away, when Morgan, in a very civil and humbled tone, called him back, and begged him to give them a little advice as to how they were to proceed.

“Eh! buckra lad—come to him sense! But why for you no tankee, tankee me for that bootifullest bang me give—it bring um to him sense, sar—tankee me, and me sabbey you to sabbey how make cabin.”

“Mr. Negro, I am very much obliged to you for the pains you took to correct me,” said Morgan, between mockery and compulsion, or rather mocking the compulsion to which he was forced to submit.

“Nigger, sar! who de debbil do um call nigger—me gentleman black, sub-overseer’s first man. Nigger, sar, him poor debbil that with poor debbils buckra bodies in field work. My name, sar, Ganymede.”

“Pray, Mr. Ganymede, show us what to do?”

Ganymede relented, and shortly afterwards sent to them two white servants, who soon instructed them how to set about their business. As they laboured at cutting sticks and withes, Morgan and Bradley very naturally asked their companions why they endured patiently such horrible cruelty, and if it would not be an easy matter to rise and cut the throats of their tyrants. Both these men were intelligent, and had been transported for mistaking on which side loyalty actually resided. They told Morgan that “there was no hope in insurrection; that already the colony mustered a thousand cavalry, all of them well-mounted, and more than half of them appearing in complete suits of mail, notwithstanding the heat of the climate. That they had already more than ten thousand foot, and that the whole island was carefully patrolled by these joint forces. That the negroes, though they more than doubled the number of the Christians, and were bloodily enough inclined, were a most fearful race, and kept in such awe and abject submission, that they hardly dared lift up their eyes before a free white man. Besides, if they ever touched a weapon of any description, they were flogged to the very verge of dissolution. The mustering of the white troops, and the hearing of the guns, give them a most sublime notion of the power of our masters. In addition to all this, they cannot combine for the want of a common language, hardly one of them understanding another, being brought from different parts of the coast of Africa; and though we are slaves like them, they hate us much more than they do our persecutors.”

Upon further conversation, Morgan learned that it was most probable that he had, together with Joseph Bradley, been assigned for five or seven years, upon a fictitious warrant, as a convicted felon; that they had certainly been kidnapped, and that there was no possibility of redress. His only resource was patience, and the best means of rendering their situation at all tolerable was to counterfeit content, and to show submission.

Before the sunset of this eventful day, the two cabins were finished. They consisted of a few straight sticks placed upright in the ground, and a few more across these at the top, bound together with the withes that are so strong and so plentiful in this island. They were roofed with plaintain leaves, and were barely of sufficient height to enable a grown person to sit upright in them. The floor was formed by the Great Architect of nature.

When these miserable contrivances, at which an English gipsy would have turned up his nose with ineffable contempt, had been finished, the two white servants left the youths with hardly an expression of sympathy or good-will. Suffering had enslaved their minds as much as tyranny their bodies. When they had been a little while alone, another negro brought them a calabash of water with a few potatoes, and told them that was all the food that they had to expect; and that if they would give him the half of the pittance, he would show them how to cook them.

The offer was accepted. The black then showed them the peculiar kind of dry wood, which, being rubbed over some wild cotton, by the friction almost immediately produced a flame; leaves and sticks abounded, and these, with sand and small stones, formed the rustic oven. Our young gentlemen did not eat very heartily that night, although, after their fatiguing journey, they found the water most acceptable. The chilliness of the evening now fell upon them, and in sorrow they each prayed to God to bless the other, and retired to their miserable leafy burrows, not to sleep—not even to rest.

Owen Lywarch, whom we shall henceforward call only by the name which he had adopted, was a good-natured patient lad, with a spirit of much endurance. He had not only a strong affection, but a great reverence, for Henry Morgan, and he sorrowed more perhaps for his friend than he did for himself. Morgan, on the contrary, was by turns impatient and sullen; he had within him those strong elements that produce great actions or villanies—he could not be quiescent; he could resist, but not endure, unless endurance was a part of his plan of operations in furtherance of some great end. It is, however, doubtful if he had ever become the cruel and distinguished man that afterwards he

appeared to the world, had he not been unjustly treated in his youth. A wild one he would always have been.

The beautiful tropical moon arose in her lustrous glory, and looked down mildly, it might be fancied pityingly, upon the two green hammocks, that appeared like verdant graves in our rural churchyards. And were they not graves covering two tortured and living bodies? Low moans were distinctly heard proceeding from thence, and each wretched boy wept freely, and drowned the damp earth with tears, that in pride to themselves, and in pity to each other, they had restrained when they were together. The frail tenements trembled as they tossed about their fevered limbs. Bradley was praying for death, and Morgan for revenge.

At last, Henry, no longer able to endure his suffering, rushed out into the open air, and tossing up his hands wildly to the all-glorious lamp of night and of heaven, he exclaimed, "Can it be the same that sleeps over my own dear hills? it seems brighter, larger; or perhaps it is I who am degraded, become more vile. O my father! and the heartless, the proud Lynia! what is there that I would not have done for you! Could you but see what you have done for me! These blistered features—these swollen feet—this burning brain—I owe them all to you, and to your sweet, quiet, and winning ways. A slave, a whipped slave—oh! I shall go mad. I could shout now to that glorious forest—I could dance, lamed as I am, in this merry moonlight—yes—I shall go mad; but not yet—not till I have tortured, murdered that fiend Vagardo. Up, Owen! out, will you? dolt, ass! come out, I say, from your green burrow!—what, are you sulky?"

Now Joseph Bradley had more than once seen Henry in his wild humours, and not being able to comprehend them, much less to play a part in them, he resolved to feign sleep, not knowing how to administer consolation. But his friend was not so easily evaded; so, with but little display of strength, he pulled the whole structure to the ground about his friend, and thus, at one tug, destroyed his home. This little burst of spleen had so much of the ludicrous in it, that Morgan's passion of rage changed, for a time, into a passion of laughter, and when this had passed away, it had nearly become a passion of tears, so unfriended, so melancholy, and so deplorable did their condition appear.

Bradley tried to soothe him with his simple and common-place condolence, and his looks, in the mellow moonlight, had much more effect than his untaught words. They swore to each other, over and over again, an imperishable friendship; Joseph promised in all things to be directed by Henry, and the line of con-

duct that they agreed to maintain was to be that of humility, patience, and servility. They resolved to make friends everywhere, and to keep their griefs and complaints for each other only. But Morgan insisted upon two great principles, liberty and revenge, neither of which they were ever to lose sight of for a moment. Bradley cared but little for the latter, yet was as enthusiastic as his friend for the former.

It was against the subtle and gasconading Captain Vagardo that Morgan bent all the energy of his hate; it was now only secondary to that which he bore to Don Alonzo, but he looked forward sanguinely for a day of reckoning with both. However, he wound up the conference by saying, "Never mind, Joe; we have been playing the grand to-night—let us be good boys for some time, and see what submission will do. I have kicked your house down, so creep into mine. The better it is filled, less will be the room for the cursed musquitos. Depend on it, Joe, I am that wretch's fate, the gasconading Vagardo."

They could only get a few snatches of imperfect dozing during the rest of the night, and at six o'clock the next morning they were roused by the shrill windings of a horn, and driven forth to weed a cane-patch. Day had but just broken, and the fresh dawn was invigorating, and very beautiful to behold; but, to them, alas! there was no other prospect than the dark one of an exhausting labour, unabated misery, and despair in the background.

As, for some months, the occupation of one day was similar to that of another, we will give a short account of the unvarying toil that our young adventurers were compelled to undergo. We are describing the usage of assigned and purchased white servants in 1648. They laboured under the severest taskmasters, who continually used their thongs and their canes, from six until eleven o'clock, when they were set to dinner, which consisted either of a mess of loblolly, benevist, or potatoes. Loblolly is nothing but maize or Indian corn, coarsely pounded in a large mortar, and then boiled in water until it attains the thickness of frumenty, and then put in a tray, in such a quantity as will serve a mess of eight people, to whom it was given cold, and but rarely was salt allowed with it. Even the negroes detested, and all but rebelled against this filthy preparation, which formed the principal and almost the only article of food for those working in the plantations. Benevist is a root prepared in the same manner, which root is now called yam.

It must always be remembered that the negro fared much better than the "christian servants," as they were at that time called, because most of these christian servants had hopes of

redemption at some period, while the black slaves were a property for their lives. Instead of feeding the latter with loblolly, benevist, and potatoes, every male was allowed two salted mackarels a-week, and every female, one; whilst every person among them was allowed, for the same period, a large bunch of plantains, and two little ones, which were regularly supplied to them every Saturday evening. However, the white servants had this advantage over the black, for if any cattle died by disease, the whites were permitted to feed on the bodies, whilst the blacks were only allowed the heads, skins, and entrails, which were duly apportioned to them by the overseers, in lieu of the other vegetable provisions. The same practice applied to dead horses, asses, mules, and camels, for, at this period, there were several of the last-mentioned useful animals in the island, which had been imported with the black slaves from Africa.

The usual drink for the christian servants was nothing but pure water, excepting on holidays, or occasions of rejoicing, when they were permitted a small quantity of mobbie, or beverage. Mobbie was a drink made in the following manner: potatoes were placed in an iron pot with a little water; they were then stewed over a slow fire, covering the pot with three or four folds of canvass, to prevent the steam escaping. They were afterwards taken out, and mashed small in clean cold water, and left to stand for an hour and a half; then the whole watery mess was to be placed in a large woollen bag, pointed at the end like a jelly-bag: it was let to strain through that into a jar, and in two hours it began to work. It was then covered up, and the next day it was fit to drink. This could be made so strong as to intoxicate in small quantities, but, when temperately made, it was a sprightly thirst-allaying drink, not much unlike Rhenish wine in the must. Beverage was made of spring water, clayed sugars, and oranges.

It may easily be understood how all this suited the aspiring mind and the ardent temperament of young Morgan; yet, notwithstanding his privations and excessive labour, both he and Bradley throve upon the plantation wonderfully. They looked at things moderately and wisely, toiled as little as the watchfulness of the overseers would permit, snared the wild fowl, stole the poultry, milked the kine, and robbed all the gardens, in the most deliberate and sanctified manner. Always ready to perform any little service for the overseer, their fellow-servants, and even the negroes, they began to be generally liked, and they even appeared to be happy.

All the Sundays were at their disposal, and the holidays were numerous; so they found sufficient time to study well the manners of the different classes on the island; to go often to the

small seaports, and to collect a stock of information, that Morgan afterwards turned to good account. Their huts had been rebuilt on a much larger scale, and soon after, their master, Justice Hethersall, allowed them hammocks to sleep in, which proved to them a source of great comfort. Before this, if it chanced to rain, and they came home wetted through, they were obliged to sit upon the bare ground all night, and the coldness of the soil would strike into them; and if they complained the next morning, they were cruelly beaten by the overseer. In short, though the authorities for all these barbarities cannot be doubted, it is only with the greatest reluctance that we believe they were inflicted.

The young squire, Mr. Philip Hethersall, the son of the justice, now began to be a good deal on the estate, and, taking notice of the two lads, their situation became much ameliorated. The father had always regarded them favourably, for he had got them a very good bargain; for, at the time they were sold, Oliver Cromwell had completely ruined the market in this commodity, by shipping from England and Ireland nearly eight thousand men who had resisted his and the parliament's authority by arms. Having the power, of course, he called them rebels and traitors. However, they never reached their destination, for, rising upon their guards, they possessed themselves of the transports; but understanding little of navigation and the management of ships, and meeting with unfavourable weather, they were cast away on the shores of St. Domingo, and the whole of them miserably perished. For fifty years afterwards, vast heaps of whitened bones were to be seen. This spot of skulls, this Golgotha, was in a small bay near Cape Tiburom, and was called till very lately, by the French and the Haytians, L'Anse aux Hibernois.

When Morgan had been nearly a year with the justice, this news arrived, and consequently the marketable value of himself and Bradley rose wonderfully. These cargoes of unhappy beings had long been expected and much talked about, and their dreadful end had the effect of causing the servants all over the island to be much better treated. But, besides his humility and civility, Henry had other claims on the regard of his master. However, before we relate this, in order that the reader may understand how much this expected importation of convicts had depreciated the market, we will quote from a contemporary author who wrote on the spot.

“Hogges we have here in great abundance, but not wild or loose, for, if they were, they would do more harm than their bodies are worth; they are enclosed, and every man knows his own. Those that reare them to sell do commonly sell them for

a groat a-pound, weighing them alive; sometimes sixpence, if flesh be deare. There was a planter in the island that came to his neighbour, and said to him, 'Neighbour, I hear that you have lately bought good store of servants out of the last ship that came from England, and I hear, withall, that you want provisions. I have great want of a woman servant, and would be glad to make an exchange; if you will let me have some of your woman's flesh, I will let you have some of my hogge's flesh.' So the price was set a groat a-pound for the hog's flesh, and sixpence for the woman's flesh. The scales were set up, and the planter had a maid that was extreme fat, lasie, and good for nothing. Her name was Honor. The man brought a great fat sow and put it in one scale, and Honor was put in the other: but when he saw how much the maid outweighed his sow, he broke off the bargain, and would not go on. Though such a case as this may seldom happen, yet 'tis an ordinary thing there to sell their servants to one another for the time they have to serve, and, in exchange, receive any commodities that are in the island."

This little quotation fully displays the estimation in which white servants were held. We shall now relate in what manner Morgan still further recommended himself to his master. Hog-flesh was the most general meat of the planters and landed proprietors, and, indeed, by far the best on the island. When Barbadoes was first settled, hogs were found upon it weighing four hundred weight, without the offal; but after they were tamed, owing to the bad management they met with, when Morgan arrived, they were hardly so large as the general run of swine in England. They were styed in the rudest and most uncouth manner, being merely penned between trees, rough as when felled, and confining them altogether too much. This want of room, with the heat of the climate, absence of exercise, and their own natural filth, dreadfully deteriorated the breed.

Morgan pointed out all this in a most respectful manner to the justice, and readily gained his permission to endeavour to breed them in a more herdsmanlike style. He had some servants and negroes appointed to work under him, and selecting the dry side of a hill, the soil of which was nearly all rock, he enclosed in a stone wall nearly the circumference of a mile. The spot was selected between two plantations, so that food might readily be conveyed from either.

This hog-park was furnished with an ample pond, and with several divisions for sows with their farrow, according to their ages. Gullies were made down the sloping side of the hill to convey away the filth by drainage. All this good ordering so much improved the herd, that they nearly equalled in size and

flavour the wild hogs of former days, and Justice Hethersall's pork became famous all over the island; and Morgan now was promoted to be himself an overseer, and Bradley taken from field labour to attend as a domestic in the household. In little less than two years, this change for the better was effected, merely by understanding the value of the maxim, "Not to kick against the pricks."

CHAPTER XI.

A short Account of the State of Barbadoes—Morgan becomes useful, and gets promoted to be more than a Swineherd—The white Slaves conspire, fail, and are punished.

WE must now revert to another subject, and introduce another character—a character as historically true as that of Henry Morgan and Owen Lywarch, now always called Joseph Bradley. At the time when Morgan had ameliorated his position, there arrived in Carlisle Bay the good ship Achilles of London, burthen three hundred and fifty tons, commanded by Mr. Thomas Crowder, on board of which was Colonel Thomas Modiford, who, not finding in England his means equal to his ambition, and being disgusted at the turn political affairs had then taken in that distracted country, came, like many other gallant spirits, to seek a better fortune in a younger world.

Colonel Modiford had brought out with him both money and merchandise, and in a very short time after his arrival, he purchased from Major William Hilliard half of his well-stocked and flourishing plantation. This consisted of "five hundred acres of land, with a large dwelling-house, an ingenio placed in a room four hundred feet square, a boiling-house, filling-room, cisterns and still-house, with a parding-house of a hundred feet long and forty feet broad, with stables, smith's forge, and rooms to lay provisions of corn and bonavist, huts for negroes and Indian slaves, with ninety-six negroes and three Indian women with their children, twenty-eight Christians, forty-five cattle for work, eight milch cows, a dozen horses and mares, and sixteen assinigoes."

The ingenio is the sugar-mill of the present day, and assinigoes are mules. For this purchase he gave £1000 down, with an undertaking to pay £6,000 more, £2,000 payable every six months.

Colonel Modiford was no common character. His arrival among the planters was soon felt to be of importance, and it may be truly said of him that he gave a new tone of activity and enterprise to the Barbadian society. He was the first to show a more christian spirit to his christian servants. He immediately caused more substantial dwellings to be built for them, he gave

them meat twice a-week, allowed them all good hammocks, and having observed that when they came home exhausted with labour, their canvass clothing was always saturated with perspiration, he sent to England for warm flannel gowns, such as were worn in hospitals; so they shifted themselves into them, and lay down to rest in their hammocks, without the fear of the cold striking into their bones. He also permitted to each a gill of rum, not then known by that name, but called kill-devil, and was held in great repute, not only as a pleasant drink, but as a medicine also, and used to be commonly prescribed by the physicians for almost all the diseases that afflicted the negroes and the wretched christian servants.

This spirit is thus spoken of by a contemporary author. "The servants coming home hot and sweating in the evening, sitting or lying down, must needs be the occasion of taking cold, and sometimes breeds sicknesses among them; which when they feel, they complain to the apothecary of the plantation, which we call 'Doctor,' and he gives them every one a dram-cup of this spirit, and that is a present cure."

Colonel Modiford profited extremely by these humane arrangements. Sickness was almost unknown on his estate, and the work upon it was done with cheerfulness and punctuality. There was no skulking, no malignering. He began to grow exceedingly rich. All this was not lost upon his neighbours. Many profited by his philanthropic example, and all were shamed into a better system of treatment towards their slaves.

Justice Hethersall's excellently managed and profitable swine-park could not escape the notice of so observant a man as Colonel Modiford. His inquiries on the subject very naturally introduced our hero to him, and the colonel liked Morgan immediately. Already was Henry's lot an enviable one, compared with the fate of the majority about him. He had now become the confidential and principal overseer, and Bradley was also promoted. No more hunger, thirst, and life-exhausting field labour; there was little in their dress to distinguish them from their masters. When there was lack of other company, they sat at the same table with the justice and his gay and somewhat wild son. Their salaries were respectable, and their perquisites and privileges ample. However, Joseph was always subordinate to his friend.

They were now both on the verge of manhood—Bradley a fine-looking fellow, with a daring and fiery countenance, not very intellectual, but certainly very good-humoured, notwithstanding the intense red of his complexion and his hair. Henry Morgan was superlatively handsome. Though hardly twenty-one, he had an air of dignity and self-possession that indicated him as

one born to command. The climate seemed to be natural to him, for he enjoyed the most robust health. He was by far the handsomest man on the island; indeed, we are certain that no man south of the line then excelled him in personal beauty. He was looked upon by every one as a rising young character.

His patron's estate was situate exactly midway between Maxwell's and Austin's Bays, and not very far from the sea-shore on the southern coast of the island. The estate of Colonel Modiford lay exactly behind, and contiguous to the justice's. Thus everything conspired to render the intercourse between the colonel and our hero close and friendly. The former understood and appreciated Morgan immediately and thoroughly.

Morgan and Bradley had now been more than four years on the island, and as they were condemned for the usual term of seven, they had still sufficient time before them to become experienced planters. Bradley lived in the enjoyment of the present; he had no vows to perform, no resentments to gratify, and though he had a long future before him, it troubled him very little, for he never thought upon it. He was much liked by everybody, and altogether a very happy fellow.

At first, in winning his way up to the favour of the justice, Morgan had been much better liked than his companion, but when he had attained the height he sought for, he was more esteemed than ever by his superiors; but his popularity had greatly decreased with those once his equals, who were now so much his inferiors. The cruel overseer, Mandeville, hated him excessively. He was now Morgan's subordinate, but he could only hate strongly, he had neither the wit nor the courage to hate effectually. He was a drunken animal, whose intemperance much increased his natural ferocity. As far as respected him, the kill-devil did not deserve its name; no one drank more of it than himself, and yet he did not die.

The only method that occurred to Mandeville, by which to annoy Morgan, was always speaking of him as the convict negro-driver. He had been knocked down for this by Henry sundry times, but the kill-devil continually gave him fresh courage to hazard fresh insults.

Henry would perhaps have been content with the many chastisements that he had bestowed upon this man, and to treat him always with habitual contempt, had he not one day, when not so drunk as usual, before several gentlemen, reminded Morgan that he would carry to his grave the scar upon his forehead, the evidence of his slavery, and of the former superiority of the man who inflicted it. By this taunt the fool sealed his fate; but few ever insulted Morgan with impunity.

At this time there were present, besides Colonel Modiford, young Philip Hethersall and six other planters, to whom Henry was proposing some improvement for their general welfare; all of them listening to him, not only attentively, but respectfully. With unaccustomed mildness, he did not, as was his habit, fell the insulter to the earth. He was greatly moved, even to tears; and then, with his natural eloquence, he related to them how cruelly he and his friend had been kidnapped by Vagardo, and how respectable had been his station in life.

Morgan was believed implicitly, and all present said that they would influence the justice to remove Mandeville from his situation. The young squire swore roundly that it should be done immediately. With a haughty yet quiet scorn, he entreated of all present that the manner of righting himself might be his own care. He remarked, that it was enough for him to be believed by the honourable persons around him—that the mark upon his forehead was not quite so disgraceful as Cain's, and that, as yet, it was undeserved; that if the black and brown Barbadian ladies thought that it disfigured his forehead, it was but the hanging of a curl a little lower down. Indeed, it was scarcely perceptible, but the cicatrice, slight as it was, was often like a living spark beneath the skin, and he wickedly thought that nothing would ever quench it but human blood.

Mandeville mumbled out sulkily that he had only done his duty, and that Morgan being, notwithstanding his airs, still only an assigned convict, he might yet have to repeat the act, for the which he should not be sorry.

“Out, hound!” roared young Philip; and he was unceremoniously kicked forth.

We come now to another very important epoch in the life of our hero. The natural consequences of the treatment of Colonel Modiford to his slaves, white and black, (for it is an impertinence and a pretence to say that the christian servants were not slaves,) began to be apparent. Nearly all the slaves on the island had been bettered by it, but bettered very unequally, and in such a manner that their relief, though something in itself, appeared but as cruelty in comparison with the happiness on the Modiford property. Incendiary fires began to prevail, and two very eminent proprietors, and those not more cruel than the others, had had all their standing crops of canes burned; whilst one of them, Mr. Constantine Silvester, had his dwelling-house also, and his ingenio, destroyed by the fire. Mr. James Holdeuppe escaped with the loss only of his crops and his outhouses.

We will describe the feeling of discontent from the pen of an eye-witness, and then proceed with our narrative. “Some mas-

ters became so cruel, and so provoked their servants by extream ill-usage, and by cruelly beating them, that they grew desperate, and joyned together to revenge themselves upon them; and then there became such a combination among them, as the like was never seen there before. Their sufferings being grown to a great height, and their daily complainings to one another of the intolerable burthens they laboured under being spread throughout the island, at last some amongst them, whose spirits were not able to endure such slavery, resolved to break through it or die in the act, and so conspired with some others of their acquaintance, whose sufferings were equal, if not above theirs, and their spirits no way inferior, and resolved to draw as many discontented parties into this plot as possibly they could; and those of this persuasion were the greatest number of white servants on the island."

And of this persuasion once was no less a person than our hero, Henry Morgan. But good feeding, precedence, and authority, had altered all that. When he was exhaling away his life, under the intolerable tropical sun, in the fields, he had been one of the initiated; but even then, youthful as he was, he had sense enough to see that success was all but impossible, and, if possible, not much to be desired. When all the planters' throats had been duly cut, there would have been so much anarchy, that the cutting of throats could not have been stopped, and the whole island would have become a den of assassins and wild beasts; whilst the many emancipated and blood-thirsty negroes would have finally extirpated the comparatively few white men. Even if this did not speedily happen, forces from England would have soon arrived, and the rope and the axe have finished what murder had left undone.

Finally, understanding all this, Morgan had done what little lay in his power to discourage the rash attempt; consequently he was distrusted by the conspirators, and was altogether left out in their consultations.

The slaves on the justice's estate had very much to complain of. The overseers were cruel, and could not so easily be reformed. It is true that the personal comforts of the slaves had been, in imitation of the system on the colonel's estate, very much increased; but they were still the victims of the insult, oppression, and blows of the drivers.

Morgan had nothing at all to do with this. The general improvements were left to him. He planned, and the overseers had to get the work done. He had lately been much in the interior, on a vast and mountainous property, in order to judge of its adaptability for grazing, and the best method of stocking it, and he had but just returned two days before "that a day was appointed by

the white slaves to fall upon their masters and cut all their throats, and by that means to make themselves not only freemen, but masters of the island."

But the case was different with Joseph Bradley. He had under him his gang of labourers, and well indeed they prospered beneath his care. He was always singing and joking among them, and encouraging them to make light of their work. Whilst, along the desponding lines of slaves who were hoeing at the canes on the other part of the estate, nothing was to be heard but wailing and groans, the oath, the curse, and the resounding lash, all was fun and merriment with Joe's gang. They were either working away to the cheerful song of a negro, or listening to some drollery from a white, Bradley being always the loudest in applause, and not disdaining to bear his part either in the story or the tune. He was more than beloved. Contrasted with that of those around him, his conduct appeared angelic.

On the eve of the concerted rebellion, as they were just on the point of leaving off work, a little Welsh convict, usually the merriest heart of the gang, was observed to be unusually sad; and, to make short of the matter, under a pledge of secrecy, he imparted the whole plot to Bradley, advising him how to provide for his personal safety.

It was arranged that, at midnight, on every estate, the slaughter was to begin by despatching, without mercy or a single exception, all the overseers, who always slept apart from the planter's house. Where there were not hands enough to murder the master and his family simultaneously with the overseers, the overseers were to be dispatched first. The negroes were not to be disturbed. The plan was simple and decisive.

We must observe that this guilty plot was not universal, although it was very general; even among the five-and-twenty Christians on Colonel Modiford's plantation, so many as three of them had been so vile and ungrateful as to engage in this heartless assassination.

Without, for one moment, regarding his promise of secrecy, Joseph Bradley acquainted Morgan with all that he had learned. There was but little time to spare, and none was lost. The cavalry and infantry were soon aroused and in the field. The fleetest horses carried the intelligence from plantation to plantation, all the white servants were mastered and bound, and not a life was that night sacrificed by the knife of the midnight murderer.

Every one praised the promptitude and decision with which Morgan had acted. His voice became, by the tacit consent of all others, the loudest in all the councils, his measures were pronounced to be the wisest, and, for four-and-twenty hours, his

will was more potential than that of the governor, Mr. Philip Bell; he was, for that period, invested with the moral, though not the nominal, power of dictator.

Great was his glory, many the presents he received from all parts of the island. He bore this sudden gush of fame and prosperity with a modesty admirable in so young a man. Nor was Bradley forgotten in the general joy in this providential escape from a fate so dreadful and so sudden. It was communicated to our adventurers, that besides the liberal presents that they had received, it was the intention of the governor and council to reward them with an extensive grant on the island. Their sentence of transportation was formally revoked, and, henceforward, they took their station amongst the proudest of the island.

But the vengeance of the planters was dreadful. Despite all the honour paid to the good old times, and the manifold and manly virtues of our forefathers, those times were most disastrous, and the temperament of these venerated forefathers most cruel and vindictive. All those who were convicted, and many who were only suspected of this plot, were hung. There was not a plantation on the island that did not hang one or more of the conspirators; on some, many perished. We will not dwell upon these transactions, so disgraceful to humanity. The perpetrators of them soon forgot them, and, as we are English, let us remember them no more.

CHAPTER XII.

A small Piece of Gastronomy—Morgan's great Prosperity and Affluence—He anticipates a Reverse, and finds one; although he leaves the Island a rich Man.

WE must now pass rapidly over three years of our hero's life, by merely stating that, assisted as he was by everybody, he soon stocked his land, or rather their land; for the grants that were assigned to him and Joseph Bradley being close together, they worked the two estates as one, which was the more economical, as one dwelling-house, and one ingenio, with all its appurtenances, were sufficient for both. According to the custom of the good old times, they bought negroes, and white slaves, and kidnapped Indians. They grew rich, but then their hearts were not in that sun-scorched island, nor with the proud and prosperity-spoiled inhabitants. They meditated a speedy return to good old Wales, its cold breezes, and misty mountains. Their property would, if transported thither, appear immense; and, like Joseph in Egypt, they burned to know if their fathers still lived. Circumstances soon strengthened this nosolagia.

But as such matters very much interest a vast number of readers, we will give a description of the manner in which our hero

lived. The mornings were devoted to a close inspection of all the proceedings on the plantations, in the sugar-works, and the still-houses. The two friends treated all their dependants with the utmost humanity consistent with their position and the labour that they had to perform, which was, perhaps, the great secret of their unexampled thriving.

The evenings were usually devoted to festivity, every neighbour giving his entertainment by turn. They supped at sunset, which supper was really our modern dinner; their dinner, in substantial feeding, hardly answering to our luncheon. Let us suppose the company met at Colonel Modiford's, in a long low-roofed house of timber, so low that you could hardly stand upright in it; of one story only, with no cellars. The principal room, of course, is devoted to the feast, but its windows are unglazed, and with no blinds either, for it was many years after that the cool jalousies were invented. These windows always opened to the west, which made the rooms feel, when you first entered them, scarcely cooler than ovens prepared for baking. However, when the lights were brought, and the evening breeze set in, the heat became less annoying.

In a room of this description, suppose about twenty planters congregated, loving each other like brothers, and, though of all persuasions, agreeing most admirably. There was then no female society on the island whatever. Every proprietor intended to live there as short a time as possible, and not one to marry or die there. The consequent sexual immorality of these good gentlemen, puritans, royalists, or of whatever creed or denomination, may easily be imagined. Their plantations not only furnished them their property, but their harems also. This social state very long prevailed in all the West Indian islands.

For the first course, there probably would be put on the table two services of meat; at the upper end, for the first service, a boiled rump; at the lower end, a chine roasted, flanked with the cheeks baked, and a piece of the breast roasted, and the other spaces filled up with the tongue and part of the tripes minced up for pies. But the table being very large and roomy, there was placed upon it, wherever space could be found for a dish, mullets, mackerel, parrot fish, snappers, red and grey cavallos, turbot, crabs, lobsters, with many sorts more, for which the Barbadians had yet invented no names. These various fish, though cooked in many strange manners, and however appetising, seldom attracted the notice of the guests, but usually went to rejoice the household, the sick, and the children on the estate.

The second service of the first course would consist of chopped meat, seasoned with sweet herbs, finely minced, suet, spice, and

currants; then the legs, pallets, and other ingredients; for an olio podrido, a dish of marrow-bones, turtle-soup, and turtle dressed various ways. With this second service the guests would begin to skirmish warmly, though with the first they did but reconnoitre.

The second course would then appear, consisting, in the first service, of a leg of pork that could not be matched anywhere in the world; a whole kid with a pudding in his inside; a shoulder of a young goat, dressed with his own blood, and thyme; a sucking pig, more fat, juicy, and relishing than any other country could produce, which would be served up with the poignant sauce of his brains, salt, sage, and nutmeg, done with claret. Perhaps there would be a shoulder of mutton; but that was a rather unusual dish, and not much to be regretted, as it was never very good, and infinitely inferior to the English.

It must be remembered that every service was amply provided with innumerable vegetables, which were kept on the side-tables, and only handed to the company when they were called for. With this service the guests began to be in earnest.

The second service of the second course was always still more numerous, and generally bore the brunt of the attack. It consisted of a pasty made of the side of a young goat, and another of the side of a fat young calf, well seasoned with pepper and salt and some nutmegs, a loin of veal, a potato pudding, a dish of Scotch collops, a dish of boiled chickens, one of fricasseed fowls, three young turkeys in one dish, two large and fat capons roasted, and two fowls, four ducklings, eight turtle-doves, two Muscovy ducks larded, and three rabbits extremely hot with spices.

But the old stagers, and the savans in epicure, reserved all their energies for the last course, which is always the best suited to the taste in tropical climates. This would display Westphalia and Spanish hams, English bacon, dried neats' tongues, botargo, pickled oysters, caviare, anchovies, jerked beef made by the buccaneers before that term was applied to the pirates, pickled sturgeon, and English salt pork. All these pall not on the appetite by repletion, and excellently tend to excite thirst, and afford sufficient apology for drinking to those who are thirsty by nature.

It would be impossible to enumerate the various delicious fruits that made up the dessert. You may be sure that there were always plantains, bananas, guavas, melons of several sorts, prickly pears, love and custard apples, and that emperor of all fruits, the glorious anana, or pine-apple.

All these were attended and followed by every possible species of wine and spirit that commerce could convey to these shores, then known by the names of white, Rhenish, sherry, and Canary

wines, claret, red sack, and wine of Fiall. Besides all these, their own soil produced plantain wine, mobbie, beverege, and some other fermented liquors, not to mention the liquor then estimated as an elixir vitæ, kill-devil.

We have been thus elaborate in stating the usual manner of living at the time, as the planters had no other amusements or relaxation excepting those afforded to them by the exercise of hospitality. We know well that hunting runaways, slaves, and christian servants, by the means of bloodhounds, then called Siam hounds, was looked upon as a pastime, as was also taking trips in fast-sailing pirogues, landing on one of the Virgin Islands, and thence carrying off as many of the Indians as they could surprise.

We are sorry to say that, notwithstanding Morgan's general humanity, he particularly enjoyed excursions of this description, and he had more of the aboriginal inhabitants of the islands on his own estate than any other planter. But though he acquired them so iniquitously, he treated them so well, that they soon became reconciled to their captivity, and to such a degree that they preferred it to their freedom.

It was about this time that the incident happened which gave rise to the far-famed story of Inkle and Yarico. This same Yarico was bought by Morgan's best friend, Colonel Modiford, and is thus described by one well acquainted with her. "We had an Indian woman, a slave in the house, who was of excellent shape and colour, for it was a pure bright bay; small breasts, with the nipples of a porphyric colour: this woman would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes."

We will say nothing about her chastity or her fidelity—far be it from us to spoil a very pretty romance; and that the feeling in her favour may be preserved unimpaired, we will state, in opposition to the sneers of Edwards, in his history of the West Indies, that the poor deluded girl did actually save the life of the scoundrel that sold her for a slave, and that the gallant officer, in most respects a humane and just gentleman, bought her, although he well knew, in the quaint language of my authority, that "this Inkle (we believe the name to be fictitious), when he came ashore in the Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free born as he; and so poor Yarico, for her love, lost her liberty."

We insert this digression merely to show the moral atmosphere that surrounded Morgan, in order somewhat to extenuate his future actions. Everywhere he saw that might and right were treated as synonymous. Wrong was with the weak alone.

Though under a more plausible seeming, and in the guise of much amiable modification, say, all ye that reflect, is it far different at present? Therefore let us judge neither Morgan nor ourselves too harshly.

Morgan has now seen his three-and-twentieth year; he is rich, respected, and with a person that a hero would select, could he choose his appearance, for success either in love or in war. His mind had been more improved if possible than his body. Of his heart we will say nothing. God and himself only knew that. His intercourse with general society had given much worldly polish to his manners. Barbadoes, being a free port, was frequented by traders of all nations, and, with a facility that seemed intuitive, he acquired all their languages. He was naturally eloquent, and on all occasions cool and prompt. In everything he seemed to go farther and faster than all other men, and yet without the least disturbance to himself.

We shall not attempt even a brief sketch of the history of Barbadoes at this time. We will merely state that, after a little resistance, after the decapitation of Charles the First, it submitted to the Commonwealth, and Lord Willoughby, at heart a royalist, was appointed the governor. This submission was a severe blow to its prosperity. Cromwell passed the famous navigation laws, and, much to the surprise and vexation of the West Indians, enforced them strictly. Before, let whatever be going on in Europe, all nations found a welcome in Barbadoes. Now they were permitted to sell only to the English, and ship home their produce in none but English vessels.

Morgan saw all the disastrous effects of these laws before the others, and he made haste to sell the joint plantation. This he did easily and most advantageously. He vested the price of Bradley's and his own property in the most valuable produce of the island, chartered a fine ship of six hundred tons, and prepared to quit the island, amidst the mingled congratulations and regrets of his old companions. But there was still a danger before him, but one which he conceived so trifling, that he felt assured that either by his wisdom he could avoid, or by his bravery overcome it.

A desperate fellow, who pretended that he had a commission from the Marquis of Ormonde, on the part of his majesty Charles the Second, in a very fine frigate for those days, attended by a latteen-rigged sloop, had been hovering about the island, making prizes of every vessel that left the shores. He had been driven off several times by the men of war belonging to the Commonwealth, but, owing to his superior sailing, had hitherto escaped capture. His practice was extremely cruel, for he invariably sold

his prisoners as slaves to the Spaniards. He called himself Sir Paul Plunket, and a more villanous pirate never existed.

Just as Morgan and Bradley were about to embark in the vessel that they had chartered, and which was called the Barbadian, Plunket's impudent little tender shoved its bowsprit into Carlisle Bay, and all but passed under the stern of the merchant vessel. Before the guns in the batteries could be brought to bear upon her, she was beyond range.

This was a sufficient proof that the Vulture, Plunket's frigate, was not far off. Every one advised Morgan to wait the arrival of a man-of-war from England, before he made sail; but, for once, his impetuosity overcame his discretion. Although in all matters Bradley was for the quieter and safer course, yet he yielded cheerfully to his friend's opinion. Morgan then engaged, at his own expense, several resolute fellows, mounted with guns all the port-holes, and furnished the ship amply with small arms, hand grenades, and all manner of ammunition. But he was not so rash as to seek a conflict. He waited in the bay until there was no moon light, and then, one very dark night, he quietly got up the anchor, and stood out to sea. If good wishes, and even prayers, could have given him favourable winds, no voyage would ever have been more prosperous.

The master of the Barbadian knew that it was Morgan's intention to fight rather than to yield, and it had been agreed upon between them, if a battle was forced upon them, that the command of the vessel should devolve upon Morgan. During their prolonged stay in harbour, he had exercised his men at the guns, and taught them to act in concert, and obey the word of command.

When they were clear of the land, he called them all upon deck, and besought them to give up to him their rest for that one night, to keep prepared at their quarters, and that they should be fully indemnified for their watching, both in liquor and in ease, when they had got beyond danger. They promised cheerfully, and appeared worthy to be depended upon.

The ship got well to seaward during the night, all of which Morgan and Bradley passed in going about the ship, looking through the darkness all around, and conversing together, now joyfully, now anxiously, of the threatening present, and of the promising future. Bradley was not so sanguine as his companion, yet he made light of their peril, and wished the fight was over, as nothing so much annoyed him as suspense.

As the day began to dawn, all things wore a favourable aspect. The ship was throwing the seas about her bows merrily, and she was making good way under a staggering topgallant breeze, with the wind on the starboard quarter.

As Morgan swept the horizon with his glass, to his mortification he discovered the low tender, with her yards on her deck, lying directly in the Barbadian's course. She was truly a sea-scorpion in his watery path, and looked like one. Owing to the shortness of her masts, she was hardly visible in the grey morning light, and the people on board of her seemed unconscious of the rapid approach of Morgan's vessel.

Considering the lax discipline of the pirates, and this vessel being away from the watchful eye of Plunket and his principal officers, there could be very little doubt but that everybody on board was asleep, the look-outs included. Indeed, there was nothing but their sense of duty that could keep them awake; for having no sail upon her, she lay very comfortably rolling about, with her broadside to the wind, in the trough of the sea.

Morgan immediately ordered his men to quarters, jumped upon the poop, and calling to the man at the helm to attend to him, he began conning the ship. His countenance became rigid, and terribly stern. The Barbadian bounded onwards right upon the low felucca. The master of the ship, too weak a man to face the awful contingencies of a naval life in those fierce days, unable to speak, clasped his hands, and looked up into Morgan's face imploringly; but there was no mercy there.

"For Heaven's sake, Hal, don't send the poor devils sleeping to their last account," said Bradley, very much agitated; "and the craft so small too."

"Hush!" was the only reply, and then, in a louder voice, "another hand to the tiller-ropes. Port a little. Very well thus—steady, so!"

The men who were steering could not see the object to which they were so carefully directed. Morgan called away the look-outs from forwards—his purpose was utter annihilation. To fulfil it, on dashed the gallant ship eagerly, and seemed to share the ferocious spirit that guided her so sternly.

When the Barbadian was within four hundred yards of the tender, those on board of the latter were suddenly aroused to a sense of their impending danger. Those on deck began immediately to bouse away at the halyard of their foresail with all the bitter energy of despair, whilst those below leaped up, partly naked, at the cry of their comrades; but the distance between them and eternity was soon passed. The fluttering foresail had just begun to belly out with its immense folds, the vessel's head was slowly paying off, and their large gun was fired as a signal of distress, when the high cutwater of the Barbadian came in contact with the frail side of the tender.

Every man on board of the devoted craft had flung himself

upon his knees, and with clasped hands looked up to the destroyer. They uttered no cry. Sudden fear had paralyzed them in their attitude of prayer to their ruthless destroyers. Before the sound of their gun had ceased to vibrate over the waters, the heavy ship seemed to leap upon their vessel, which heeled over, parted amidships, and the next moment nothing remained of her that was visible but a few spars, and here and there, far apart, many human beings struggling hopelessly with the suffocating waters.

When this dreadful work of ten seconds was all over, Morgan turned to Bradley, and said coldly,

“What better could you have wished, Joe? all the rogues died praying.”

“O Morgan, is it not awful? But they are not all dead—not all—look there and there; do heave to, and lighten this dreadful deed with a little mercy.”

But the booming report of a heavy gun, and then of another and another, interrupted this appeal. The morning mists rolled away rapidly, and there appeared to them under full sail, directly on their beam, the frigate that they had been so anxious to avoid. She was steering nearly the same course as the Barbadian, only a half point nearer the wind, so as to edge down upon her, without losing any distance. She had not seen her consort, although she had distinctly heard the last gun that she was ever fated to fire.

It now became a fair race; there was but little hope in her speed, although all possible sail was made upon the merchant-vessel. The frigate continued gradually to close with her, without falling astern, and thus they ran on for nearly half an hour.

“Well,” said Morgan, rubbing his hands cheerfully, “did I not well to smother that little fire-drake in brine?”

CHAPTER XIII.

Morgan gives undoubted Symptoms of his future Career—Meets an old Friend under a new Face, who ruins him.

WHEN the Dragon (so the pirate frigate was named) had approached within gunshot of the Barbadian, there seemed to be some little indecision on board of her, for she suddenly hauled dead upon the wind, and thus passed astern of Morgan, but without giving him any molestation. The Barbadian continued her course unaltered, and, by so doing, much increased her distance from the frigate.

The master of the Barbadian became elated. “She will have nothing to say to us,” he exclaimed.

“Don’t flatter yourself in that foolish manner; but see if you

can't find a little more canvass to clap on the vessel. She is just looking about for her tender, being a little puzzled with her farewell gun. She understands it all now. See, she is hove to, and her tops are full of officers. By the genius of my ill luck, but there is the felucca's foremast, with the foresail still upon it, astern of her! She is at no loss now. Ah, she has filled—and down she comes!”

The Dragon had now the weather guage, and, with every sail that she could spread, resumed the pursuit. There was but little hope for the Barbadians, and none at all of mercy to her crew, if she were captured. Morgan did not fail to remind them of this. They answered him heartily with three cheers. Everything was ready for action.

When the master, a Mr. Timothy Townsend, wished Morgan to throw overboard some of his sugar in order to lighten the vessel, he sternly refused to sacrifice his property, even to the value of a shilling, and calmly intimated to the proposer, that if he discovered any more symptoms of cowardice in the said Timothy, he should be compelled to pass his rapier through his body. This was an effectual method to cut short all disagreeable representations.

Enabled to do as she liked, the Dragon ranged down confidently upon the Barbadian, evidently not expecting any resistance, for everything appeared remarkably quiet with the merchant vessel. On board of her there was no making or shortening of sail, no alteration of course, nothing that exhibited the least confusion. The tompions were not taken out of her guns, though every one of them was primed, with a man standing ready with a lighted match.

The Dragon was now within hailing distance, and some indistinct noises came down upon the wind, when Morgan suddenly braced up his yards, luffed to the wind, and passed under the pirate's stern, giving him deliberately right into his quarter every gun as it bore in succession. After this, the Barbadian kept close upon the wind, whilst the Dragon had fallen nearly two miles to leeward before she had recovered her surprise, and trimmed her sails to make a windward chase. When she too had hauled her wind, she made but a bad business of it at first, for her mizen-yard had been shot in two near the slings, and it was two hours before it was sufficiently repaired to set the mizen upon it. Even with this damage, she gained slowly upon the merchant vessel, and when it was repaired, she closed upon her rapidly.

Once more within gunshot of each other, the fight became harassing and unequal. From time to time the frigate luffed into

the wind, and gave the Barbadian her whole broadside. The sails of the latter were torn, her masts and yards were wounded, and the men began to fall fast at their guns and on the deck. Morgan manœuvred the vessel admirably, luffing up with his opponent, and giving broadside for broadside. But he had not half of his opponent's weight of metal to throw, and his gunners were not so well practised as theirs. All this time Morgan had been fighting with his larboard guns; they had become heated, and two of them disabled.

The vessels were now nearly alongside of each other, the pirate ahead, and was fast forereaching upon Morgan. She would, though still to leeward, soon be athwart his hawse; he doubted if in his disabled state he would be able to tack, to avoid being raked, and he had hardly room to wear without falling on board of his enemy.

But a misfortune now came to his assistance. His mizen-mast fell over the side, bringing with it the main-topmast. He ordered the helm to be put hard up immediately; the ship flew round before the wind, the seamen sprang over to the starboard guns, and long before the Dragon could wear, she had again been completely and slaughteringly raked.

Hope was now high for escape on board the Barbadian. It was not of long continuance; the pirate soon resumed the chase. The merchant vessel could now only run before the wind, and again the combat was renewed side by side.

When they were thus placed, Morgan, exposing his person, with his object-glass deliberately scanned the mast, yards, and rigging of the Dragon. He could see nothing in them that showed great damage. He now then confessed that there was no hope, and resolved to strike immediately. He called out to his men to give the enemy one more broadside, all together, and then immediately to go below and conceal themselves. This last fire was given with good will and good aim. The splinters flew, and the cry from the dying and the wounded arose on board the pirate.

"May I go below, sir, now?" said the master.

"Morgan gave him no reply for the space of a minute, which he employed in scrutinising the state of the enemy. Seeing no masts fall or yards tumble, he kicked Mr. Townsend off the poop, affected to laugh as the man rolled down the ladders, and then went and coolly hauled down the colours with his own hand.

"This is no joke," said Bradley, who, with Morgan, alone remained on deck.

"Yes, it is," said Morgan, "and one of infinite humour. But sit ye down here under the lee of this timber-head, for the rascal,

now that we have struck, and can do so in safety, is firing away harder than ever. Mark you, Joe, how the musketry rattles against the sides and on the decks; does it not remind you, Joe, of the hail against the glazed window at the gable end of the farm, at good dear old Penabock? But the poltroons will soon tire of this work."

"Ah, dear Hal, this won't do; I can't think that you are any the more mirthful than myself. Had we escaped this villain, how happy I could have made the poor old harper! By holy St. David, but I feel strongly prompted to stand up and catch one of these same musket-balls in my unlucky weasand."

Bradley was starting up, when he was jerked down again on the deck by Morgan, who thus replied:—

"I assure you, Bradley, that my heart feels light, though it is full of gall and bitterness. A ruined, a beggared man, who expects shortly to have his throat cut; yet I never felt more inclined to be sportive. I feel as if I could part myself from myself, and thus, my present identity could laugh at and mock my past, as being the greatest dolt that ever lived—an ass, a most undoubted ass—a ridiculous coxcomb."

"Yes, Hal, you feel now that you ought to have taken my advice, and waited for a ship of war to convoy us."

"I feel no such thing, I assure you, my dear Joseph. But the why I cannot tell you now; perhaps you will never know. But I will be a wiser man for the future; and if I but escape this calamity with my life, I will be again a fortunate man and a rich one. Well, they have left off saluting at last. Mark me, Joseph, if you ever loved me, obey me in this. Show these wretches all manner of civility, and offer with me to be confederate with them."

"The bloody pirates!" said Bradley with virtuous horror. The sentiment was sincere. They were going to deprive him of nearly fourteen thousand pounds.

"Ay, the bloody pirates; and here they are."

The vessels were now alongside each other, and over the bows and on the waist and quarterdeck, sword in hand, the pirates swarmed like locusts. They found no enemy. Morgan and Bradley stood high above them, each with his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling to them with the pleasantest countenances imaginable. Dressed in the costume of rich merchants, and both being very handsome and prepossessing, the pirates must have been ferocious indeed had they treated them harshly. It could hardly be supposed that peaceable-looking gentlemen, such as they appeared to be, could have been the cause of a resistance that had been so fatal to so many of their companions.

Morgan had not been grimacing to them long, before the captain of the frigate, attended by his principal officers, stepped on board, and, to his and Bradley's astonishment, they discovered in Sir Paul Plunket their old tormentor and kidnapper, Captain Van Vagardo. Bradley's countenance exhibited every mark of dismay and fury, whilst Morgan's appeared more amiable than ever. He flew down the ladders to the place where Plunket was standing, took hold of both his hands with every mark of affection, and congratulated him with much apparent warmth upon the value of his prize.

Sir Paul was at first much inclined to act the savage, but Morgan's bland manner soon assuaged his ferocity. Morgan disclaimed all the honour of the resistance, and conferred it eagerly upon the gallant master, Master Timothy Townsend, and thus very narrowly perilled that quietly disposed man's life. It was, however, granted upon entreaty, as a boon due from one brave man to another.

Explanations then followed on the part of Morgan, and Sir Paul was confounded with astonishment when he learned that he and Bradley had acquired a handsome fortune so rapidly. With much trouble Morgan also prevailed upon Plunket to spare life and limb to all the crew of the Barbadian; and when his solemn word was given, the master and the men were called up from their hiding-places.

Plunket was astonished when he beheld the brave Townsend, white and trembling before him, the cold perspiration running over his forehead, and his knees knocking together. The pirate immediately ordered him to be removed from him a considerable distance to leeward, and then, holding his nose between his forefinger and his thumb, condescended to interrogate him.

Morgan was forced to be his interpreter. He eulogized his conduct and bravery during the long engagement, and accounted for his present terror by the awe that he felt at being in the presence of so redoubtable a commander as Sir Paul.

As Morgan spoke, Timothy grew first assured, then brave, and, before the harangue was finished, decidedly valiant. Morgan, with all humility, confessed that he did not understand much about these matters; that he had become heart and soul a planter, and that all his ambition centred in accumulating wealth; and then, with a whine that would have won him all hearts in a conventicle, he begged for a little of his property to be restored to him and to Bradley, in order that they might again begin life. This was merely affectation, but it deceived Plunket.

Morgan then broached the most dangerous subject aloud, in the hearing of all that remained of the crew of the Barbadian,

and told his captor that, in the dark, they had run foul of something early in the morning, and that they had not been aware of any obstruction until they heard, very mysteriously, a piece of heavy ordnance directly under their bows; and when he saw Plunket's brow darken at the relation, he very adroitly changed the subject, by placing in his hands the bills of lading,—thus, at the critical moment, making him aware of the great value of his prize.

Things went on smoothly for an hour, but, after that, everything changed for the worse with Morgan and his friend. Whilst Plunket was making merry with his officers in the cabin of the Barbadian on the good things that Morgan had provided for the especial solace of his own inward man, word was brought to the pirate that the frigate could not survive more than two hours, that the few men on board of her were exhausted at the pumps, and that she was evidently sinking.

The fact was, that in the action, the merchant ship being heavily laden, and fighting all the time with her lee guns, the direction of her shot was low, many of them striking between wind and water, and almost all of them hulling her opponent. This made the loss of life on board her very great, and had now reduced her to a sinking state.

When Morgan heard this state of affairs, he was nearly driven mad, and Bradley never before saw him so much agitated. However, Plunket, Vagardo, or whatever was his real name, was not the man to remain idle under this calamity. The wounded were first removed from the frigate, and then the most valuable of the stores. As they were attempting to get some of her brass guns on board the prize, she began to settle forward, and the boats had hardly time to pull away for their lives, before she lurched heavily, and went down. Thus perished the Dragon.

The Barbadian was a larger ship, but no way fitted for a man-of-war. She did not sail better than the generality of merchant vessels, and was not pierced for a sufficient number of guns to render her formidable in action. The loss of the Dragon could not be repaired.

We have not much to say about Sir Paul, and nothing at all in his favour, since we last parted with him at Barbadoes. He was a desperate adventurer, the offshoot of the desperate times in which he lived. He had so often changed his name, that it was a matter of some conjecture whether he himself knew his right one. By some discreditable manœuvring, that the author of these memoirs never could get satisfactorily explained, he got possession of the Dragon, called himself Paul Plunket, became a violent royalist, wheedled a commission from the Duke of Or-

monde, and was by that nobleman actually knighted. Had he not been too cunning, and lived to the Restoration, he would, in all probability, have arrived at baronial honours and vast property.

All the next day, Morgan and Bradley were confined to one of the smallest cabins in the ship, and not permitted intercourse with any one. This time was occupied by the pirates in getting up fresh topmasts, and putting their prize, now their home, in order. On the second day of their confinement, at noon, Morgan and Bradley were summoned to attend what Sir Paul pleased to call a court-martial; Sir Paul and his officers being the judges, Morgan, Bradley, and Mr. Timothy Townsend, the prisoners. There was a table placed on the quarter-deck, a space roped off as a bar, at which the accused were to be placed, and a chair of state for the president—the accuser, judge, and executioner. To make the scene the more imposing, a canopy of flags was spread over this pirate court, whilst the prisoners were obliged to stand, bareheaded, in the sun.

This farce was opened by one who acted as clerk, reading Sir Paul Plunket's diploma of knighthood, and his commission under the great seal of Charles II., King of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, etc., etc. When this was completed, Sir Paul, assuming a serious aspect, thus addressed the prisoners:—

“Simon Simcox *alias* Henry Morgan, Joseph Bradley, convicted felons adjudged to be sold as colonial slaves, and so sold for colonial slaves, and you, Timothy Townsend, master mariner, stand accused before this honourable court of sundry and manifold high crimes and misdemeanours, but principally as rebels and traitors to our sovereign lord the king; and you are hereby accused of rebellion and treason in levying war against his majesty by overt act and deed, wickedly and feloniously slaying, maiming, and wounding divers of his loyal subjects, to wit;” and here he enumerated some forty killed, and more than sixty wounded, of the Dragon's crew. “What say you? guilty, or not guilty?”

The accused said “not guilty,” of course. Bradley fumed, Townsend quaked, and Morgan attempted to appear jocular, and to be on the most amiable and friendly terms with his prosecutor; but not only he, but all his officers and men, were very bitterly disposed. The wealth that they acquired did not at all console them for the loss of their ship. So one of the fellows, whilst Henry Morgan was delivering himself of the sweetest sentences imaginable, asked permission of the honourable court to knock the insinuating pleader on the head at once with a handspike, and this modest request was all but acceded to. Still our hero would not be silent.

"I shall sum up," said the president; "the facts are too notorious to require any evidence. Guilty, of course, gentlemen?"

"O guilty, guilty, the villains!" and every epithet of abuse was heaped upon the accused by the impartial court.

"Very just: now I have only to pass sentence; therefore, as false loons and bloody-minded traitors, I adjudge ye all to be hung up within the hour at the fore yard-arm. So, if you have any little matter of prayer to mumble, why down on your marrowbones at once; but I expect that two of you will die game, and not play any sneaking tricks to cheat the devil. We shall all be very happy to see you go off gaily. As to the common men, those who choose to serve his majesty shall have their lives spared, and be enrolled amongst us; the rest, who will not become liege subjects, we shall deport to Portobello, Vera Cruz, or some other port of his most Catholic Majesty."

Bradley looked upon Morgan with a curious mixture of drollery and alarm, whilst the latter seemed perfectly at his ease, and never looked more inclined to be jocular. Calling up an increased degree of mirth in his countenance, he thus addressed the judge:

"Come, Sir Paul, very good indeed; but pray don't carry the joke too far. It is already on the very brink of being ticklish. See, you have already nearly killed this good man. Come, Mr. Timothy, Sir Paul don't mean to harm you. Keep up the character of bravery that you have so well earned."

"I was never more serious in my life," said the pirate; "forward there—is the whip rove? Tell the gunner that we will give the two young gentlemen the honour of swinging off into eternity in the smoke; but for this poltroon, he shall be hung up as a mongrel cur. Away with him, and run him up to the yard-arm in the midst of his howlings."

"My dear Sir Paul, just consider; I and my friend are your old acquaintances—you have made a pretty penny by us. I don't say much about what you have touched for our worthless bodies, but in this ship and cargo you have, at the lowest estimate, more than thirty thousand pounds."

"My beautiful frigate! my sweet, dear, noble Dragon! Morgan, Morgan, you are a gallant young fellow, I confess it freely, but nevertheless you must be hung. I have learned something since yesterday. On you, on you, my brave fellow, I must avenge the death of so many of my brave seamen, my companions."

"Hang him, hang him!" was shouted from all parts of the deck.

"Even if I must twiddle in the air, let us argue the point pleasantly. The Dragon is drowned, not by shot-holes depend upon it; the rats, the rats. You have had a providential escape,

and actually owe your lives to me. As to the loss of your seamen, they died well ; death was a part of their bargain when they shipped with you, and there is the more left to be shared among their survivors. Come, I offer you all my friendship ; there will be no use in the world hanging me, but as one of you, either a royalist fighting for Charles, (God bless him!) or as a brother of the coast, I may be of some service to you. Will you take me and my companion? We are ready to swear to our bond with you."

There seemed to be some symptoms of a relenting, but the assembly were much annoyed by the bitter wailing of Townsend, who was talking and sobbing about his destitute wife and seven fatherless children. These pathetic appeals moved the pirates only to anger, and he was hurried forward to execution amidst injunctions to those who led him, to make an end of the wretch speedily. He was dragged forward, still upon his knees, with his face to his murderers, and his clasped hands in the attitude of prayer. Bradley was upon the point of pleading loudly for him, when Morgan whispered him, most impressively, to leave him to his fate.

"It is," said he, "the blood-offering; my mind has been enlightened. If he dies, we are safe."

The man, without any covering for his face, or any ligatures on his hands or feet, was slowly hauled up to the yard-arm. As he ascended, his distortions were terrific. He caught hold of every thing within his reach, and, as he flung about his arms in the agonies of death, each hand held tightly grasped a fragment of the hammock-rails. His convulsed countenance gradually blackened, and all was soon still, whilst his eye-balls, forced from the sockets, gave to his grim visage an appearance of deathly life.

At this sight Bradley's heart melted into water, whilst Morgan looked on calmly, and without the least discomposure. The rest of the spectators were variously affected—some of them seemed to enjoy the horrible scene. Sir Paul treated it cavalierly. His indifference was but an assumption.

This spectacle had the effect of removing all manner of scruples in the crew of the Barbadian. They came aft and tendered their allegiance to Charles II. to a man, and begged to be entered immediately into his service.

"I compel no man," said the captain haughtily ; "let my clerk enter these volunteers as part of my crew."

"And now," said Morgan, "why will you deprive me of the same privilege? Should this come to the knowledge of his most gracious majesty, how will you excuse this conduct?"

“O, my dear fellow, let not your few last moments be troubled with any uneasiness on my account. I am vastly sorry for you—would do any thing reasonable to oblige you. We have spent some pleasant hours together, and I will do my best to make your last one as agreeable and honourable as possible. Any little trifle of prayer, whilst they are loading the bow-guns ——”

“No, captain, I am not the man to die that way. Whilst they are loading, I will just take a cup of wine. What say you, Joseph? Not that we wish to gain false courage from the draught, but that we may make the moments as pleasant as possible to us; for really drinking, just now, is far more agreeable than talking, seeing the awkward turn that the conversation has taken.”

“What ho! there, steward! Two brimming cups of the best wine. There, gentlemen, now off with your bumpers, and much good may they do your merry hearts.”

As Morgan and Bradley were standing face to face before the pirates, with the yet untasted wine in their hands, one came aft and reported that the ropes were rove, one at each yard-arm, and the bow-guns all ready for discharging. They had cut away the master from the starboard yard-arm, with his blood still warm in his veins; and the body was already far astern, under which two sharks were turning on their backs, and jolting each other with their enormous heads.

“Gentlemen,” said Morgan, “we drink to you as your guests.” He and Bradley half drained their goblets.

“And now,” continued Morgan, “if you dare to violate the sacred rites of hospitality, may your lives be accursed, and your deaths intolerable! As we pour this wine upon the deck, so may the blood of your mothers and sisters be wasted on the earth, and the dogs of your enemies lap it! Now hang us if you dare!”

And they dared not! Then arose various murmurs among those savage men. “They were two brave young fellows—they would never be lucky after it if they hurt them. One man was enough. Why not enlist them as comrades—the very spirits that they needed?”

Then arose the captain from his seat, and said,
“Young gentlemen, your presence of mind has saved your lives. As to your request to be with us, I will think of it. In the mean time, I will consider you as prisoners under parole. Will you give me your honour not to contrive a plot against me or my officers? And you may then enjoy all the liberty that the confined space of a ship affords. Above all things, give me your pledge that you will not tamper with those that remain of the crew of the Barbadian.”

“We pledge ourselves to all this,” said Morgan.

“Then give me your hand upon it.”

Morgan shook Sir Paul’s hand with every appearance of sincerity and cordiality; Bradley did it with the greatest reluctance, looking at the same time most imploringly into the face of his friend.

The ceremony of shaking hands was repeated with all the officers, and the utmost cordiality seemed to prevail between those who were a minute before to be hung, and those who were just going remorselessly to hang them. The two bow-guns were fired as a rejoicing, and the smoke from them did not curl over the contortions of the dying.

That day Morgan and Bradley dined with Sir Paul and his officers, and nothing but boisterous harmony prevailed among them. In this debauch Morgan and Bradley managed their potations so well, that they saw one after another of their companions *hors de combat*. The captain, only, retained his consciousness; and he, about midnight, became much excited. Morgan then thus addressed him:

“Ho! glorious Sir Paul, another rouse; why, that is well. Now, my apostle of piracy, I am going to try you for your life.”

“Good, my facetious goatakin, try me—it is good—and jo—jocund—and very jocular and merry, and moreover pleasant; and, what is more, sensible and serious and sad—very sad. Ah, Morgan, you are a sad dog; it occurreth to me that thou waterest thy wine, which is wicked and abominable; nevertheless you shall try me for my life. Not guilty—let the trial be pleasant—a sort of pleasant foolery.”

“Now look ye here, my noble mirror of knighthood, you have acted gallantly, heroically; don’t do it by halves, be the hero outright. You are happy—your heart ought to be open to all good feelings—if ever you can be generous, it must be now.”

“I am generous—did not hang the twain of ye this morning; he tries me for my life very gingerly—generously—jog on.”

“Don’t be generous to two poor lads by halves; just reflect on all that we have suffered at your hands; we only ask of you to give us a couple of hundred pounds of our own money, that we may again begin the world at Barbadoes.”

Half intoxicated as was the captain, he was as avaricious as the most wine-avoiding miser. Although he could easily curb his bounty, he could not his tongue. No entreaties on the part of Morgan could gain from him the least show of generosity, and as the heat of the conversation added to the excitement of the strong waters, he betrayed to his exasperated guests that, so far from intending them any favour, it was his intention to sell

them, together with the rest of the crew of the Barbadian, to the Spaniards, and that he was now steering to the Main for that purpose.

"I love you dearly, my two Welsh mountaineers," he hiccupped; "but I've had losses and crosses, and I must turn my honest penny. Besides, my mighty Morgan, I have vile dreams, and never does a nightmare squat its clammy weight upon my breast, but it always ends in taking your shape. You are my constant incubus. I don't like it. Personable fellow as you are, I don't like struggling with you in my sleep. I am not superstitious, but I must secure you, my beauty, with the Don. But how is this?—we were to have a little funniment by putting me on my trial—a merry mockery."

"It was no mockery," said Morgan, solemnly.

"Why, why don't you go on?"

"The trial is over."

"Droll, droll, my little wag. How says my lord judge?"

"Guilty, upon my honour!"

"What, what—guilty of what?" Sir Paul now stuttered extremely.

"Of damnable felony," replied Morgan.

Plunket looked very grave—then he leered, then looked angry, then rubbed his forehead thoughtfully, took up his cup, emptied it, and, laughing fatuously, said,

"Judge, very funny this—my sentence—come, my Welsh Daniel—sentence, sentence."

"A felon's death."

"Amen!" said Bradley, devoutly.

"How's this?" muttered the captain, "am I drunk?—who will dare insult Sir Paul?"

He then drew a pistol from his girdle, made an ineffectual attempt to cock it, began to laugh faintly, and exclaimed, "Funny, funny dogs!"—asked how the ship's head was, answered his own question, and then, ordering somebody to keep her a point away, his head fell upon the table, and in another moment he was helpless as infancy, and in the deep sleep of inebriety.

The two young men looked upon him for some time in silence and disgust. The lamp that swung over the table had waned, and emitted no other light but a red and flickering glare. On the chairs and on the floor lay the guests, in the various attitudes of senseless drunkards. Still, over-head, was the ceaseless tread of the officer of the watch.

Bradley took the pistol from the nerveless hand of the pirate, cocked it, and deliberately placed it to his ear. Morgan looked on gloomily. Bradley turned his face to him inquiringly. He

smiled faintly and shook his head, then said to his friend in a low yet distinct voice,

“Come away. That would not be the felon’s death.”

“True, Hal. And yet make me the felon.”

“Nonsense! Let us get to our hammocks. I will talk with you in the middle watch, to-morrow night.”

“Well, God bless you, Henry!”

“No more of that. Be a man, and *bless* yourself. Good night.”

Bradley went to his cabin, Morgan on deck. The latter communicated to the officer of the watch the state of those in the cabin; the necessary steps were taken to clear out the sty, and place the human swine in their lairs, and then Morgan began a gay and friendly conversation with the officer until he was relieved.

“It is a good thing that we did not hang that young galliard,” said the man to his relief. “He is a merry fellow, and there is no mischief in him. He has taken as much care of the drunken set below, as if they were his own brothers on both sides. There is no mischief in the lad.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Morgan makes a Confession of his Faith—A most wicked one—A polemical Discourse with his Friend—Who is at last convinced that our Hero is a sad Dog.

THE ship’s course was for Carthagen. The weather was fine; every one was friendly and gay. No, not all gay—there were many wounded, dying in the dark and hot recesses of the vessel. Wounds then, and with those situated as were the pirates, if not very slight, were so many death-warrants.

Sir Paul had forgotten all that had occurred during the latter part of the debauch of the previous evening, and affected towards Morgan a blunt heartiness of manner that almost deceived him. He and Bradley again dined with him, but they broke up early, and there was no excess.

The middle watch had arrived. Morgan and his friend were seated on the high and lonely top-gallant poop. There were none nigh. It was as if the domain of the wide waters were theirs, and they were passing over them in their triumphal car. The stars that hung above them were large and lustrous; there was no moon to dispute with them their pure brilliancy. From where the friends had placed themselves, no human agency could be seen. The ship appeared to be gifted with volition, and to urge on her rapid course unaided. The breeze played on the brows of the solitary youths refreshingly, and, for a time, both feasted on their own musings. At length Bradley commenced.

“Now in Wales—”

“Not now, not now, my friend; let us not talk of what will perhaps unman us. Listen to me attentively, dear Joseph. A very great change has come over me, completely, everlastingly. Impulses towards it have been with my spirit before, like flitting shadows—a sudden darkness, and away. Do you believe in a Deity?”

The question was startling—not only from its impiety, but from the sudden and stern manner in which it was put. Bradley, by the starlight, fancied that Morgan’s face looked livid and unearthly. Loosely as Bradley had been educated,—for his many trials and vicissitudes had been a severe education,—he still believed in the one holy and incomprehensible triune God. For all answer, therefore, to this daring question, he pointed upwards, with a trembling hand, to the star-studded firmament.

“I acknowledge the evidence is strong. There is *power*—but is power always justice? Look at our miserable selves. Is not this a floating den, that stinks upon the waters with all the abominations of iniquity. The innocent waters bear it up as blithely as the ark that contained the only living family upon this globe. The Deity either regards us not, or we are made, unconsciously, the instruments of his justice, the one to punish the other.”

“It seems to me, Morgan, that God regards us. You know how little learned I am in these matters. But what does all this lead to? We have had, let the worst ensue, a very tolerable share of happiness. Let us be resigned to what may follow—combat the evil, and enjoy the good.”

“Spoken like my own friend and brother, Joseph. Let us combat the evil—but evil can only be combated and overcome by that which the shallow world would call a greater evil. It is borne into my brain that man is his own providence. I have only wanted of success because I needed a blood sacrifice. But either way, be there or be there not a superintending Providence over men, the result must, shall henceforward be the same to me. If man is his own providence, I will do all that man may to make mine glorious and successful. If Providence works by human means, agency, and instruments, I will be one of those instruments, that shall be the most efficient—dreadful. This Vagardo, or Sir Paul, does he not richly deserve death? Mark me, Owen, no common passing away, no quietly stepping from time into eternity; but a death of prolonged dying and agony and torment—the rope or the axe will not give him his deserts; but I am that man’s fate—and by the glory of those stars, which man comprehendeth not, and by the still more incomprehensible accident that called them into being, I will be his retribution on earth—let the hereafter deal with him as it liketh.”

“Accident, Morgan! you make me shudder.”

“The word was ill-judged. Believe that I recall it, in spirit and in truth. I have no name for the mysterious first cause. And yet, though you may think me almost an atheist, and entirely an infidel, I am very superstitious, very. I think that my future prosperity is based upon the shedding of human blood. I darkly believe that I am appointed to work out the ways of fate through the sacrifice of life. Bradley, my intentions were always humane; I loved the whole of my species as mankind, and doted on a few. But this weakness has marred all my success. My first failing was the saving of the life of that accursed Spaniard, Don Alonzo, the second time. The shot that wounded him was not from my aim. Jenkins ap Sweyne, the captain of my father's goatherds, took up what he was pleased to call my wrongs, and it was I who struck the arquebuss aside, and caused the shot not to be fatal—and ill have I done since.”

“Had the man died, how would you have bettered yourself? You must still have fled, for you would not have betrayed Sweyne.”

“I tell you that you are totally ignorant of all that would have ensued. Older heads than mine had plotted so that one half of the man's treasure would have been the Commonwealth's, the other mine—and the proud and beautiful Catholic—what years of happiness have I lost by weakly saving a little papistical blood!”

“Well, Morgan, after all, it glads me exceedingly that you were not so young an assassin. Be not less honourable in your maturer years.”

“After we were kidnapped by this scoundrel, I dwelt much upon this; I saw that humanity was to me calamity—so I plotted for a very pretty letting of blood in the Dolphin—but you marred that, Joseph, and our good fortunes.”

“Heartily glad am I that I did so. Did it not all turn out for the best?”

“Peace awhile; you forget all the indignities and miseries that ensued upon your act. Let us forget the miseries, if we can—but not the indignities. But reflect on what followed. When the foolish servants of Barbadoes planned their rising, for a whole night-hour I reflected, and that reflection convinced me that we should have been bettered a hundred-fold, had we permitted the onslaught to have begun—there would have been still ample time to have saved most of the planters—and, the danger being the greater, the greater would have been our reward—and the caitiff Mandeville would have had his throat cut. But the milk that my mother left in my heart worked me up into a ferment

of pity—I felt for human suffering, and spared much human life; the lack of blood has been my bane.”

“You reason insanity into method. I think that the affair worked for us most gloriously. Would that we were again on our plantation!”

“I don’t convince you—I am sorry for it. You don’t see the mysterious link that binds me to adversity. Well, well—but hear further. It was my intention to have put Mandeville to a painful death before I left the island.”

“Merciful Heaven! do I hear aright?”

“You do, indeed. But the thoughts of my native home—my prosperity—all softened me; and I said, ‘let the reptile live!’ I believe I was weak enough to forgive him. That pardon I recall, for ever and for ever!”

“I am very sorry for it. The man has whaled me quite as often as he ever lashed you, and I have had my satisfaction like a sensible man and a gentleman—I have since kicked him superfluously, and took from him his favourite Indian girl.”

“Yes, that is revenge enough for you; your good-luck is not to be baptized in blood. Now, had I stayed but twenty-four hours to have worked out my will, we should have escaped being captured by this, mine arch enemy.”

“Yes, you certainly make it out very cleverly. So now, to follow up your doctrine properly, you must cut the throats of all who cross you. It may be my turn some day.”

“How you mistake me! This is to be my future principle: to spare no life that is opposed to my interests. Only to remove breathing men out of my way, as you would any senseless obstacle that obstructed your path—but not to do this so as to peril my own life; and never to forgive a personal injury or an insult.”

“The mildest and most humane code I have ever heard! Henry, Henry, you can only imagine it—you cannot act up to it. Your blood is heated. Sir Paul deserves his death—I will not bar you that satisfaction, as I intend to be a gentleman. But spit him with your rapier in due style. Carve him and prick him scientifically, and according to the laws of honour. I won’t deny you the pleasure of kicking him first soundly—but no assassination, Hal—broad daylight—the man before you on his guard—and then—one, two, three, and home.”

“I can only fight with my equals,” said Morgan, folding his arms proudly, and looking at the stars. “I must destroy vermin as vermin should be destroyed, without soiling my hands with the base act. But he understands me not. He sees nothing of the mysterious fate that is working through me. Was it not,

O thou Inscrutable, this pity for human life that has again wrecked me? I fought my ship until I fancied that all resistance was vain—and then my misguided heart yearned for my fellow-men. Had I not been weak, and continued that struggle for but one half-hour longer, my enemy, and all that opposed me, would have gone down to their fate—their death-shriek my song of triumph and prosperity—I'll spare no more! Bradley, do you understand that?"

"No, I don't. You have had much to vex you, so I shall not now endeavour to reason with you. Besides, you will be soon snug enough weeding and hoeing on some sugar plantation. The Lord help us, two miserable young Welshmen! And here is this friend of mine talking like a king of the earth of putting people to death by tens and hundreds. I am ashamed of you, Henry. I'll go get me to my hammock, and try to dream of ale and toasted cheese."

"A good fellow," said Morgan, when he found himself alone; "a very good fellow, but made of very common clay. Fill but his belly, and you may tweak his nose with impunity."

CHAPTER XV.

The second Slavery of Morgan and Bradley—They are separated—And for some time all Clue is lost of our Hero—He reappears in very bad Company.

AFTER a prosperous run of a few days, the Barbadian came in sight of the coast near Carthagena, and then Sir Paul Plunket ordered all that remained of the crew of the Barbadian on deck. Without assigning any reason, he put as many of them apart as he chose, and ordered them into irons. When they were all secured, he made Morgan and Bradley divest themselves of their rich outer apparel, even to their shirts and drawers, and placed them in irons also.

Sir Paul did all this in the politest and most agreeable manner, with a thousand well-turned excuses. This mockery offered much amusement to the bystanders, and, whilst Bradley swore terribly and bitterly, Morgan appeared to treat it lightly and even contemptuously,

Arrived at Carthagena, under the royal ensign of England, Sir Paul sold all his prisoners. For the first time for many years, Morgan and Bradley were separated, having been allotted to different masters. The regret of both was terrible, but they parted not without hopes of a reunion, and if they shed no tears on taking leave of each other, we must impute it less to the want of mutual affection, than to the manly pride that prevented any display of weakness before Sir Paul, and a number of Spaniards

in the market-place. Morgan fell to the lot of one Don José de Ribidera, one of the most opulent men residing in Maracaibo.

For two whole years, Morgan remained in some menial capacity on the Don's estate. It seems that his good genius must have forsaken him, for he never emerged from the obscurity of a slave during this time, and he was himself never heard to allude to this captivity. Whether he was employed in field labour or in the household, there are now no records to determine. The only advantages he gained were, the knowledge of the Spanish South American mode of life, and the acquirement of a native fluency in the Spanish and Indian languages.

Whether, during the lapse of a time so considerable as two years, Morgan had sunk into sullen despondency, or that, being a heretic, he had been subjected to much ill usage, will now never be known to posterity. He emerged from his captivity a more subtle and a more hardened man.

During this period, Pen and Venables had taken Jamaica with but little resistance, and Colonel Modiford had gone thither, and obtained the appointment of the governor of that island. The prosperity of Barbadoes had declined dreadfully, and the strict enforcement of the navigation laws had nearly destroyed their trade, and Oliver Cromwell was too vigilant to permit smuggling.

Sir Paul Plunket had taken the prize, the Barbadian, to Antwerp, and sold it with all Morgan's and Bradley's rich merchandise. By some sleight-of-hand, to which he had been accustomed from his infancy, he juggled all his officers and crews out of their shares, and absconded with the whole property, with which he repaired to London, and there, upon the payment of one thousand pounds, obtained a free pardon, under the great seal of the Commonwealth, for all offences committed upon the high seas, and anterior to the date of the document.

He now took the canting name of Lord-love-ye Loveall, which he called regeneration. After residing a short time in London, his restless disposition impelled him to fresh adventures, and, fitting out and lading a ship for the West Indian trade, he sailed for Barbadoes, with his free pardon in his pocket, for any one's satisfaction who should happen to remember him by his former aliases.

When he had arrived at Bridgetown in Barbadoes, he fell ill, and, finding that he was unknown, he determined to settle there, and, after a little time, actually bought Morgan's and Bradley's plantation with their own property, and at half the price that they had sold it for.

Loveall was a fortunate man. Seeing the relaxed state of Barbadian morals, he had dropped his Lord-love-ye on his

arrival, and changed it to Lordly Lovel. These things surprised no one in those unsettled times. Of course, in the title-deeds of his purchase, he called himself by the name under which his pardon had been granted, without, of course, reciting the various aliases that that document displayed.

At Penabock, for Morgan had so named it after his father's farm, Lovel led the dissolute life in which he placed his *summum bonum*.

It does not fall within the province of this biography to say more of the lives and deeds of the buccaneers that then infested all the Spanish possessions in New Spain than is connected with the life of our hero. These leaders were numerous, blood-thirsty, and brutal; of great courage and conduct in attacking, but of the most dissolute and abandoned lives, and wildly eager to squander away like fools what they had acquired like heroes.

Morgan had belonged something more than two years to Don José, being at times in the country, and at times at his very handsome residence in Maracaibo, a neat and populous town, situated at the bottom of the bay of the same name. The place contained a good-sized church, four monasteries, and a capacious hospital. The inhabitants were all of them rich, possessing much cattle, and immense and highly-productive plantations, extending nearly one hundred miles into the country. The commerce of the place was considerable, and of its four thousand inhabitants, nearly a thousand were able to bear arms.

The town was possessed of an ample and secure port, in which many vessels were annually built. Indeed, it was altogether a thriving, a beautiful, and a very pleasant place. Early one morning the citizens were thrown into the utmost consternation at seeing a fleet of vessels, of various dimensions, anchor near the town. It was well understood who these unwelcome visitors were, so every soul in the place began their march through the interior of the country towards Gibraltar, all loaded with as much treasure as they could carry.

In this flight Morgan's shoulders were not spared. He was compelled by armed men to trudge on with the rest. But many began to fall down and faint by the way. Among these our hero pretended to be one of the most disabled. He was then showed where to conceal the greatest part of his valuable burthen in the woods, and was then pushed forward at the pike's point with the rest.

In the mean time, the invader, fearing an ambuscade in the town, opened a furious fire upon a part of the woods, under which they landed one half of their numbers in canoes. They met with no opposition, and afterwards in excellent order marched into the town, which they found entirely deserted.

Though there was no human being to welcome them, there was abundance of the most excellent cheer. They became choice in their locations, placing themselves only in the very best apartments of the best houses, establishing their main *corps de garde* at the great church, and their patrols at the gates in quite a scientific manner.

The next day a party of a hundred and sixty men were sent treasure and man-hunting in the neighbouring woods, and they returned at night, with twenty thousand pieces of eight, many mules, much merchandise, and twenty prisoners, among whom were Morgan (who affected lameness) and his master Don José. As our hero intended, he looked a pitiable object. His features were disguised with blood and dirt, and his shirt and drawers, his only apparel, were in strips and rags. As he designed, he was overlooked, whilst every well-dressed Spaniard, according to the amiable custom of these brethren of the coast, was put to the rack, in order to make them confess where they had concealed their goods. They extorted from them little else but groans.

This gang of freebooters was under the command of the notorious L'Olonois, a Frenchman, that had much more of the tiger than the monkey in his disposition. He, seizing Don José, drew him out, and, placing him before all the rest, composedly began chopping and hacking at him with his sword, now on this side, now on that, as a carpenter would shape a log of wood with an axe; and when the poor wretch would have fallen either backwards or forwards, he was pushed upright by the butt-end of the muskets of the pirates.

During this horrible procedure, L'Olonois lectured the other prisoners upon the folly and wickedness of concealing their goods from him, telling them that they should all be served in the same way, but with blunter swords, until he had learned that which he required.

At length it was finished with Don José. He fell dead. L'Olonois next singled out another, when Morgan stepped forward, and in very pure French, offered to betray all the hiding-places. That he did not before speak we can only account for by supposing, either that he had now begun to act upon his principle that his luck was in human blood, or that his late master had treated him abominably. Morgan was received by the pirates with acclamations, and very soon armed and equipped like them.

The next day, he led forth the party on discovery; but suspecting that their comrades would be tortured into confession, the Spaniards had changed their hiding-places, and but little plunder was obtained. There was, however, sufficient to evi-

dence that Morgan had not played them false, and he grew in favour with his companions.

Fifteen days the pirates remained at Maracaibo, employing their evenings in festivity, and their days in hunting about the woods for prisoners and concealed treasures. At length they began to fall short both of fare and sport. Against the opinion of Morgan, they then decided to go and attack Gibraltar, a town further inland, and to which the inhabitants of Maracaibo had transported themselves and all the treasure that had escaped the freebooters.

The governor of Merida, a brave old soldier, had placed himself and four hundred regular troops in Gibraltar, so that, with the arms-bearing inhabitants of the place, he had a body of eight hundred fighting men under his orders. With baskets of earth he erected two batteries that commanded the sea-board, one of twenty and the other of eight guns. After this he hermetically sealed up the highway into the town, opening for the pirates another narrow passage over bogs through the woods, which muddy path was completely enfiladed by the guns on the works of the town. In fact, he left nothing undone properly to receive his visitors, who were totally unconscious of all these sedulous attentions.

L'Olonois placed Morgan near his person as his adviser and aide-de-camp. They approached the place with their fleet, and embarked on board of it their prisoners and their plunder. When they came near the town they saw the royal standard of Spain flying, which made them suspect there would be some warm work. They then halted and called a council of war, in which L'Olonois made them a very animated speech, in which the word "glory" played its usual part. He then, which was much more to the purpose, spoke to them of the riches that the Maracaiboians had defrauded them of, which they should here acquire; and that the more that fell in the act of recovery, the more would be left for the survivors, which was an argument which they very well understood. He then asked them if they would follow him. They said they would, to the which he made the following very ungracious reply verbatim:

" 'Tis well; but know ye, withal, that the first man who shall show any fear, or the least apprehension thereof, him will I pistol with my own hand."

This being the case, his council of war was somewhat superfluous.

The next day, at sunrise, they set forward merrily, to the number of three hundred and eighty, every ruffian among them well armed, and provided with thirty rounds for their fire-arms. Morgan acted as guide, and led with L'Olonois at his side.

When they had arrived at the highway, they found it impassable. The other passage that was prepared for them was soon discovered, and, notwithstanding all Morgan's prayers and entreaties, through it they must needs penetrate.

They were soon hampered in the mud like flies in a pot of treacle, and then the raking fire from the bastion that commanded the avenue swept them off with repeated discharges of that which would be now called grape and langridge.

Courage was of no avail against such murderous warfare, yet the pirates still persevered. Morgan, who was never rashly brave, stepped aside himself, and got the shelter of the trunk of a large mahogany tree, and thither he also plucked the insensate L'Olonois, who, immediately he had once plunged into the affray, had no other idea than that of pushing forward.

At this first murderous check, for a time, retreat was impossible, for the assaulters were fairly bogged, nearly up to their hips. This, however, saved many of their lives, by shortening their statures, and permitting the showers of shot to pass over their heads. Some diverged to the right and left, and at length they were all who remained alive enabled to extricate themselves from this trap; but only with the intention of making a fresh attempt.

This jungle, though so difficult to pass, covered them from the observation of the enemy; and, although our hero strongly recommended retreat, they again attempted to force their passage, by cutting down numerous branches, and flinging them before them as they advanced upon the treacherous soil.

Their progress was slow and very fatal, till at length the Spaniards, by firing so rapidly, had lulled the little breeze that there had been, and the assailants were rendered invisible by a canopy of dense smoke, under the cover of which they attained the solid ground, and then found themselves in face of a battery too lofty for them to scale.

When they were again discovered by the Spaniards, a full discharge of all the guns, loaded with small bullets and pieces of iron, checked them at once; and the enemy sallying upon them, in the midst of their consternation, drove them again into the wood. The Spaniards returned to their batteries, and from time to time discharged a single gun, loaded with grape, into the bocage, that sometimes did execution, and was always most annoying.

By this time the pirates had lost many men, and they were more distant from their object than ever. L'Olonois was slightly wounded, which increased his natural ferocity to a state that might be termed madness. Morgan quietly shrugged up his shoulders, and employed all his powers in taking care of himself.

The assaulters now employed themselves in searching for some other opening through the wood, but wherever the jungle promised to be penetrable, the Spaniards had felled large trees with their branches pointed outwardly. No avenue was permitted to them, but that miry one that terminated directly in face of the principal battery.

Then L'Olonois said to Morgan, "My English friend, pass your sword through my body; pain I cannot abide, and disgrace is still worse. There is my purse, only make my death easy."

"My generous benefactor," said Morgan, "I will not refuse the gift from so renowned a commander, humble individual that I am. But let us die in a more noble manner, and make this agreement—let us pretend to retire to our ships in complete disorder. The Spaniards will follow us; when they are a mile or so from their batteries, let us turn upon them sword in hand; if you are wounded, or likely to be beaten, I will despatch you at once. I am only a mean person of no consideration, and when I see that we have done our worst upon the enemy, I shall very fairly make a run for it. No disgrace that to me—I am not a great commander."

"You say well, Morgan, and like a slave. Be it so."

The pirates were called from the wood, and told to disperse themselves tumultuously, and not to turn until they were commanded; and then to grapple each with the nearest Spaniard, and to cut as many throats as he could. The orders were very simple, and not liable to be mistaken.

When they were seen retiring, and were some way beyond the wood, the Spaniards began to pursue them, and in the same disorder as the pursued appeared to fly. At length both parties mingled in one batch of butchery, and, in ten minutes, the Spaniards lost by knife and sword above two hundred men.

This success was wholly unexpected. The surviving Spaniards took to the woods, and the pirates at once ran back straight into the batteries, where those that were found surrendered on the condition of their lives only. Every person that they met they made a prisoner, and conveyed the whole into the great church, which they fortified, by removing to it the guns from the works of the town, fearing that the Spaniards who were dispersed in the woods might rally and attack them during the night.

The next day they put the whole place in a state of defence, and they then turned their attention to the dead. Incredible as it may seem, they found nearly six hundred Spaniards killed, besides half as many who were languishing with their wounds, which were sure to prove fatal. Those who were only slightly hurt fled and concealed themselves.

The Spanish dead they placed in two great boats, and taking them more than a mile out to sea, they then sank the boats and the Spaniards together. Only forty pirates were killed, and forty wounded; all the latter, with but five exceptions, died. Their own dead they interred in the earth decently.

They then saw themselves possessed of the town, with one hundred and fifty male prisoners, of more than five hundred slaves, and a great many women and children. All the riches that Gibraltar contained fell into their power. But even these, vast as they were, did not satisfy them; for they searched the woods and fields, for miles round, for concealed wealth. By the time that they had been in possession of this town eighteen days, the greater part of the prisoners had died with hunger; the pirates only giving them for all sustenance an insufficient quantity of the flesh of mules and asses. But all the women who had the slightest pretensions to good looks were pampered and fattened to serve the lust of the conquerors.

Not all the prisoners died with hunger, for many expired under tortures, that were inflicted to make them confess the depositories of their supposed wealth; and those who really had none always fared the worse.

When L'Olonois and his friends had remained eight-and-twenty days in the town, and had exhausted all the provisions, they sent four of the prisoners that still remained alive to the Spaniards concealed in the woods, telling them to redeem their city from conflagration at the price of ten thousand pieces of eight, allowing them but forty-eight hours to collect and bring in this sum. The time expired, and the town was fired. The few inhabitants remaining, seeing that there was no temporising with their conquerors, begged them to extinguish the fire, promising, in the name of their townsmen, that the ransom should be immediately paid. The pirates then did their best to stop the flames, but they could not save one part of the town from total ruin, together with the church of the monastery.

The ransom came in before the ashes of the conflagration had cooled, and then the pirates embarked with all their riches, together with a great number of slaves that had not yet been ransomed. Thus freighted, they returned to Maracaibo, and anchored off the affrighted place. The pirates sent ashore to say that if they did not immediately receive eight thousand pieces of eight for a ransom of their houses, the place should be sacked anew and entirely burned.

To prove how serious they were, the pirates sent a party on shore, who carried off the images, pictures, and bells of the principal church. This soon made the inhabitants active, and

they immediately agreed to pay twenty thousand pieces of eight, and five hundred oxen, as a ransom for the town and the yet unredeemed Spanish prisoners on board the fleet, with the further condition that the pirates should commit no act of hostility against any person, but should depart peaceably on the delivery of the money and the cattle.

All things being duly performed, the pirates sailed, to the infinite satisfaction of the plundered Spaniards; but, three days after, all the fears of the latter returned on seeing the pirates again in their port. However, it was only a demand for a pilot which had brought L'Olonois back, which demand was hastily complied with.

They arrived safely with their booty at the Isla de la Vacha, called by the English Ash Island, where they unloaded their cargoes, and shared the prize. They found themselves possessed, in specie only, of two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, and of other commodities to a great value. Afterwards they proceeded to value the uncoined silver bullion, reckoning at the rate of ten pieces of eight for every pound troy. The jewels were next arbitrarily prized, and very absurdly so, being rated either much too high or too low. When all the partition was over, every man, from L'Olonois to the meanest individual, took the solemn oath that they had concealed nothing.

Morgan received his share as an officer, and, remarking the ignorance of his comrades, took it all in jewellery, so that altogether he realised a very considerable sum, for L'Olonois had been very lavish in the presents he had made to him. After all these affairs had been adjusted, the fleet sailed for Tortuga, and there the pirates very soon spent, in the most revolting debauchery, the whole of their blood-purchased spoils.

Henry Morgan had already made himself the master of the leading traits of the character of L'Olonois, and was determined to separate from him. He was wanting in conduct and coolness, although well adapted to lead on a forlorn hope. In coming to this resolution, our hero showed the soundness of his judgment, for, shortly after, his former commander miserably perished in an ill-concerted attack upon Nicaragua, the Indians tearing him, living, piecemeal, and then burning the still quivering fragments of his limbs in his sight, before he had actually expired.

It was thus that Morgan took his first lesson in piracy. Throughout all these transactions he had evinced wonderful judgment and penetration; and, without showing anything resembling pretension, had obtained great authority among his comrades; but these being principally French, with them he resolved not to embark his fortunes. Not only did he live free of expense at

Tortuga, but, by his skill in the various species of gambling then in vogue, he very materially added to his property.

When all of his late confederates had utterly beggared themselves, he began to think of moving his quarters; and he was soon enabled to do so with great advantage, for another set of pirates had just then brought in a Spanish xebec, laden with European manufactures and wines from Cadiz. With the permission of the governor, this vessel he bought for only about the tenth part of its value, with which he proceeded to Jamaica.

CHAPTER XVI.

Morgan returns to Barbadoes—Meets with old Friends and older Enemies—A Description of a black Venus, taken from the Life—Morgan's horrid Revenge.

DURING Morgan's slavery, and his service with L'Olonois' fleet, many events had occurred in the West Indies. As we have before stated, Pen and Venables had taken Jamaica, over which beautiful island Colonel Modiford had been appointed governor. Barbadoes had entirely lost its free trade, and with it much of its prosperity, and Lordly Lovel still remained upon Morgan's former estate with Mandeville, who had become his head manager and factotum. These two geniuses were admirably suited to each other. Lovel's vanity, luxuriousness, and ferocity found meet counterparts in the humility, conviviality, and obedience of the parasite Mandeville, who would with equal thanks take a kicking or a handful of dollars. The one had only to conceive all manner of vice, and the other obsequiously to execute it.

At St. Jago, in Jamaica, Colonel Modiford was rejoiced again to see his favourite and his *protégé* Morgan. He had brought his merchandise at a most excellent juncture. The cargo and vessel were sold at an immense profit, and Morgan was again, comparatively, a rich man.

But the whole constitution of Morgan's mind was now altered. He no longer entertained the wish to rise to affluence by the slow and harassing toils of industry. Without betraying much enthusiasm, he was resolved to succeed by the sword. To all the colonel's entreaties that he would settle with him in Jamaica, his invariable answer was, "Not yet."

After spending nearly two months in the enjoyment of the governor's hospitality, Morgan bought a small-decked vessel, partly rigged in the Indian fashion, but a prime sailer, in which he embarked for Bridgetown, Barbadoes. After taking a most affectionate leave of his friend, Morgan's pretence was, that he wished to see if it were not possible to repurchase Penabock a

bargain, as the price of plantations had considerably fallen, and that, at all events, he wished to see his old friends.

Morgan soon arrived at his destination, and was received by his old connections with the heartiest of all West Indian welcomes ; and we may judge of how welcome he was, when we state that an Indian welcome is ten times heartier than any other, let that other be attempted wherever it may. Morgan said but little of past adventures, nor did he betray much astonishment that Captain Van Vagardo, alias Sir Paul Plunket, and now Squire Lovel, was in quiet possession of his estate, which the reader knows had been purchased with his own money. Morgan now was a man who reflected in silence, and acted suddenly.

During the absence of our hero, Justice Hethersall had died, and the plantation was the property of his son Philip, who invited Morgan to come up to his old home, and there once more take up his abode. But Henry preferred remaining at Mr. Cowley's, even then a very respectable tavern ; and for this determination he gave such excellent reasons, that young Hethersall was forced to appear satisfied. However, it was arranged that on the day following he should meet at dinner all his old acquaintances, and the new comers who had supplied the places of the friends whom he would miss.

During his three years of absence, Morgan found that all things had much improved. The dining-room into which he was ushered was cool and lofty, and of a very considerable extent, with sufficient light and plenty of air, admitted through green verandahs. The art of living comfortably within the tropics had begun to be understood.

We pass by the uproarious greetings of Morgan's old familiars, and of the respectful attentions paid him by the strangers who were present. They are all seated at table, and the dishes are placed, but still two chairs are vacant. At last Lovel and Mandeville enter, and they behold, established in the chair of honour, in robust health, and very richly dressed, Henry Morgan.

Ghastly pale indeed became Lovel. He was more than pale, he wore death's lividness upon his countenance, and his fiery carbuncles turned disgustingly blue. By grasping the back of his chair firmly with his hands, he supported himself, but trembled so much that the chair shook violently under him. And thus he gazed on Morgan, as on a churchyard ghost, speechless. The emotion of Mandeville was by no means so great, but he looked very affrighted upon the unexpected guest, and dared not address him.

This short scene excited a good deal of surprise among the company, for none of them comprehended fully all the facts. But

Morgan soon put an end to this suspense. Shaking his ample locks, that profusely flowed over his shoulders, and slightly coaxing his unexceptionable mustachios with the air of a *petit maître*, he arose from the head of the table, and advanced gracefully towards the affrighted couple, and before they could fly, which was their first impulse, he had possessed himself of a hand of each, and very energetically did he compress those hands; indeed so painfully did his iron fingers crush them in his grasp, that, had it not been for very shame, they would have howled with pain.

"Sir Paul, Sir Paul! do we meet again thus happily, joyfully?" said Morgan, jocosely. "Thou shalt persecute me no more, Sir Paul. Never shrink, man, never shrink. You have only sold me twice—what then? All honourably—the fortune of war. You see that we cannot part—we are fate to each other. Then let us be merry, and do justice to Squire Hethersall's noble hospitality. And you, my little Mandeville! Glad indeed am I to see you, but I would that you were somewhat fatter. Skinny but strong, no doubt, and slash away with the cane vigorous as ever—ah, I see it. Now, gentlemen," continued Morgan, still holding them captives, "if you knew how much I am indebted to this worshipful couple, you would not be surprised at the pleasure I have in meeting them again. Sir Paul Plunket will tell you himself that he has——"

Morgan paused purposely, whilst Lovel, slowly recovering his presence of mind, and with it his natural impudence, putting on a mountebank drollery, and squinting horribly, drawled out, "Saved the gallant Mr. Morgan from being hung."

"There," said Henry; "then why should the respectable knight *not* be glad to see me? and you, Mr. Mandeville, am I not under great obligations to you?—speak out boldly."

"Why, yes," said the slave-driver; "I think, I believe, I may presume to hint, that it was I who first taught Mr. Morgan the virtue and great merit of obedience to authority; and if—if—I struck a little hard, to forgive and forget——"

"Ah, you say well—we will forget when we have forgiven. You see, my friends, under what obligations I am to both. And now, with the good leave of Mr. Hethersall, let us be as merry as if we had just escaped the bull-thongs and the gallows."

And very merry they were, those brave planters. And Morgan did not go home that night to honest Mr. Cowley's; but between Lovel and Mandeville, singing some of the merriest catches, he reeled home to Penabock, in a state of the most perfect sobriety.

He was inducted into the best bed; many of the negroes came and kissed his hands, weeping for joy at again beholding him; and that very night, had Morgan but held up his hand, Lovel

together with Mandeville would have been torn to pieces by his own household.

On the following morning, Morgan arose early and traversed those scenes that he had so much loved, and which it might well be said that he had created. Everywhere he met with signs of the most ardent attachment. A few questions satisfied him that everything was going to ruin, and that, to make up for bad management and extravagance, the slaves were worked cruelly and beyond their powers, the white servants more especially. They all prayed Morgan to repurchase his own; or, at least, to bid them murder the present possessor of it.

He ruminated deeply, and seemed big with some great idea. Probably he was not wholly indifferent to their remonstrances. He gained the information that there was a female in the establishment that had considerable influence upon Lovel, but that she was rarely visible. This, for a time, changed the current of his thoughts.

Never was there a more finished specimen of the deepest hypocrisy exhibited than in the manner of Morgan towards Lovel. Urbane and candid, he seemed to have forgotten all the past, or to remember it only with pleasure, giving him to understand that he thought him, through Providence, to be his good fortune, and, therefore, that he owed him not enmity, but gratitude. All this was managed in a careless off-hand way, and so exquisitely, that not only did Lovel think himself forgiven, but that he was honoured and regarded with friendship. At the same time, Mandeville congratulated himself that he should escape with unbroken bones.

After a substantial breakfast, and much hilarity and more cordiality, Lovel ventured to ask Morgan to make some stay with him, which invitation the latter complied with at once, with an air of the frankest delight. A return dinner was immediately settled for that day, and all things at Penabock bore the appearance of the kindest feelings, and the most unmixed joy.

The reader already knows that this Lovel, the man of many names and of many fortunes, was not only a thorough scoundrel, but one also eaten up with vain glory; but they have yet to know that he was also a confirmed voluptuary, not only in his diet, but as regarded the gentler sex, although a good deal past his fiftieth year. He had purchased, at a most exorbitant price, a beautiful negress, and lest it should be supposed that, after the manner of romances, we should exaggerate, we shall not describe her ourselves, but present her portrait as drawn by an eye-witness, a man of sixty years and upwards. We copy his account *verbatim et litteratim*.

“A negro of the greatest beautie and majestie together, that ever I saw in one woman. Her stature large and excellently shap’t, well-favour’d, full eyed, and admirably grac’t. She wore on her head a roll of green taffetie, strip’t with white and philiamort, made up in manner of a turban, and over that a sleight veyle which she took off at pleasure. On her bodie, next her linen, a petticoat of orange tawny and skye colour, not done with streight stripes, but wav’d, and upon that, a mantle of purple silke, engrayl’d with straw colour. This mantle was large and ty’d with a knot of verie broad black ribbon, with a rich jewel on her right shoulder, which came under her left arm, and so hung loose and carelessly almost to the ground. On her leggs she wore buskins of witched silke, deckt with silver lace and fringe. Her shooes of white leather, lac’t with skie colour, and pink’t between those laces. In her ears she wore large pendants, about her neck and on her arms fayre pearles. But her eyes were her richest jewels, for they were the largest and most orientall I have ever seene.

“Seeing all these perfections in her, I was resolved to make one essay to persuade her to open her lips, partly out of a curiositie to see whether her teeth were exactly white, and cleane, as I hoped they were, for ’tis a general opinion that all negroes have white teeth, but that is a common error, for the black and white being so neere together, they set off one another with the greater advantage. But look neerer to them, and you shall find those teeth, which at a distance appeared rarely white, are yellow and foul. This knowledge wrought this curiositie in me, but it was the mayne end of my inquirie, for there was now but one thing more to set her off in my opinion, the rarest black swanne that I had ever seene, and that was her language and graceful delivery of that which was to unite and confirme a perfection in all the reste. And, to that end, I took a gentleman that spoke good Spanish with me, and awaited her coming out, which was with far greater majestie and gracefulness than I have seen the queen descend from the chair of state to dance the measures with a baron of England, at a masque at the banqueting-house. And truly, had her followers and friends, with other perquisites, (that ought to be the attendants of such a state and beautie,) wayted on her, I had made a stop and gone no further. But finding her but slightly attended, and considering she was but Mr. Lovel’s mistress, and therefore the more accessible, I made my addresses to her by my interpreter, and told her I had some trifles made in England, which, for their value, were not worthy her acceptance, yet, for their novelty, might be of some esteem, such having been wore by the great queens of Europe, and entreated her to vouch-

safe to receive them. She, with much gravity and reservedness, opened the paper, but when she looked on them, the colours pleased her so, as she put her gravitie into the loveliest smile that I have ever seen, and then showed her rows of pearles so clean, white, orient, and well shaped, as Neptune's court was never paved with such as these; and to show whether was whiter or more orient, those, or the whites of her eyes, she turned them up, and gave me such a look as was a sufficient return for a far greater present, and withall wished that I would think of somewhat wherein she might pleasure me, and I should find her both ready and willing. And so, with a graceful bow of her neck, she took her way towards her own apartment."

This description of this sable excellence may be implicitly relied upon; and of this woman Lovel was truly the slave; for, although *she* bore the name, *he* was, to all intents, the enslaved. His jealousy of her was unbounded, and but few of the licentious planters were ever permitted to see her. Her name was Zoabinda, though she was rarely spoken of or addressed but as "the mistress."

Now Zoabinda could then only speak Spanish. Her negro tongue she had nearly forgotten, and English she would not learn. To be sure, Lovel would admit near her no other tutor than himself; and, in that capacity, it is apparent that he did not excel so much as in kidnapping or buccaneering.

Well, on the second day of Morgan's abode at Penabock, he was permitted to see this "rara avis in terris," and seeing, he was determined to possess her. His knowledge of the Spanish language was useful to Lovel, and of the greatest advantage to himself. Morgan wooed Zoabinda for his friend, and made love to her himself, before his friend's face.

Much trouble, on his part, was needless. The dark effulgence loved him instanter, with all the blind fury of her passionate nature. Yet, blind as her passion was, her eyes were immediately opened to the practice of the most elaborate subtlety. She seemed, the more that she was permitted to be in Morgan's company, the more to like her master. He was not only content, but pleased, and was thus deceived to his own happiness.

At length, Lovel was lulled into the most perfect confidence in his fancied friend and his mistress. Indeed, so far did he carry his sense of security, that he permitted the two to be alone together, and seemed now to enjoy more of happiness than at any other period of his very eventful life. Morgan appeared to have totally forgotten his little craft, that lay idly in Carlisle Bay. He was wholly given up and absorbed in the pleasures of hospitality and the sweet interchange of the offices of friendship. In the

mean time, he had made Zoabinda wholly his own, and had, with many a simple and needless rite, sworn her to himself, now and for ever. The Indian woman knows how to sacrifice herself.

In this deceitful calm all parties remained for a whole month. The planters around supposed that Morgan would ultimately settle among them. They much wished it. He was beloved everywhere, and acted the amiable to a miracle. He entered into the spirit of all their proceedings, and, when not engaged in festivities, was always suggesting improvement. He was looked upon as a wonder of heroism, and as the purest specimen of a good and kind heart.

At length, his little bark was amply victualled and carefully made ready for sea. This excited but little notice, as Morgan had thrown out some hints of an excursion of pleasure. The crisis was coming.

For some days Morgan had spoken to his host of a great secret which he possessed in the art of sugar-boiling, a secret he had learned among the Spaniards, and which would enable him to produce an article from the same materials as his neighbours, possessed of double their marketable value. At this time the Spanish sugars far surpassed those produced on the English plantations. The latter were far more gross and full of impurities.

This offer was seized upon with avidity by Lovel, and the night was fixed on which Morgan was to show him the grand secret. It was arranged that the information should be conveyed at midnight, and that none were to be present but Lovel himself, and his manager, Mandeville. Morgan had ordered a few strange yet cheap ingredients to be procured, and then solemnly swore, on the holy Evangelists, both Lovel and Mandeville to secrecy.

All the parties interested saw the night arrive with intense satisfaction. The spendthrift planter hoped to cover the losses of his debaucheries, extravagance, and mismanagement; the slave-driver trusted soon to have an opportunity of making his fortune by breaking his oath. And Morgan! may God forgive him for his hopes and for his acts.

Exactly at midnight they repaired with lights to the boiling-house, Morgan carrying with him several substances, and one liquid in a large bottle or rather flask. They stand on the brink of a large copper, sunk in brickwork, nearly twelve feet in depth, and of a corresponding circumference. They descend by the means of a small ladder, and when at the bottom, Morgan places, with much attention to order, two or three layers of salt, of alum, and of potass—talks very learnedly of the wonderful effects that they will produce in purifying the sugar, and increasing its sac-

charine qualities, and then begins to doubt if he have not done rashly in thus gratuitously imparting his secret to two persons, who might perhaps soon quarrel with each other, and thus, out of spite, betray the secret, should they part, and one happen to benefit by it more than the other.

Hereupon the two friends, Lovel and Mandeville, embraced, and swore to each other eternal friendship and unswerving faith. In all this Morgan took an especial delight, and urged them on to make protestations that they would die for each other gladly, should either of them be ever called upon to make the sacrifice. This crowning oath being sworn, Morgan expressed himself satisfied, and briskly mounting the ladder, pulled it up after him, and left them both at the bottom of the copper.

We scarcely think ourselves justified in relating what is said to have ensued. It has been recorded by a dubious and malignant authority, from evidence that was either not given, or suppressed at the inquest. That there is much probability that it is true, at least in part, arises from the known vindictiveness of Morgan's character, and the unpardonable injuries and insults that had been heaped upon him both by Lovel and Mandeville. It is thus that a white slave, who says he had concealed himself upon the premises the same night, on account of the incommodiousness of his own hut, relates what took place.

Morgan, looking down upon them, broke out into a savage laugh of joy, and for some time spoke incoherently in his wild triumph, the poor wretches in the copper not for a long time being willing to believe that he was in earnest.

"Rascal, coward, man-leech, look up! It is I, Henry Morgan, who am mocking you. My time is come—and yours, poor despicable wretches! One of you will be parboiled alive—one victim will suffice me—only one—mark that—to-morrow, before the survivor is released, I shall, in my fast-sailing schooner, be far away from this hated place. Who is it that shall be boiled? come, make up your minds—you are a pair of loving friends—who will die for the other? I am going to put down the ladder—don't be very ceremonious about who shall have the honour and pleasure of dying for the other—but you must make haste. Zoabinda, Zoabinda, a few more buckets of cane juice—a sweet death one of you will die—sweet every way—is it not sweet to die for your friend? what say you, Van Vagardo, Sir Paul? what say you, scourger of honest men, lank-sided Mandeville?"

"Pity, pity, for the sake of your Redeemer, pity!" said Mandeville.

"By the mother that bore you, have mercy!" said Lovel.

Here Zoabinda, with a very pleasant grin, appeared above the

brick-work, and, looking down, poured upon the heads of the devoted wretches bucket after bucket of cane-juice, until they stood nearly up to their knees in the sweet liquid.

Whilst the doomed howled and prayed, weeping all the time, Morgan persevered in mocking and jeering their agony, and reminding Vagardo of the various occurrences of their past lives.

"Mandeville," said he, "can you see this scar on my forehead?—the light is sufficient—look up, man! It will be the last time, for I am sure you will have pleasure in dying for your dear friend and patron——"

"O no, no! he is a cold-blooded heartless villain."

"Say you so, Mister Mandeville? What a liar you must be! Well I see that all virtue and heroism is centred in the breast of the gallant knight—he will outdo you, and die for you, although you have reviled him."

"The scurvy villain! sweet, pleasant Henry Morgan, take half my estate, and let this mean slave-driver die! Many are the gay days we have had together, my dear friend, and many more will we have yet."

"Well, the half of the estate is something—but you grow old, and it is time that you should furbish yourself up for the grave—get rid of your iniquities—give me the splendid Zoabinda."

"O most willingly—save me but from this agony."

"Do you hear, do you understand that, Zoe?" said Morgan.

She understood it very well, and shouted forth her contempt of her master, and accompanied the shout by dashing another bucket of the liquid upon his head.

"I have a dear friend, one Joseph Bradley—do you know him, thou false Lovel? He persuaded me to place thee, when I had thee in my power, sword in hand in honourable opposition. Now this I swear to thee—if thy varlet will boil instead of thee, and yield the ladder, I will put a sword in thine hand, and slay thee like a gentleman, scoundrel as thou art, for the sake of the poor harper's son, who is a gentleman, heart and soul."

"Let me up, good Mr. Lovel, let me up," said Mandeville; "your death, sweet master, is certain—I may escape."

For all answer Lovel seized his servant by the throat, and a violent struggle ensued.

"Light the fire, Zoabinda," said Morgan, in a voice chuckling with delight.

He was readily obeyed. When the liquid began to grow warm, he put the ladder down, and then ensued the mortal struggle between the two villains, the fluid every moment growing more hot and intolerable. It was a desperate encounter, and no

sooner did one gain one step of the ladder, than he was plucked down into the fiery liquor by the other. They shouted in madness, they tore each other's hair, they bit like ravenous wolves. The fight, as the fluid began to boil and detach the flesh in masses from their legs and thighs, became demoniac. It was horrible in the extreme to look down upon that scene, yet upon it Morgan looked and rejoiced, and, we shudder to record it, so did Zoabinda.

The ladder still remained, but the steam and the effluvia were fast depriving the frantic strugglers of their senses. Their groans and their cries became more faint, till at length they both fell, and died in each other's embrace.

"They would not die the one for the other, and so they have died lovingly together," said Morgan, quietly. "The fire will go out of itself. Come, Zoe, let us to bed, and may we not die the death of the wicked."

The ladder was left in the copper, the fire gradually died away, and Morgan carefully closed the doors of the boiling-house. As they retired to the Penn, he merely remarked that "Sir Paul had lived all his life in hot water, and very characteristically had died in hot sugar."

Late the next day, the parboiled bodies of the two victims were discovered. Morgan was extremely shocked, and Zoabinda fell immediately into a very dangerous illness. Consternation and joy were spread in all quarters at this horrible event. An inquest sat upon the bodies, and as there was no direct evidence how they came to their deaths, as the doors were found fastened on the inside, and as Morgan testified to the having discovered to the parties a grand chemical secret in the purifying of sugar, the jury came to the conclusion that Lovel and Mandeville had locked themselves in, and in their eagerness, or overcome by the fumes of the preparation, had fallen into the copper, and there perished. The latter was the general opinion, as the ladder was found properly fixed; so they found a verdict of "Accidental death from suffocation," with a deodand of five hundred pounds on the copper for killing its own master, which fine was duly levied on the estate, and went to the officials of the island.

This honest and enlightened verdict did not prevent some very strange rumours being circulated. Nobody, however, cared much about them, as everybody just then was busy with the sale of Lovel's plantation, slaves, and property, for the benefit of his heirs.

When Lovel's funeral expenses and his debts had been paid, there remained three pounds fourteen shillings and three pence, currency, for his representative, whenever he might appear. It must be confessed that his neighbours got good bargains, and were much too polite to bid against each other.

It was expected that Morgan would have bought up the whole, for he might have had it at his own price. But he had too tender a recollection of his departed friend to make his residence there very happy; so he contented himself with buying only the sick and dying Zoabinda, whom he purchased for a few dollars, as the doctors had given her over. It, however, turned out a very lucky speculation, for no sooner had he conveyed her on board of his little craft in Carlisle Bay, than she recovered surprisingly.

Morgan now, having nothing more to do on the island, partook of a parting dinner with the governor, council, and some of the principal inhabitants. In bidding them farewell, he recommended to them, with tears in his eyes, to subscribe for a marble monument to be erected to commemorate the virtues of his dear departed friend, which recommendation they would certainly have attended to, had they not been so poor; so he wrung their hands and departed, leaving them all in high spirits, just going to play hazard for rouleaus of dollars.

CHAPTER XVII.

Morgan goes on a Love-cruise with his dark Beauty—Plays the Schoolmaster, and is very happy—The First in that Profession—The Lovers do a little Piracy *pour passer le temps*—Go to Jamaica and ruin themselves, then seek their Fortunes.

WE can no longer claim the same sympathy for our hero's character. He had now impiously, and most cruelly, arrogated to himself the right of revenge, and to inflict torture, and sport with human life, not as the holy and sacred gift of the Omnipotent, but as a mere category of existence, which he might prolong or wholly destroy, either as it suited his interests, or gratified his passions. Though he hesitated not at the most atrocious murders, he considered himself as perfectly and immaculately honourable. Never before was his self-esteem so great, and his determination so firm to render himself glorious, as when he was sailing away from the scene of his double assassination with the mistress of one of the assassinated.

And Zoabinda, what was she? A most elaborate specimen of human beauty carved in ebony, with the material for a mind equally superior, that only waited for the master's hand to mould it into virtue, and even grandeur. She was profoundly ignorant in all things, save a few arts of pleasing. In her religion she was supplied by superstitions the most puerile; her idea of the beatitudes of a hereafter would not have satisfied a mere tyro in civilization for the mere comforts of this life, and yet, so far as she saw, she saw vividly and truly; and all the tendencies of her

nature were towards the good and the beautiful. That she had a total disregard for human life, and could look upon the tortured with apathy, did not arise in her from any evil propensity, or the love of the cruel, but from the force of habit; for, from her earliest infancy, she was accustomed to witness the infliction of torment, and to see life wasted more prodigally than fetid water.

Zoabinda's prevailing sentiments were love, admiration of physical and mental power, and an all-absorbing gratitude. Little was the love she felt for her late master, the admiration still less; consequently, of gratitude she bore him none: and yet I wrong her; until she had seen Morgan, she felt a kindness for him, for he fed her luxuriously, and dressed her splendidly, although, at times he treated her brutally, at times dotingly, even to abject submission. But, when Morgan appeared, all her faculties surrendered themselves to him at once, totally, and for ever. She had never seen, never conceived, anything so glorious in the human form. She held the sun itself less resplendent than the manly beauty of his countenance; in the sound of his voice she recognized the tone of command to which not to render instant and absolute obedience was impossible; and when that voice was softened into love, and love to her, poor Zoabinda would have died on the spot, by the mere effort of her will, had he bid her so to do.

Morgan had already learned that knowledge is power, and that power itself is powerless without instruments. When they were embarked in their little craft, which was nearly all cabin, he set assiduously about teaching her to read and write, and imparting to her the first elements of almost all useful sciences. Her progress excited the utmost wonder in her fond yet judicious preceptor, and her rapidity of improvement was only equalled by her desire for tuition. Morgan trembled whilst he taught. Already he perceived that her capabilities of comprehension far exceeded his own; that in thought she went farther, and penetrated more deeply; and often was he obliged, sorrowing, to stifle with a kiss the question to which he could give no other answer.

Morgan well knew that the superior mind, give it but fair scope, will ultimately command, and he feared to become subservient to his dark mistress. This thought his proud spirit could but ill brook; he could bear to be second to none. Thus, he had already determined that Zoabinda's knowledge should be circumscribed, and yet, so pleasing was the office of testing the extraordinary powers of her expanding mind, that he taught on; and, in many things important, being utterly ill taught himself, he taught wrongly.

He made her a deist, and a doubter of futurity. He propounded to her that man was his own providence, and that no act was either just or unjust as regards the whole of society; but an act might be right or wrong as regarded the particular party or parties who had combined to do a deed. Thus, he held that piracy was a deed indifferent in itself, and that to rob from the stranger was no crime; whilst for one pirate to rob from another was a very great one.

And yet, with his contempt for all creeds, Morgan was superstitious, and believed in luck; and, to the misfortune of mankind, he believed that his luck consisted in being merciless, and in the shedding of some portion of human blood. He reasoned with the negress, that, whenever he had been swayed by a humane motive, he had dreadfully suffered; but that every time he walked straight on to his end, regardless of human life, he had always prospered; and not only prospered in power and riches, but in character also. When she would, in reply to all this sophistry, expatiate on the bliss of goodness and benevolence, he would tell her that all that was true only of the inner circle that surrounded the individual; but, to act upon such principles in the wider circles of humanity that embraced all mankind, or a country, or even a large neighbourhood, was a folly that fully deserved all the misfortunes that always attended it.

Morgan's queer little craft he had called the *Owen*, and a very fast craft she was. She had one short stout mast forward, upon which an immense latteen sail, with many reefs in it, was hoisted. She carried a heavy jib, but abaft she had nothing but a shoulder of mutton sail, upon a rather tall and slender mast. Thus fitted out, she had occasion for but little rigging, and when her sails were lowered, she was, at any distance, almost imperceptible on the surface of the water. Upon all points of sailing she got over her distance like a water fowl; and nothing then floating could have come up with her, on any point, always supposing than it did not blow a gale of wind sufficiently strong to swamp her. She was manned with four negroes, and eight white men, all of them scamps and of different nations. They were well armed, or rather Morgan kept in his cabin small arms and ammunition more than sufficient for twice the number. Thus sailing over the beautiful Carribean seas, he was in no hurry to reach St. Jago de Vega, but wished to prolong his excursion.

Our hero was now really in love; with him it was no slip-slop sentiment; it was a mixture of pride, confidence, and luxury. And then there came upon him the reflection, why may not this last? We grow, the splendid Zoa and I, too dreamy and meta-

physical. We want action. I do not wish to expose her to peril, but it would be a treat worthy of the heathen deities to see her superb countenance in the enthusiasm of battle, or at the moment of victory. I'll just ask her if she would like to see a skirmish. I hope, and yet I fear, that she may say "Yes." "On deck there!" he shouted aloud from his really handsome cabin; "bear away four points, and trim your sails." At all events, it would not be amiss to look down upon the Spanish Main; I want to get acquainted with the headlands, and if we fell in with a sleepy Don——

In the conversation between our hero and Zoabinda, we should not do the lady justice if we burlesqued her strong mind and energetic sentences by making her talk the negro jargon; because, in the first place, she was not a negro of the coast, but one from Abyssinia, and born near the higher source of the Nile, and had the faculty of acquiring languages correctly; and, in the second place, she and Morgan always conversed in Spanish, although she had already made good progress both in English and French.

"My beauty-queen, put by your book and listen," said Morgan to her, leaning fondly over her.

"To listen! O how pleased is Zoabinda to listen when Henry speaks! I would never have the sound of my love's voice away from me, and it never, never is."

"My heart's tyrant! Truly this is a pleasant life. But we have been long on these pretty dancing waves; does not my Zoe wish for fresh pine-apples, and to gather the beautiful fruit? Really, at eventide the shade of the palm-tree is pleasant, as the sun comes aslant, wedded to the western breeze, over the sparkling sea."

"Yes, my soul's pillow; but you are here, and we are alone. Is not all, so far as we can see, our own, and have we not every day a new kingdom? Not even the cinnamon grove, nor the waterfall within it, would tempt me now, Henry. How free we are upon our own dear waters! Nevertheless, let us hasten to the land; I will dishonour you nowhere. You wish for pent-up houses, and the voices of men."

"No, my glory, for none of these. But I fear me that I may grow effeminate, my breath short, and my body encumbered with flesh. You no longer could love such a monster as a few more months of this idle felicity would make me. You shake your head incredulously, but my spirit wants exercise. Should you like to see me striving in the glorious tumult of battle?"

"Yes, yes—no, no; yes, for then my heart would dance to see you in the splendour of strength; no, for if you were hurt, I should pine slowly to death."

“Zoabinda, you are born to be more than woman. Dare you, would you fight by my side?”

“Injurious is the question, my gentle lord. If you be in the fight, there will I be also, depend upon it; it is I, Zoabinda, that say so.”

“Should you like it, my beautiful Amazon?”

“O Henry,” she exclaimed, flinging herself into his arms, and pressing him strenuously against her full bosom, “I am a woman, and yet, and yet, for only once, I think I should.”

“My own glorious girl,” said Morgan, returning the embrace as passionately, “you are now as much Henry Morgan as he is himself. You shall have your wish. Would but my luck hold, what an empire might we win, what a dynasty might we found! But the vastness of the thought must not dazzle us so that we discover not the humble means. Zoabinda, I must teach you the use of arms.”

“That will be so joyful.”

Books and pens were laid aside, and the rapier, with cork at the end, the dagger, pistol, and musket, were in constant requisition. Exceedingly expert she soon became with the musket; her aim was almost certain. Thus employed, the time of the two lovers passed most happily. The Spanish Main had now been some time in sight, but Morgan was careful not to approach it too nearly, lest they should fall in with some of the very numerous *guarda-costas* which were stationed about it.

But now his provisions, and his water especially, growing short, our hero was resolved to push in-shore, and gain, at least, a fresh supply of these, and trust to his luck for any other matters that might fall in the way. Having made all his arrangements in his own mind, he called his little crew aft, and addressed them to the effect, that he wished to know if they were cowards? if they did not hate the tyrannical and cruel Spaniards? if they did not wish to have a few hundred pieces of eight to spend when they reached Jamaica?—and if, above all, they knew and understood the laws of the brothers of the coast? He reminded them of the exploits of Davis, Scott, Rock, Brasiliano, and some other similar worthies, carefully leaving out L’Olonois from the list; and took care to tell them that all these men had begun with a vessel by no means so large and so well armed as the Owen.

The little crew grinned a horrible approbation at this harangue, and declared that they would go to the devil with him; and then, with much unction, they took the buccaneer’s oath, and swore allegiance to him. Morgan thus found himself, for the first time, the captain of a corsair, and the whole proceeding pleased his black half amazingly.

That very night they pushed in for the land, and made the shore in a small bight, a little to the eastward of the flourishing city of Carthagená. Here he hoisted Spanish colours, and told the chief of the village that his vessel was an advice-boat from Cadiz, with important despatches for the governor of Carthagená; and he demanded, on the behalf of the king of Spain, water, beef, and all manner of provisions, for which he very carefully gave his receipts; and, in gratitude for the promptness of this compliance, a great deal of fabricated news from Old Spain.

At daylight his anchor was atrip, and in a couple of hours he was far out to sea, under his two bare poles, and his sails upon deck, and thus nearly invisible until he was under the bows of any vessel that might come across him. Two days and nights did the Owen thus remain in the mid channel of vessels going to and leaving Carthagená, when on the third day at dawn, a ship was seen bearing down very carelessly upon them.

Morgan's crew were armed in a moment. Very imperative were Morgan's injunctions to Zoabinda that she was to remain in his vessel, but she was at full liberty to mark down with her musket as many Spaniards as it pleased her gentle bosom.

The men were stationed, and everything prepared for boarding. The Owen hoisted no sail, but, with her sweeps, kept directly before the stranger, which either did not see her, or, seeing, supposed her only to be a coasting vessel of their own nation, or a fishing-boat. In due time the sweeps were laid in, the ship grappled with, boarded, the four men on deck killed, and the vessel in possession of Morgan. There was no struggle, and but little bustle.

Just as our hero was going to cleave the skull of the Spanish captain, as he thrust his head, with his night-cap upon it, up the hatchway to inquire into the nature of the noise that had roused him, he felt his arm arrested, and, looking round, saw the disobedient Zoabinda by his side.

"Ah, Zoe, this is not military obedience," said Morgan.

"It is love's, Henry."

Thus the captain's life was saved, nor did Morgan much regret it, four lives having been enough for the satisfaction of his superstitious notions as to good luck. The vessel was found to be valuable, as she was laden with all that is prized in the West Indies. All the surviving Spaniards were taken out of her, some water and biscuit given them, with oars and a compass, and thus they were left to complete their voyage in an open boat.

Four men were left to navigate the Owen, whilst Morgan and the rest of the crew transported themselves on board the prize, which they very safely conveyed to Port Royal; which place, under the

judicious care and vigilance of Colonel Modiford, began to flourish extremely. Indeed so much had it improved during the few months that Morgan had been absent, that he scarcely recognized it. He was joyfully received by his old friend, the prize advantageously sold, and the proceeds honourably divided.

Henry Morgan now felt so happy, and so much at his ease, that for nearly a year he had no further inclination for fresh adventure, but lived a very wild life of gaiety. His lady became the wonder of the place, and led among the dissolute society of the time and place, without being herself the least licentious. To be invited to her parties was to be in supreme *bon ton*; and the fame of her beauty and her acquirements brought many visitors to Jamaica from the neighbouring islands. Through all this dissipation she bore herself bravely and with much propriety. Her taste was for the magnificent, but she displayed it gracefully.

So thoroughly satisfied was Morgan with his present mode of life, that, had his resources been equal to support it continuously, most certainly he would have sought no other. He cared not to interrupt it whilst his funds lasted, and when they were exhausted, he told his black beauty, without a change in his countenance, that they must now go to sea again, and earn some more money.

“I am so glad, and we shall sail about the open sea in our pretty little boat, and take another Spanish ship.”

“That we cannot yet do. Our pretty little boat has long been sold. I would not wake you, Zoabinda, from your pleasant dream sooner than was absolutely needful. You must prepare to obey other commands than mine, my princess. You must disguise your sex, and we will go roving together till fortune shall enable us to do as we feel we ought, and as now we cannot do.”

At the time of which we are writing, everyone in any command on actual service wore, in part, steel armour. As Morgan was quite in earnest that Zoabinda should share his perils as well as his pleasures, he had a light cuirass made for her, and a complete suit of strong leather that could resist all ordinary cuts with the sword. The hat of these times, with a gay red feather, a light rapier, a pair of large pistols, and the lady was transformed into a very dashing dark cavalier, a modern Juba. By this time she had learned to speak the English language with tolerable fluency, and could write with wonderful neatness and rapidity. We are compelled to confess that she also became accustomed to several things that are called excesses when practised by the weaker sex, and which are not only tolerated but encouraged in the stronger.

When everything they possessed, including some slaves, had been sold, the two lovers quietly decamped, Zoabinda disguised as a warlike young Nubian, the slave and secretary of her companion. They embarked immediately, she under a feigned name, in a ship that was not scrupulous as to the nation where she made a prize; and in her, and similar vessels, they passed the space of two years, both as officers, but in a subordinate rank.

We regret that all the contemporary accounts of the times furnish us with no clue to the actions of Morgan and his paramour during this time. History and biography are silent even as to the names of the vessels in which he served, for the only mention that is made of him during this time is, that "he performed several voyages with some profit and good success." However, when he was about thirty years of age, we find that "he had gotten a great parcel of money," but it is evident that this had been accumulated slowly, and that Fortune had not shaken her golden horn over him in any very sudden or profuse manner.

At length, being heartily tired of being subservient to others, and his reputation as a brave and steady man having become well circulated, he and his secretary, after a cruise, collected at Jamaica several brethren of the coast, and prevailed upon them to purchase a ship, and then to get himself appointed its commander, and Zoabinda as ship's husband, or commissary, or purser. He now, for the first time, saw himself the undisputed captain of a ship of war, with a warlike crew, well equipped for all purposes of defence and offence, and he soon turned his means to great advantage; for, on his very first voyage, he made several valuable prizes, and with them returned in triumph to Jamaica.

The sex of his companion was not suspected, for, as his mistress, she had led rather a secluded life, admitting to her society the first persons only of the island; and the people with whom she now associated were, as to rank and condition, the desperate refuse of all nations. We have but little time to dwell on the love romance of this biography; we shall, therefore, only say that Morgan was content with his lot, and that the negress enjoyed much more solid and much more exciting happiness than ever did any lady, be she heroine of novel or romance, that ever existed. She would have played a much more brilliant part in all the strange and terrible transactions in which she was engaged, had not her impetuosity and spirit of enterprize been quelled in a great manner by her submissive and all-absorbing attachment to Morgan. She was of incalculable service to him as an amanuensis, as well as a cool and clear-sighted counsellor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our Hero joins a notorious old Pirate—Does some very splendid Things with him—Morgan grows ambitious—And, like Sancho, of honest Memory, has an eye to an Island.

JUST at this time, there was lying in the harbour an old arch pirate of the name of Mansvelt, who was equipping a considerable fleet, in order to make some attempt of magnitude. This veteran confuser of the rights of property, seeing Morgan return with so many ships, cast upon him eyes of great affection, and judged him to be a man after his own heart, undaunted, cool, wary, and untroubled with conscience. Mansvelt, feeling that Time had taken liberties with his person that he would not permit that grim mower down of men to do with his mind, sought out our hero and his companion, and, liking them extremely, without any needless forms and circumlocution, at once offered him the command as his vice-admiral, and the lady secretary one of his finest ships as its captain.

The vice-admiralship was accepted immediately by Morgan, but Mr. John Smith (Zoabinda's sailing name) declined respectfully the command of the Water Serpent, preferring to keep her station near the new vice-admiral as his secretary.

The two admirals soon got together a fleet of fifteen sail, some of them being rather large vessels. This fleet was manned with more than five hundred daring fellows, principally Walloons and Frenchmen. In high spirits, and confident of success, they sailed for the island of Saint Catherine, not far distant from the Spanish main, and about thirty-five leagues from the mouth of the river Chargre.

They made their descent without loss, and very soon became masters of the whole island, with all its forts and castles. They destroyed all these defences with one exception, reserving only one strong fort, which they garrisoned with one hundred of their own men, under the care of whom they placed all the slaves taken from the Spaniards, at that time a very valuable booty. They also took a small island adjacent, which was so near to the other that they were connected by means of a bridge. They then devastated both islands, and, leaving the garrison under the command of one Simon, a Frenchman, they made sail for the mainland of South America.

In this expedition, short as it was, Morgan gave such evidence of skill, forethought, and considerate bravery, that he won, at once, the rough hearts of the adventurers. Mansvelt relied so entirely upon him, that the whole care of the fleet had virtually devolved upon his vigilance and his intellectual superiority.

The Amazon, Zoabinda, had remained on board, not at all

sharing in this expedition; for it was Morgan's wish and his practice to endeavour, as much as possible, to wean her from her *penchant* to mingle in any strife of actual bloodshed, and to avail himself only of her mental resources, and the luxurious solace of her tenderness.

Flushed with this first success, these wild brothers of the coast, submitting themselves to the strictest discipline, spread their small fleet over the placid waters, gradually nearing the coast of the Spanish Main. A headlong happiness was theirs, a happiness animal, yet strong and most attractive. The love of adventure is a most entrancing passion, and few who have once thoroughly indulged in it can ever after be brought to relish the calm pleasures of domestic life.

How changed now was Morgan from the wild Welsh boy, the victim of every fitful passion, shy and bold by turns, but every wish benevolent, and every thought generous! He now stood the life and soul of a great enterprise, calm, frigid, and unyielding; a calculator of human blood, and, above all, with the craving of a newly-born avarice strong in his bosom. All law of right he had discarded, for he had long despised it. Neither his means nor his ends were justifiable, either by the laws of God or man; he looked only to success from his indomitable purpose, and he obtained it. He was one of the true stock of which heroes are made,—when men are so senseless as to permit it.

When the fleet came down upon the Spanish Main, they seemed to have but little settled design other than that of plundering and burning whenever they came on the coast, which was a tactic of more danger than advantage. At length, they arrived at the river Colla, on the Costa Rica shores, intending to sail up from thence and plunder the somewhat considerable village of Nata.

But this wasting of their time and power in small attempts soon brought about the natural consequences of vacillation. For once, the Spaniards showed themselves active, and the president of Panama, being duly advised of their proceedings, levied a very considerable body of well-organized men, and with unusual promptitude set forward to meet these ruthless marauders. His approach only was sufficient, for Mansvelt and Morgan, knowing the great inferiority of their forces, very wisely declined the contest, and embarked, with all the speed that was consistent with the utmost caution.

But very little richer for the expedition, but greatly advantaged in discipline, and the faculty of acting in combination, the buccaneers sailed back to their recent conquest, the isle of St. Catherine, altogether very well pleased with the excitement of their foray.

Upon visiting their garrison of one hundred men under le Sieur Simon, as he was called, they found everything to their wishes, as this commandant had made good use of his time in the absence of his companions. The great island he had placed in an excellent posture of defence, and the small one he had so well cultivated with his garrison, that the fleet was, on its return, provided with provisions, fruit, and vegetables, not only in abundance for present refreshment, but there remained amply enough for a new voyage, so great was the fertility of the soil.

Morgan was quite aware of the value of all this, and Mansvelt perfectly coincided in his views, that these valuable islands should be retained as the sole appanage and under the sovereignty of the pirates—if pirates we ought to call them. At this period, the island was full of game, and was well watered with four rivulets, two of which were dried up in the greatest heats. The people by whom only it was inhabited were the white malefactors banished from all the Spanish settlements in this part of the world. It was the Botany Bay of that period. Now these gentry, *more suo*, planted only so much as was necessary to support themselves, leading altogether a very lazy and happy life, and, as they acquired no property, they never quarrelled among themselves. Thus, the immense resources of the place were never employed.

Here was a port, already well fortified, and one that a few persons could easily defend against any force that the Spaniards could bring against it; a port, too, that lay contiguous to their most valuable possessions, and that was so well calculated to intercept their trade. If the territory came to be more thickly peopled and properly cultivated, it would prove to be a most profitable dominion, yielding not only a revenue, but also recruits to the vessels of "The Brethren." Indeed, Morgan saw in it the nucleus for a future sovereignty, of which he had determined, at some future period, to possess himself.

With the understanding that the island should be theirs in perpetuity, the two self-constituted admirals returned to Jamaica, with the design of reinforcing the place, and to enlist people who would act as soldiers in defending it against any attack of the Spaniards. This could not be well done without the sanction of Colonel Modiford, for the measure was a bold one, the establishing a new empire in the midst of the West Indies. All Morgan's influence with his old and fast friend was unavailing, for the Colonel was fearful that it would displease the newly-restored Charles II., his king.

Independently of this, the force must come from Jamaica, then not too well provided with defenders, and the Spaniards always

wore a very threatening aspect towards his new government. There is no doubt but that his heart went fully with the scheme, but he pretended that it was too hazardous for him to entertain, or even to countenance, at that particular period; so, after wasting a great deal of valuable time in entreaty, Mansvelt and Morgan sailed with their fleet to Tortuga, to endeavour there to obtain the levies that were refused them at Jamaica.

However, no sooner had Mansvelt arrived at Tortuga, a small island on the northern coast of St. Domingo, than he died suddenly. Although he was well advanced in years, and led a most dissolute life, very strong suspicions were excited, that the young captain, or purser, Mr. John Smith, had hastened him to his account, for the admiral had barely left her apartments in the town, when he staggered, fell, and instantly expired. He had taunted her, it was rumoured, for her resemblance to what she really was—a woman.

This Mansvelt had been a great villain, and the atrocities he had committed had rendered him detestable to his own crews. But they relied upon his conduct and courage, and they would have followed Satan himself, *in propria persona*, had he condescended to command them, and displayed the same qualities.

The death of the admiral threw all things into confusion for a time, and thus placed Le Sieur Simon in a very unpleasant position; for he, remaining at the island of St. Catherine as its governor, and, hearing no news from Mansvelt or Morgan, became very impatient and much alarmed, and, it will presently be seen, not without sufficient reason.

The whole of Costa Rica had been placed under the command of a new and, while new, of course an active governor, called Don Perez de Guzman, who was anxious to signalize himself by some brilliant exploit—and the pirates had prepared one for him. He thought it not only inimical to the interest, but disgraceful to the honour, of the king of Spain, that the buccaneers should possess so fine an island as was St. Catherine, in the very teeth of his government.

The Don, however, was not too anxious to try his own valour, or put that of the troops he commanded to a test too severe, so he very wisely tried negotiation in the first instance; so he sent a letter to le Sieur Simon, intimating to him, that if he would quietly surrender the island to his Catholic Majesty, he should be well rewarded; but, if he refused, no punishment should be held to be too severe for him—for take the place he, the Don, could and would.

Sieur Simon was not much moved by the magnificence of this message, but was terribly troubled at the non-appearance of any

succours from Mansvelt, and saw no good to him or to themselves in making a very obstinate defence; but his own honour required some resistance, after displaying which, he yielded the place under the same conditions that the Spaniards had obtained from the pirates, when the latter made their conquest.

Don Perez drew up a most bombastic account of this capture, with which we have nothing to do; yet we cannot refrain from stating that it is one of the most ridiculous displays of *fanfaronnade* on record.

Colonel Modiford was also properly punished for his departure from that strict rectitude of conduct that had hitherto always marked his character. With a double dealing unworthy of his friendship for Morgan, he wished to gain all the honour of appropriating this island to his royal master, so, when he found the pirates were quite out of the way, he clandestinely sent a ship from Jamaica, with a new governor for St. Catherine's, plenty of troops, and a good supply both of men and women, in order to people the island with English subjects. Some days after the Spaniards had possessed the place, this ship, with the English colours flying, appeared off the port. The *Sieur Simon*, having learned by a boat of the vessel, which had come on shore for a pilot, and was detained, the plan of the English to supersede him, and having no remarkable kindness towards the people of that nation, was very easily persuaded by the Spaniards to go himself aboard, and conduct her into the port, which he did with admirable dissimulation, and thus the vessel and all on board of her became prize to the Spaniards.

The reader must fully understand that, at this time, the enterprises of the buccaneers against the Spaniards were connived at and fostered, though disavowed, by all nations. Whatever might be the state of the governments in Europe, whether at peace or war, their subjects, when meeting in the West Indies, became brothers, and were all alike banded against the Spaniards. They were the general enemy. That they deserved this universal hostility is certain. Their cruelty to the Indians, their arrogant pretensions, their endeavours to exclude all nations from even approaching the shores of the New World, and their bigoted pride, made them the general object of hatred. Some adventurers even made a fanatical crusade against them, excited as they were by the general execration—a crusade not of glory or of gain, but merely of revenge; and very horribly were the cruelties committed by Pizarro and other barbarians returned a hundredfold in all the extremes of murder and torture upon thousands of their countrymen, who were, to them, comparatively innocent.

CHAPTER XIX.

Morgan becomes sole Admiral—Equips a Fleet, makes a Speech, and takes a Spanish Town—Behaves excessively ill, and gets but very little Plunder—Returns to Jamaica, and hangs one of his Companions.

NEVER was Morgan's character seen to greater advantage than at this crisis. On the death of the admiral, the crews of the ships being principally composed of Frenchmen, or people from the Low Countries, were much averse to serve under Morgan, and to serve at all, until they had squandered away, in every conceivable licentiousness, their gains from the last expedition. Besides all these impediments to the keeping of his fleet together, we must bear in mind that Tortuga was a French settlement, governed by a Frenchman, and that thus the weight of official authority also operated against him.

With the ships unmanned, and most of them lying in the port dismantled, Morgan never relaxed in his efforts to get supplies of men and means, in order to secure for the buccaneers the permanent possession of the Isle of St. Catherine. He sent offers and letters in every direction, inviting the emigration of settlers, and depicting in glowing colours the climate, the soil, and the capabilities of the place. It was now that the talents of his disguised negress came into full operation. During the whole of the day was this female secretary employed in a correspondence to places in the world the most remote from each other. Her ambition was equal to that of her paramour, and her talents but little inferior.

Wherever the English had congregated, thither Morgan had sent his requests and inducements, and the more especially to those who had located in New England and Virginia, till, at length, several very influential persons, rich merchants, and others, began to take preliminary measures to forward Morgan's views, when the whole scheme was defeated, and all preparations stopped, by the unwelcome intelligence of the surrender of the island to the Spaniards.

The pen was hastily thrown aside for the sword. Morgan, by his vigour, soon equipped and fully manned his own ship, and then called upon every man who had any control to do the same. The example once set, and urged on by their poverty, first by the getting ready one vessel, and then another, and then by twos and threes, the port again began to wear a warlike appearance.

The fleet thus collected, as a matter of course, was placed under his command, and when he saw all things in readiness, he called a council of the principal commanders, and, without communicating to them his ultimate plans, he merely told them

that they must all rendezvous at a certain part of the island of Cuba.

As many exaggerated accounts and many inventions have appeared concerning the laws by which the "Brethren of the Coast" bound themselves, we shall state what actually was the code to which they paid implicit obedience. All the misstatements on this subject have originated from authors who wish to write dramatically, and are fond of making an impression by means of the terrible. Many of these misstatements are absurdly ridiculous, and totally unworthy of the gallant fellows to whom they are attributed. Piracy in those days was a very respectable calling, and those who followed it and those who benefited by it called it patriotism.

We will suppose that a fleet of fifteen or twenty vessels of various sizes be collected, and that an admiral is appointed to the command of the whole, whose power, being that only of opinion, is limited or despotic according to his abilities. When they are ready for sea, a council is called on board of the admiral's ship, and in this they first of all settle what actual payments shall be made, before any prizes be shared, to certain persons who may have embarked their capital and skill in the speculation. Thus, so much money to the captain, who was almost always the owner, for his ship, according to its size, but in no manner proportionate to its value, for a vessel worth five or six thousand pounds would gain the captain only about a hundred, at most a hundred and fifty—being something in the nature of a hiring of the property. The surgeon had always a salary, and about fifty pounds allowed for his dispensary, and the carpenter also wages, with a sufficiency for his chest of tools. For the payment of all the rest they looked to the old rule, "No prey, no pay," and they were paid in portions from the admiral downwards; a foremast man getting one share, and the officers many more each, according to rank and the written agreement. The boys had only one-half share each.

The unvarying law for personal injury was as follows: a right arm or a right leg, if lost, would entitle the sufferer to £150 sterling, or five shares. For a left arm or leg, £125, or four shares. An eye, £25, or one share. A finger was valued at the same price as an eye, and other bodily parts in proportion with this scale. All this smart-money was over and above the proportion of the shares of the wounded, and was always paid before a dividend was made of the general stock.

When the time of division had arrived, every person made publicly a solemn oath that he had concealed nothing, and the asseveration was hardly ever known to be false.

Generally speaking, among themselves the best feelings always existed. They were generous to each other, and, when the excitement of the struggle was over, always merciful to their prisoners, excepting those of colour, of whom they made slaves, and sold, as was the practice of the time and country. For a parcel of lawless vagrants, they really led very merry happy lives, and every man among them having reconciled himself to a short term of existence, they looked upon themselves every evening as gainers by one more jovial day.

Morgan as admiral, and Mr. John Smith as the captain of his ship and secretary, without meeting with any adventure, came, the first of his fleet, to an anchor among the Keys, on the south side of Cuba, a usual resort of pirates. The other vessels soon arrived, and now Henry Morgan, for the first time in his life, found himself in the chief command of twelve sail, some of them, however, being little better than mere boats, and of seven hundred desperate fellows, all in health, and inured to fighting both by sea and by land. He reviewed them on shore, and, to his great satisfaction, saw that they were excellently armed, every man having his musket, and many of them being well found in plate armour.

After this, under a spacious tent, the grand council was called, and the subject of debate was, of course, how most advantageously so gallant a force should be employed. Nothing seemed to be too difficult for them to accomplish. It was proposed to attack Havanna, the grand emporium of the riches of the Spanish West Indies. Morgan allowed this madness to subside of itself, merely stating from time to time, in his quiet and effective manner, the insuperable difficulties that such a vast undertaking must needs sink under. Seeing that there was now no other person ready with a proposition, he spoke to his officers and his comrades nearly to the following effect.

“It gives me great joy, O my brothers, to find under my command men who are not only capable of doing great actions, but also of imagining and planning them. It is most true, that with these rascally Spaniards we need stand upon no punctilio of cruelty, for of all nations they are themselves the most blood-thirsty and cruel, and by their atrocities have caused a white man in these beautiful islands to be looked upon as something worse than a devil. The plan of Monsieur Dunois, to seize, by surprise, the ecclesiastics, the women, and the children, in the city of the Havanna, and then to put them to death by horrible tortures to enforce the surrender of the citadel, is a wise and very virtuous plan, and every way worthy of the head and of the heart of a rightly minded buccaneer;—let me embrace you, Monsieur, for the mere con-

ceiving of it. It could not fail with any other people but these same wretches of Spaniards. I know their citadel well. It would require full fifteen hundred men to attempt it—and if not taken, we could not hold the town half an hour, nor retire from it half a mile, in safety, with our plunder. You might murder every priest, woman, and child, before the inhabitants would part with one single piece of eight. I have no objection to Spanish bloodletting, but to do it merely for the pleasure's sake, and at the risk of our own lives, is more, dear friends, than, as your leader and your brother, I can consent to. Here is my worthy secretary, a young man, yet of much good counsel, and by no means deficient of action—speak, Mr. Smith, has no plan occurred to you, by which we may enrich ourselves both with honour and gold?”

Zoabinda, who had been previously instructed, began to enlarge upon the wealth and the little means of defence of the town of Puerto del Principe. One of its greatest recommendations was, that, being remote from the sea-coast, it had never been sacked by the marauders; that the inhabitants always carried on their trade in ready money, and that its intercourse with Havanna was constant and profitable. As the people of the place were by no means warlike, the proposition was listened to with applause, and immediately adopted, and Morgan directly gave orders for every one to repair on board, weigh anchor, and sail with all expedition to el Puerto de Santa Maria, the nearest anchorage to the object of their plunder.

Close and cunning as were the pirates in general, they were unable to provide against all misadventures. They had on board of their fleet several prisoners; and a Spaniard among them, who had pretended ignorance of the French and English languages, plunged into the sea the same night that the fleet anchored, swam ashore, and gave the alarm to the town of Puerto del Principe.

The governor immediately called out the whole strength of the place, both freemen and slaves, barricadoed the principal avenues with felled trees, appointed posts at all defensible points, and placed several ambuscades, strengthening all these preparations with many pieces of cannon. Altogether, his force amounted to more than eight hundred well-armed men, one half of which he distributed among his out-posts, and the other he drew up in battle-array upon a spacious plain before the town. He had prepared a surprise for the pirates quite equal to that which they had prepared for him.

Our friends advanced, led on gallantly by Morgan, but they found the roads impassable, and that the defences upon them could not be carried by assault. The precautions of the Spaniards

turned out to be the safety and the triumph of the pirates. They opened a way for themselves through the woods, and thus avoided the ambuscade, and debouched upon the plain directly opposite the Spanish forces.

This savannah was a place upon which the horse ought to have acted effectually, and they were ordered to charge upon the buccaneers as they emerged from the woods. They were too slow in their movements, these horse, and allowed their enemy to form in good order in a semicircle, with their colours flying, and to the sounds of their trumpets and drums.

The Spaniards made several charges, in vain, to break their line, and they fell fast, for they observed that every shot that the invaders fired told. The pirates, by the means of advancing the right horn of their semicircle, with a circuitous progress, at last placed themselves between the cavalry and the town, and thus the latter were forced upon the wood from which the former had advanced.

The Spaniards were broken, the governor killed, and their rout was complete. They could not force their way through the wood, and were nearly all slain; whilst the loss on the part of the pirates was trifling indeed, although the battle had continued more than four hours. During the struggle on the plain, the foot, and the troops who had manned the out-defences and the ambuscades, had entered the town and garrisoned the principal houses, and from them commenced firing upon Morgan's men, who were now running up and down the streets, and were falling fast.

Morgan sounded a parley, and told the Spaniards that if they did not desist and immediately surrender at discretion, he would roast them alive in their own houses, together with all their women and their little ones. They submitted at once.

Then began the pillage, and its accompanying horrors. They enclosed every living soul of the Spaniards, men, women, children, and slaves, in several churches, and, placing strong guards upon them, kept them in close confinement. They then scoured the country around, bringing in many prisoners, much provision, and considerable booty.

When everything was found to be secure, our hero—yes, he was a hero—acted in a manner that admits of no extenuation. That the conquerors indulged the utmost license cannot, perhaps, be fairly made his sole crime, though he participated in it. Brutality, and the most unrestrained lust, were to be expected from those who, in the delirium of success, he only *nominally* commanded. But the ingenious tortures to which the Spaniards were subjected, in order to make them discover treasures of which they were or were not ignorant, must always be a stain upon Morgan's cha-

racter, and of a deeper and bloodier dye, when we remember that these Spaniards had surrendered with arms in their hands, as prisoners of war, and were fully entitled to protection and fair treatment from their conquerors. Every infliction that could produce the most excruciating agony was resorted to, and to describe which would not only outrage the feelings of humanity, but also the laws of decency. Let the reader imagine the worst that could be practised in an age in which torture had become a kind of science, and skill in it was all but honoured.

But not to the men alone were the horrors confined. The women and children, separately pent up in the churches, were starved. The scene was dreadful; many infants died on the milkless breasts of the distracted mothers, whilst many mothers, unable to bear the sight of their famished babes, dashed out their brains upon the altars of the Virgin, who seemed either too powerless to aid, or had deserted them.

The town was not so rich as it had been supposed to be. It was more an agricultural than a commercial place; the principal things in which it traded being hides, raw and dressed, an article nearly valueless to the freebooters. They had got all. Provisions also began to grow scarce, and they could not refuse to listen to this last hint, that it was time to depart.

At this time, the councils that actuated Morgan, as well as his conduct, were atrocious. Though he had drained the Spaniards of their last coin, he required of them, as the price of his departure, two ransoms, one a personal, the other a municipal. If they failed in the former, they were all to be deported as prisoners to Jamaica; in the latter, their town was to be consumed utterly.

The only reply that the Spaniards could make to these exactions, impossible to themselves, was, that they would go and seek for the money from among their fellow-countrymen in the adjacent towns. Four were permitted to depart on the mission, but, before they set out, Morgan held a court of torture, in which several of their neighbours were put in extreme agonies to prove to the deputation that the pirates were in earnest; and they were told that similar atrocities would be perpetrated daily upon other of their countrymen, and countrywomen, until they returned with the ransoms.

This was a practice of refined cruelty that could boast of no author but Morgan. The Spaniards, however, were as callous to the sufferings of their friends and relations as were the pirates in inflicting them. The deputies made but little despatch.

Our unheroical hero shared in none of the mad dissipation of his followers; he was moderate in his food, and extremely tem-

perate in his potations. The variously-coloured beauties of the place had for him no charms. The only passion that seemed to have unlimited sway over him was avarice, and the only relaxation in which he indulged was gaming—and he always won.

At length the Spanish emissaries returned, reported all their endeavours to have been unsuccessful, and demanded further time. In an unwonted mood of leniency, this Morgan granted, and promised to discontinue the tortures.

In the mean time, small parties of men made excursions in the neighbouring lands, and one of these, with considerable booty, also brought in a negro whom they had taken with letters about him, from the governor of Sant Iago, informing the principal inhabitants of Puerto Principe, “Not to make too much haste to pay any ransom for their towns or persons on any pretext; but, on the contrary, they should put off the pirates as well as they could with excuses and delays, for that, in a short time, he should assuredly come to their aid.”

This intelligence caused Morgan to have all the booty embarked immediately, and to intimate to the Spaniards that the ransoms must be forthcoming on the very next day, or the town should be reduced to ashes. This, however, Morgan knew to be impossible; so, concealing the intelligence that he had obtained, he appeared to relent, and mercifully to reduce his demand to five hundred oxen, with sufficient salt to cure them, provided that they should carry them on board the ships, which the Spaniards readily and thankfully promised to do. He then left the town, taking with him only six of the principal inhabitants as hostages.

The next day the Spaniards brought the cattle and the salt down to the ships, but Morgan refused to give up his prisoners until they had consented to assist his men in salting the beeves. This also the Spaniards performed; the hostages were returned, and Morgan, not wishing to be surprised, hastened his departure.

Now it appears that the marrow-bones of the oxen were too often bones of contention, of which the English were passionately fond. A John Bull stole a rich bone from a Frenchman, whose perquisite it was, he having killed the ox to which it had belonged. High words ensued, and then a challenge for a bout at the small sword. The combatants being arrived at the appointed place, we are sorry to say that, before the Frenchman could put himself on the defensive, the Englishman killed him on the spot, by stabbing him in the back.

At this treacherous conduct the whole body of the Frenchmen rose against the English; and had it not been for the presence of mind of Morgan, the pirates would certainly have destroyed each

other totally, or so nearly, that the remnant, and all the fleet, would have fallen an easy prey to the Spaniards. Morgan rushed into the *mêlée*, seized the assassin, and had him immediately bound in chains and conveyed on board of his ship, promising to have justice done upon him as soon as they should arrive at Jamaica.

This pacified the Frenchmen for the time, and they all sailed away together to one of the small islands of the Keys to the south of Cuba, where they proceeded to make the dividend of their pillage. The total amount of the value of their booty was no more than twelve thousand five hundred pounds, which caused a general disappointment and murmur, as it was by no means sufficient to pay the tavern debts of most of them.

Morgan harangued them, and did his utmost to persuade them to undertake some more profitable enterprize; but the Frenchmen had taken several grounds of offence, and with their ships finally separated from the English. This was done with every testimony of goodwill, and with all the external signs of friendship, Morgan, at parting, assuring them that he would see justice done upon the murderer. He kept his promise, for he caused him to be hanged when some months afterwards he arrived at Jamaica, which, Esquemeling very quaintly remarks, “was all the satisfaction that the French pirates could expect.”

This fact proves that our own countrymen, and their constituted authorities, looked upon Morgan and his associates, even at that time, as legally authorized warriors, for the law was exercised in their behalf in the condemnation and execution of an offender among them; thus recognizing the whole body as within the pale of the law, which would not have been the case had they been then regarded only as robbers and pirates.

CHAPTER XX.

Fortune again befriends our Hero—Is joined by a brother Pirate—Proposes a great Expedition—Succeeds, but loses his Mistress, and finds his Friend.

THOUGH the last expedition had proved so generally unsatisfactory, it had in various ways very much enriched the admiral, and again familiarized his thoughts to the founding of a permanent authority in New Spain. So occupied must we be with the public career of our hero, that we have but little space to bestow upon his domestic and more romantic adventures.

He lay for a few days inactive at anchor after the departure of his French allies; and much of this time he employed in endeavouring to persuade Zoabinda to depart in a small vessel, with their accumulated wealth, for Jamaica, and there to await his

rejoining her. But she was no less the heroine than he the hero, and she resolutely refused.

Like most, nay all men, who get rid of their religion, Morgan had, in spite of himself, taken in lieu of it some very strange and absurd superstitions. Though he had acted with an exaggerated ferocity at Puerto Principe, the wicked presentiment invaded his mind that he had not baptized his good fortune with sufficient blood. He also esteemed himself to be the bloodier the luckier. The dreadful fancy now came over him that, as he had not been sufficiently wanton with human life, it would be visited upon him with danger to that life that he most valued—Zoabinda's.

But she disdained such weaknesses, and resolved at the next encounter to bathe out his false impressions with blood enough of her own shedding: for, at his request, hitherto she had taken so much care of her personal safety, as a good deal to damage her reputation as the admiral's captain, and the commander of one of the finest ships in the fleet.

But Morgan had much more rational and serviceable employment in keeping alive the enthusiasm of his seamen. This was an easy matter, for they believed that to undertake and to succeed was with him the same thing. His language to them was, "My brothers, have a little patience; keep your arms in high order, and be obedient only, and I will soon make you rich."

His men believed him implicitly; and a famous pirate, who used to torment the Bay of Campeachy, being of the same opinion as they, came and joined him with three ships, unexpected and uninvited. This sudden access to their forces was looked upon almost as miraculous, and Morgan's crews were commensurately exhilarated.

Though the French had deserted our hero, in a few days afterwards he found himself in the command of a fleet of nine sail, of various sizes, from that of his own ship to some that were nothing more than great boats, the whole containing four hundred and sixty resolute and well-trained men. Having seen everything in the most admirable order, for sailing as well as for fighting, without acquainting any one with his designs, he departed for the coast of New Spain.

When they made the land, Morgan called all the captains together, and quietly told them that he meant to sack the city of Puerto Velo by night. An enterprize so very daring alarmed even some of these daring men; but he met their fears by telling them that, "as he had kept his secret, the surprise must succeed; that if their numbers were reckoned by hearts, they were not small, and that the fewer the conquerors, the greater were the shares of the booty."

Now, with the exception of Havannah and Carthagená, Puerto Velo was at this time the strongest of all the king of Spain's possessions in the New World. The entrance to the port was defended by two castles deemed impregnable, and so situated that it was thought neither boat nor ship could pass them. This place was garrisoned by three hundred regular soldiers, and the town was constantly inhabited by four hundred families. However, owing to its unhealthiness, it was not much frequented by the principal merchants, but served more as a storehouse for colonial wealth. The place was well filled at certain seasons, when the mules arrived there from overland, laden with plate, and the African company's ships with negro slaves for sale.

Morgan knew the place well, having often visited it during his captivity among the Spaniards. The fleet arrived at dusk at a small place, ten leagues to the west of the town, called Puerto de Naos. Up the river upon which this is situated they ascended so far as another harbour called Puerto Pentin, where they anchored unmolested. Here they took to their boats and landed about midnight, and then directly marched to the outposts of the city, at the first of which they surprised the sentinel, and bound him before he had time to discharge his musket. They then arrived unperceived to the castle that overlooks the city, which they completely surrounded.

Now Morgan made the sentinel hail the troops in the fortress, ordering them to surrender in silence, or they should be massacred to a man. Their only reply was the opening of their whole fire upon the summoners, and thus the city was alarmed. But the assault of the pirates was too desperate to be resisted, and the castle was soon taken.

Morgan, being strongly possessed with his bloody fatalism, placed every man found in the fortress in one room, fired the powder-magazine, and blew at once the castle and all the Spaniards that it contained to atoms. This was an awful announcement to the wretched inhabitants of the town of the horrors that awaited them. They began to cast their jewels and their money into wells, cisterns, and every place of secrecy that occurred to them. But the buccaneers had but yet begun their dreadful labours. A strong party was detached to the monasteries and nunneries, who seized all the priests and nuns.

The governor was not only a man of courage, but one also of talent; and after some ineffectual endeavours to rally the townsmen to defend the town, he retired with the bravest inhabitants, and all the military, into the strongest of the remaining castles, and from thence opened an incessant and destructive fire upon the invaders. But this fire did not in the least inti-

midate them, for drawing as near to the embrasures as possible, every gun that the Spaniards fired upon their foes below cost them two or three men, so excellent were the pirates as marksmen.

This sanguinary battle raged till noon; the various castles thundering forth their artillery, shaking the houses, and tearing up the streets with their heavy ordnance, which was unceasingly replied to by the rattling of the musketry and the wild shouts of the buccaneers. Morgan, always under cover, yet seeming to be present everywhere, attended by a chosen body of guards, commanded by Zoabinda, and that might be looked upon as a small corps of reserve, calmly directed the whole of the operations; attending to the various details with the collectedness of one playing a difficult game at chess—and a most difficult game it proved to be.

It was now full noon, and no apparent impression had been made upon the castles; and that one defended by the governor was doing dreadful execution upon the assaulters. It was in vain that the pirates endeavoured to burn the doors of the fortress with combustibles, for the Spaniards showered upon their heads all manner of engines of destruction. Even Morgan began to waver and deem his position no longer tenable. Longer to fight seemed but to be a more speedy means for the total destruction of all his force; to fly would be equally disastrous; and to remain where they were, impossible but as dead bodies.

“Captain Smith,” said Morgan, in a loud and authoritative voice to Zoabinda, “advance and receive orders. Come hither, my friend,” he continued, in an altered and very mournful tone, low in her ear, “these Spaniards have learned to fight, and I fear me that I no longer controul my own providence. One or both of us will perish; and yet there has been blood enough.”

“Henry! hero! and is our promised sovereignty to end here and thus? Amidst this din I tremble and know that I am a woman; I tremble, Henry, and yet burn to dare.”

“And you shall have your wish. These brave fellows murmur at their inactivity, and something, O my love, is expected from you in your character of my most favoured captain. Do you see that fortress that flanks Captain Staveley’s party? Its fire has much slackened of late, and through the smoke I fancied more than once that its commander has looked on the battle with his arms folded with a strange indifference. Take all this reserve and summon it. Zoabinda, go *with* them, and not *before* them; on no account cross this street, but make a detour.”

“Now am I again something more than woman,” said the Amazon. “You think me worthy to obey you, and I go to prove it. Forward!”

She waved her sword, and, like a true woman, did exactly that which she was forbidden to do. All the pirates had been standing, well covered by the porch of a chapel, but to cross the street directly was to pass in the face of the fire from the principal castle. This she did. She was in the midway when a shot struck her down; as she fell she shouted "Forward!" The troop obeyed her dying command, and left her in the middle of the street, and were soon at the gates of the fortress.

Morgan rushed out, and bore his victim in his arms to the shelter of the porch. They were alone, whilst the battle raged horribly around them. Never before did the negress's eyes display greater enthusiasm or a love more intense.

"My poor girl!" was all that Morgan could utter, in a dry husky voice. He was a man without a tear.

"A last gift, my Henry, a little water."

Morgan poured some spirits into her mouth. She seemed to be strangely invigorated, and thus spoke:—

"Your creed of blood has proved false—at least for me. It avails me not. I was born a heathen, I have lived an infidel, and I die hoping; and should die happy, Henry, did you promise me a Christian's tomb."

"I promise!"

She would have said something passionately, but the effort was too great; her wound poured forth torrents of blood outwardly and internally, and she died at once from suffocation. Her end was rapid, and a warrior's. Morgan placed the body with decent reverence on one side, and the next moment looked on the doubtful struggle with calmness.

As thus he stood alone in deep meditation, he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous shout, and the appearance of the English colours flying upon the castle to which he had sent his mistress. Presently after his whole troop returned, shouting forth victory, and with them the late commander of the fortress.

"I am right in my faith after all," said Morgan to himself, "though the blood of Zoabinda was a dear purchase for this success."

The lieutenant of the troop now made his report. He stated that he had summoned the fortress, the commander of which merely asked who was the leader of the invaders, and upon being told it was the renowned Captain Henry Morgan, he ordered the gates to be opened immediately, and to be conducted to their leader. And now they stood face to face, each gazing upon the other intently. At length the prisoner exclaimed,

"Henry Morgan, if you have forgotten Joseph Bradley, I have been a villain and a traitor most unprofitably."

They embraced each other affectionately. There was no time for words. The body of the negress was taken up and conveyed to the surrendered castle, and placed in one of the vaults, with a sentinel over it, ostensibly for the purpose of preventing it being plundered. The buccaneers were then all called in from their various points of assault, and only a sufficient number were left, well covered, to mask the three castles that had not yet been subdued.

There was now a cessation of firing, and Morgan employed this time in constructing, with all possible haste, twelve ladders, so broad that four men could mount them abreast. When this was effected he mustered all the priests, the nuns, and the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants, and placing them before his men, he compelled them, by blows, and the points of pikes, to carry the ladders towards the strongest castle, which the governor still held, and had so ably defended. We might exhaust pages in the description of this heart-rending scene; but we have so much of strong fact to recite, that we have but little space for amplification.

The governor, before the assault commenced, was again summoned, but he replied, that "whilst he lived there should be no surrender." The priests and women advanced up to the mouths of the guns, and were mercilessly slaughtered. In vain was the governor abjured by all the holy hosts of heaven by the priests—in vain were the hands of wives and daughters uplifted, the greater part of the supplicants were mowed down before even six of the ladders could be placed. Up these six the pirates then rushed with ruthless fury, bearing with them fire-pots and hand-grenades, which, so soon as they had attained the top of the walls, they fired, and flung down among the Spaniards below, and then immediately followed amid the slaughter and confusion that they had occasioned.

The resistance was after this but feeble. First the Spaniards threw down their arms by twos and threes, and then they all submitted with the exception only of the brave governor. He was determined to die then and there, and slew some of the pirates when they were in the act of offering him quarter, and some of his own soldiers for advising him to take it. To all applications and entreaties he replied that he preferred dying with arms in his hands like a soldier, to being hung as a traitor and a coward.

Whilst thus he raved and fought, a piercing cry was heard, and his wife and daughter, with streaming hair and bitter sobs, flung themselves on their knees before him, to spare their lives and his own. This only seemed the more to exasperate him, and they narrowly escaped death from his hands. At last his enemies were forced to despatch him, and he received his mortal wounds

over the heads of his own family, and died in their arms. The chivalry of Spain was not then all extinct.

After this the other defences submitted, and the buccaneers saw themselves the undisputed masters of the place and all that it contained. Night had now commenced, and thus they had been engaged, nearly without intermission, for the space of eighteen hours. All the male prisoners were placed in one castle, and the female in another, with a few guards over them. The wounded were flung together into one vast apartment, and consigned to their fate, being left not only without attendance, but also without food.

Having made themselves tolerably secure, then commenced the horrible orgies of the night, and till next day Morgan's command had virtually ceased. He knew this, and the then ungovernable nature of his men. But, in so large a body, some will always be found who, from motives of interest or natural sobriety, will still attach themselves to their commander, nor lose the respect due to him and to themselves.

Our hero joined not in the wassail, but sat sad and alone with his newly-recovered friend Owen Lywarch, alias Joseph Bradley. They met, both of them sterner and less happy men than when they were forced asunder so many years ago. They were far, very far worse; but in crime Henry Morgan had much outstripped his companion. Yet did he dare justify his conduct, and cite his bloody successes as proofs of the soundness of his doctrine.

The adventures of Bradley were soon told. He had been at first treated ignominiously, as a mere field slave; but his good temper and kindness of heart had gradually promoted him to offices of trust about the person of his patron, and, in the late surprise, the authorities of the town, relying upon his experience, and the character given him by his master, had intrusted him with the defence of the small fort, which he had at once surrendered to Morgan, so soon as he knew to whom he had been opposed. It served the Spaniards rightly when they confided their safety to a slave.

During his captivity, Bradley had little of which to complain, except his bondage. As he arose in authority he had freely indulged in the dissolute life then so prevalent in the colonies, and was now well prepared to run any course of desperation, provided that it afforded him the means of pleasure.

Nothing could more fully display the great change that had taken place in Morgan than that, though he offered, and fully intended, all brotherly friendship for Bradley, he no longer made him the deposit of his secrets. In giving his friend a rapid sketch of his life, he coloured all the actions that he disclosed much to

his own advantage; and when he had to speak of the redoubtable Captain Vagardo, he only coldly said that they had both been amply revenged, and that he had died miserably.

“And now, Joseph,” he continued, “I have a little affair to terminate, and then you and I will take needful rest, for to-morrow we must put these rascals under some discipline. Hark ye, how the beasts howl and shout. The women, too, scream awfully, but they are Spaniards, Joseph.”

“Yes, Morgan, but these girls are as near angels as we could expect to find in this hot place. I wish your fellows would woo less brutally.”

“Let them have their swing. Now I had a heathen dog of a young negro, who served me passing well, and I loved him. He was shot down yesterday, and, as he died, the whim came upon him that he should like a Christian’s tomb. By my red right hand, he shall not only have it, but a Christian’s and a Catholic’s burial, with all due rites of the Catholic church, in the holiest spot in this city. Which is it?”

Joseph Bradley was a heretic, and therefore it must not surprise that he pointed out a peculiar shrine, that was devoted to some now forgotten female saint, whose bones beneath it were looked upon it as sanctified relics. Morgan at once selected the spot.

“Here Roderic Russel,” Morgan shouted forth to one of his sergeants in waiting, “fetch me hither immediately three of the best-looking priests, and make them bring with them their missals and their incense-pots, and other mummary. And if you can stumble upon a brace or more of our pioneers who are sober enough to handle a pick-axe, have them with you.”

The trembling priests were brought, the body of Zoabinda was placed upon a bier, covered with a pall, and a small procession was formed, headed by Morgan. As they passed through the blood-stained streets, and among the dead and dying, many a drunken pirate scowled with astonishment upon the vision, but they knew the form, and recognized the voice of their general, and stole away abashed. When they arrived at the cathedral, approached the shrine, and began to violate the tomb beneath, the affrighted priests looked in vain to the arched and fretted roof for the avenging fire from heaven. They were each nearly as much a corpse as was the body before them.

They were told to proceed with the burial ceremony, and the dagger’s point had entered deeply into their bosoms ere they would obey. But the hope of life prevailed—perhaps some hope of revenge supported them, and, with their white stoles dabbled with their own blood, the whole rites were performed, Bradley

interfering every time that any alteration or omission was attempted. No doubt the priests did all this with many unspoken vows and protestations, and all manner of mental reservation. It was done, however, and the young and festering body of the black concubine placed among the few dry bones of the one held as holy, there to moulder away in moist corruption, until the whole should be an undistinguishable heap of dust.

The tomb was again put in order, and so little had it been disturbed, that none could have suspected the next day the profanation that had been perpetrated. When all was done, Morgan said calmly, but sternly,

“Captain Bradley, by virtue of my own authority, I appoint you to the office and command of my late beloved friend, John Smith. Have the goodness to retire to my quarters with these brave fellows, who will be silent about all the foolery that we have been playing here to-night. I wish to confer a little with these holy men touching the health of my soul. Leave me with them alone.”

Every body retired submissively but the priests. As Rupert Russel trudged on with the party he grumbled exceedingly, and intimated that it was all over with their noble captain since he had taken to prayers, priests, and mass hunting; and that, when any free brother of the coast began to think of heaven, it was quite time that he took the shortest cut to it, by walking overboard blindfolded upon a plank.

Captain Bradley felt himself to be too new in his authority to reprove the dissatisfied veteran, and they all retired to their respective quarters. The next morning the three priests were found in different places near the church with their throats cut, and thus none were left of the natives that could tell of the transaction. By whose hand they fell, was never fully ascertained, although many of the pirates arrogated to themselves the deed, and even quarrelled for the reputation of it. But, generally speaking, they had all been too intoxicated to make their accounts trustworthy.

When the marauders had departed, the shrine of the saint suffered not in sanctity, and quite as many miracles were performed before it as formerly.

Return we now to the pirates. Never before had they been so brutally immersed in debauchery; and so helpless had they become in their excesses, that, in the middle of the night, or early in the next morning, twenty resolute men could easily have recovered the city, and put them all to the death, we cannot help asserting, that they deserved.

But the next day Morgan was among them, and from his acti-

vity, the serjeant was satisfied that he had escaped the priests unharmed. The men were mustered in the grand square, and those who were yet drunk ducked into sobriety. Joseph Bradley was then presented to them as the successor to Captain Smith, and the few murmurs that were heard were soon overcome by Morgan's eloquence. He convinced them that had it not been for the new captain, not only would they have lost the town, but every man of them have perished. This reconciled them, and Bradley was welcomed with cheers.

Then commenced the methodical plunder of the place, which occupied the industrious gentlemen the livelong day, and the night was passed in much the same manner as the former one, a strong guard only being compelled to remain sober.

On the third day, the prisoners were racked in the usual manner to make them discover hidden treasure. Many died under these barbarities. And this kind of life they continued to lead for fifteen days, when Morgan and Bradley became alarmed from the diminution of their numbers, by the unhealthiness of the climate, and yet more by their extravagant debaucheries.

The president of Panama heard with astonishment all these things, and commenced levying the whole force of the country, about all which Henry Morgan troubled himself not at all. He could at his option either defend the city or fire it, and retire in safety to his ships. He feared only the climate and the suicidal dissipation of his men, and this determined him to retire at once.

Assisted by Bradley, Morgan safely shipped all the booty, and revictualled his fleet, and then ordered the prisoners that remained to ransom their town for twenty-five thousand pounds, a very large sum in those days. Two of the Spaniards were despatched to the president of Panama for this money, and he answered this demand by marching forward with all his troops. Bradley took with him only one hundred men, and, placing himself in a pass, he there beat back the whole of the president's army.

While he was reinforcing his troops and recovering from this disaster, he sent Morgan a message, that if he did not retire from Puerto Velo when he, the governor, came there, he would hang him up with all his companions. To this Morgan replied, he would not go till he had received the ransom, which, if he got not speedily, he would slay all the prisoners, burn the whole city, and demolish the castles.

The president's bombast having succeeded no better than his military operations, he fell into a passive astonishment, that Morgan, with only four hundred men, could take a great city, defended by so many strong castles well garrisoned with brave

and regular troops; the more especially as the pirates had no artillery, or any machine for making a breach.

He next sent our hero a message, requiring to know of what nature were those arms that made him apparently invincible. Morgan treated the ambassador politely, and sent him back with a small pistol and a few bullets, and ordered him to tell his master, "He desired him to accept this slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and keep them for a twelvemonth, after which time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away."

This civility the president returned, by sending Morgan a gold ring and the pistol back, saying, that "The latter he did not want, as he had plenty of weapons of his own; and he begged of Morgan not to give himself the trouble of coming so far as Panama, as, assuredly, he would not fare so well there as he had done at Puerto Velo."

While these two commanders were thus exchanging their amiabilities, the wretched Puerto Velians were ground to the earth, and crushed and tortured, until they had brought Morgan the entire twenty-five thousand pounds. When this was fairly shipped, and the guns that were of use taken from the forts, and the rest disabled, the fleet sailed for the old rendezvous of the island among the Keys on the south of Cuba, where quietly they might make the dividend of the plunder. They found that in specie alone they had to the amount of seventy thousand pounds, and rich merchandize worth fully as much more.

When they arrived, after the partition, at Port Royal in Jamaica, in the course of a month the whole of this wealth was squandered away in the most insane debauchery. Jamaica had reason to love these freebooters. We must, however, except Morgan and Bradley from among these fools. Though they both enjoyed themselves, they had ulterior designs upon which to employ their wealth.

CHAPTER XXI.

Morgan speculates for a Frigate—Succeeds, yet gets blown up—He equips a Fleet, and proceeds to his old Haunts, Maracaibo and Gibraltar—His wicked Doings at those Places.

A SUFFICIENT time having been permitted to the crews of the fleet to beggar themselves, and thus be better qualified for their vocations, (the time necessary was extremely short,) Morgan appointed a general rendezvous to all who were disposed to follow his fortunes, at a small island on the south of Saint Domingo, called La Vaca.

All manner of adventurers flocked to him in great numbers;

for the fame of our hero had now become most distinguished. Even his old friend, Colonel Modiford, smitten with the desire of rapidly enriching himself, and relying implicitly on the skill and courage of our hero, sent him a most valuable acquisition, in a large and well-appointed frigate, mounting thirty-six guns, which had just arrived from New England.

Hitherto all Morgan's heroic deeds had been effected by means of vessels miserably small, and this accession to his strength made him conceive projects of the most vast description. Being already so strong, he aspired to become stronger, by uniting under his command another large vessel carrying thirty-six guns also, that belonged to the French; but they, jealous of his renown and fearful of his partiality, resisted all his entreaties and blandishments to put themselves under his orders.

The reader must not suppose that such a man as Henry Morgan could be easily foiled. As persuasion had failed, and open force he dared not employ, he resolved to have recourse to fraud. Some time previously this French ship, having been long at sea, ran extremely short of provisions, and, meeting an English merchantman, they had taken some provisions out of her, paying for them, not in money, but by bills of exchange drawn on Jamaica and Tortuga. This having come to our hero's knowledge, he invited the French captain and all his officers to dinner on board his large ship, when he made them prisoners immediately as pirates, and coolly took possession of the French man-of-war.

This was a grand stroke of policy of the truly heroic caste; but as the most refined policy cannot always control events, this wisdom proved very disastrous in its results, and nearly terminated Morgan's career. These honest adventurers who so much hated pirates, and punished theft so scrupulously, having in a council of war determined on their future course of action, which was to intercept the Spanish galleons, they became so elated by their present success and their anticipated prosperity, that they resolved to commemorate them by a grand entertainment, in which nearly the whole crew got valorously intoxicated, and as they were testifying their elation by firing the guns, the ship was suddenly blown into the air, with three hundred and fifty Englishmen, and all the French prisoners in the hold.

About thirty only escaped, among whom were Morgan and Bradley, and most of the officers, who, being at the time in the after-cabin, were merely blown into the water, and thus escaped with their lives. Many of the crew might have been saved had

they not been so miserably drunk. Of course, this disaster was imputed to the French.

As this misfortune paralyzed, for some time, all Morgan's speculations, he made use of the time to get the ship that he had seized legally condemned at Jamaica, where the law not only approved of the capture, but very nearly hung all the captives that had missed being blown up. However, they escaped the gallows by being subjected to a long imprisonment.

The various accounts of Morgan about this time, though they all agree in their statements, we cannot exactly credit, as they impute to him conduct quite alien to his character. They state that, for eight days he permitted the four hundred bodies of those who perished by the explosion to float about his ships, and that only on the ninth day he ordered them to be picked up, not with the intent of giving them decent burial, but for the purpose of stripping them of everything valuable, and that, when this was done, they were left to the monsters of the deep. One so shrewd as Morgan would not so much have outraged the prejudices of the survivors.

At length they sailed for Savana, to intercept the plate ships, with a fleet containing nearly one thousand men, in fifteen vessels, all of them small, the largest being the *Resistance*, with Morgan on board as commander-in-chief, and Joseph Bradley as captain. For three weeks they ineffectually attempted to beat round Cape Tiburon, and they must altogether have given up their purpose had they not met with an English vessel, from which, for ready money, they purchased the necessary supply of provisions.

When they came to the port of Ocoa, they landed, and, seizing the cattle, had a fracas with the Spaniards, lost some men, and killed more, which resistance Morgan revenged atrociously, by sword and flame, upon the unoffending inhabitants of the country.

At length the *Resistance*, with only seven more vessels, reached the Isle of Savana; he waited here so long for the remainder, that he began to fear they had been lost. To wile away the time, they attempted to pillage some of the towns on the coast of Hispaniola, but found themselves too weak, and the detachment returned to the fleet with discredit. The other vessels did not arrive, and neither Morgan nor his men could afford any longer to remain idle.

With his eight vessels, containing about five hundred men, our hero, giving up his original intention, determined once more to visit the scene of some of his former life, Maracaibo. In all human calculation, the force at his disposal was utterly inade-

quate to the enterprise that he contemplated ; but where would be the world's heroism were not madness itself sometimes successful ? With his vessels, two of which were mere boats, after a quick run he arrived at this great saltwater lake, and soon found himself on the bar at its entrance.

Morgan now discovered that, since the last attack by L'Olonois, the Spaniards had erected another fort to guard this entrance. These forts it was needful to dismantle, for should they succeed in passing these inwards, they might well prevent his return. Morgan placed his little fleet in the best position, and commenced action as deliberately as if the stone walls he was cannonading had been as penetrable as the frail sides of his ships.

This action continued the whole day, and when at night the pirates landed they found the fort deserted, and a slow match in connection with the magazine burning away rapidly. It was Morgan's presence of mind and Morgan's own hand that, at the moment before explosion, saved the lives of the principal part of his men. This treacherous mode of warfare did not increase the love that the freebooters already bore to the Spaniards.

The powder intended for the destruction was now the principal means of the success of the invaders, as it was a material that they much wanted, and was immediately distributed among the fleet. They also found great abundance of other military stores. The guns on the fort were dismounted and spiked, and the defences dismantled as much as the time would permit ; and early the next morning the ships were ordered to proceed up the lake, but, owing to the subsidence of the waters, the larger vessels, small as they were, could not pass the bar, so that they were obliged to take to their boats, and, provided only with small arms, they arrived on the following day before Maracaibo. The town, and the fort that should have protected it, named La Bacca, were deserted, for at the approach of the pirates all, with the exception of some poor wretches who had nothing to lose, had taken themselves to the woods.

Being in possession of the town, every one took the quarters that best suited him, making the church the *corps de garde*. Then commenced the usual scenes of insolent riot, one hundred men being despatched daily into the country, man and merchandise hunting ; and daily were many miserable men and much wealth brought in. Torture followed of course. This continued three weeks, when Morgan finding he had amassed considerable booty, and that he was in possession of the heads of more than one hundred of the principal families, as he had done before with L'Olonois, he resolved to proceed to Gibraltar.

His fleet, which by this time had passed the bar and arrived at

Maracaibo, he equipped anew, increasing the discipline of the crews, and perfecting them in all warlike exercises. He then shipped his plunder and his prisoners, and, weighing anchor, he was soon before Gibraltar. He had previously forwarded a message calling upon the inhabitants to surrender, under the penalty of utter devastation if they refused.

On anchoring before the town, they were subjected to a brisk cannonade, which served only to make the pirates merry. At the break of the next day Morgan landed all his men, and the locality being well known to him, avoiding the high ways, he marched upon the town through paths in the surrounding woods.

Upon the appearance of the enemy before their gates, and under their guns, the Spaniards, remembering the last visitation, all fled without resistance, carrying with them everything valuable, and all their ammunition. They had previously spiked their cannon.

One poor idiot only was found in the place. The pirates, believing his imbecility affected, put him to the torture according to custom, when the miserable fool readily confessed to the possession of great riches, and led the expectants to a wretched hole, and triumphantly discovered to them a heap of trumpery. More tortures ensued and more confessions. The demented wretch then said that he was the governor's brother, and then they tortured him again, so exquisitely and so expeditiously, that he died within the half hour.

On the customary hunting party of the following day, a peasant and two of his daughters were caught, and upon the rack being threatened, the man led them to several places where his countrymen had lately concealed themselves and their property; but they, in the interim, having removed farther inland, the pirates were disappointed, and that disappointment they revenged upon their guide, by hanging him on a tree.

We blush to confess that our hero now seemed more a demon than a man. But we make no doubt, could he but be heard in his own defence, he could palliate his conduct, and prove that he was no worse than most other heroes.

Morgan divided his forces into different parties, in order to scour the country in all directions; but the Spaniards had grown cautious from former devastations, and had concealed themselves effectually from everything but treachery. At length, he caught a negro slave, and offered him his liberty, and mountains of gold, if he would discover where the Spaniards had hidden themselves. The slave soon brought the pirates to a large party of the inhabitants, and Morgan, in order to make the rascal more securely his own, ordered him to murder in cold blood a half dozen of

them, which he did readily, and with the appearance of great relish. The negro was then used as a bloodhound, and, after an excursion of eight days, Morgan returned to Gibraltar with a great number of prisoners, and several mules laden with treasure.

We cannot go into the detail of the atrocities that ensued, but must dwell on the subject no longer than to state, that everything that the mind of man can conceive that is revolting to humanity, and abhorrent to decency, was practised in the varieties of torture that were inflicted upon the prisoners, to make them discover their treasures and the retreats of their countrymen. These Spaniards displayed heroic constancy, and proved martyrs at the stake and on the cross to their sense of honour; and men who were too cowardly to preserve their wealth and their lives by gallantly fighting, died bravely rather than betray a single person, or surrender a paltry piece of eight.

We must record that Joseph Bradley took no part in these horrors, but occupied himself solely in his military capacity. Oppose them he did not, for it would have been useless, and perhaps dangerous; and as he cheerfully shared in the booty, we cannot exculpate him on any other ground, than that he was compelled to witness that which he could not prevent.

So little of discovery could be extracted from the masters, that the slaves were next tortured, and they died from ignorance as their masters had from obstinacy. One negro, however, acquainted Morgan that he could lead him to where a rich ship belonging to Maracaibo was concealed in a river that fell into the lake, on board of which were much wealth and many persons of consideration, and also to where the governor of Gibraltar had secreted himself with the greater part of the women.

Morgan then despatched Bradley with two hundred men in two large boats up the river in search of the ship, whilst he went himself with two hundred and fifty to surprise the governor and the ladies.

Bradley's expedition proved successful, for he returned with the ship and four boats with a considerable quantity of merchandize, and some prisoners; but he missed the gold and silver, and much booty in jewels, for all these the Spaniards had removed previously.

The governor had retired to a small island in the middle of a river, where he had built a fort. But his heart failed him at Morgan's approach, for he abandoned his very defensible position, and ensconced himself and his people on the top of a mountain, the ascent to which was all but impracticable.

It took our hero two days to reach the abandoned island. He

intended to have followed the governor, but misfortunes overtook him. In passing the river towards the mountain, many women and children, with some mules laden with treasure, were drowned, all of which the pirates had gathered up in their march. The river was overflowed, and flooded the country, so much so, that the chief and his men were forced, for miles, to wade up to their middle in water; the rains set in with violence, spoiling all their provisions, and rendering their powder useless, so that when they arrived at the foot of the mountain, they were nearly starved, nearly disarmed, and wholly disheartened. Indeed, they were in that harassed and pitiable condition, that fifty Spaniards, armed only with pikes, could have slain the whole of them.

Above them was the governor, with twice their number of well-equipped troops, and well provided with everything; yet he stirred not, for then even the whispering of the winds among the trees was sufficient to change strong men into mere children, so much had the pirates made themselves dreaded.

Though unmolested, Morgan turned back discomfited, and effected his return to Gibraltar, with the loss of all his booty and a few men. Nearly all the women and children that he brought in prisoners died rapidly and miserably.

After the buccaneers had stayed three weeks in the town, they began to think of departing; making, during all that time, the place a very shambles for human slaughter, and something infinitely worse than the commonest of stews for debauchery and obscenity.

As a parting token of piratical loving-kindness, they deputed some of their wretched prisoners to their countrymen for one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, as a ransom for not destroying the town. They returned, telling Morgan that the people were so dispersed, that at present the thing was impossible; but begged of him to take some of them as hostages to Maracaibo, and that, in the mean time, they would collect the sum demanded.

To this Morgan agreed, discharging at the same time all his prisoners that yet remained alive; fixing, however, a personal ransom upon each, making his hostages responsible for the various payments. All the slaves he retained, nor would he listen for a moment to the supplications of the Spaniards to deliver up to them that negro whose treachery gave him the clue to so many captives.

The booty being all embarked, they sailed for Maracaibo, which they found in the exact state in which they had left it, with the addition only of some very astounding and calamitous news.

CHAPTER XXII.

Morgan appears to be caught at last—Displays a consummate Judgment, and escapes victoriously, and with all his Plunder.

WHILST all these horrible events were passing in the then far west, the court of Spain, always acting with deliberation and gravity, presented excellently-worded remonstrances, one after the other, to the necessitous Charles II. of England, who continually replied that he had nothing whatever to do with Morgan and his associates, whilst at the same time he was pocketing his share of the plunder.

Acts at last succeeded to words. The Catholic king resolved to do himself justice, and equipped six men-of-war, which he placed under the command of Admiral Don Augustus de Bustos. On the arrival of this force at Carthagena, two of the finest ships were pronounced to be too large to be serviceable in these seas, and were sent back to Old Spain. Of the four remaining ships one was wrecked; and now with three, the vice-admiral, Don Alonzo del Campo y Espinosa, went to catch our marauding friends whilst they were entrapped in the lake; and when he came to its narrow outlet, he made a very magnanimous speech to his sailors and soldiers, making them pledge themselves neither to give nor receive quarter, and promising them the whole of the accumulated booty of the pirates.

The Spaniards had saved the artillery of the vessel that they had lost, and with this they put the two castles in a most formidable state of offence. Thus, to oppose Morgan's egress, there were three large ships, two of them mounting forty guns, and one thirty, and two strong castles, either of which singly, ship or castle, was sufficient to have blown all his small craft fairly out of the water.

This was the intelligence that met Morgan on his return to Maracaibo, which he immediately verified by sending two boats to reconnoitre. Now was there despondence in every heart but Morgan's. Even Bradley, without fearing, abandoned all hope. Their largest vessel mounted but fourteen small guns, and the major part of their fleet was nothing more than half-decked boats.

Well, to the astonishment of the Spanish Don with the many names, Morgan sent him a message, demanding a considerable ransom for the town of Maracaibo. This was commencing operations with a good face. As we have not troubled the reader with much official verbiage, we shall make bold to insert the whole of the vice-admiral's answer.

“ Having understood by all our friends and neighbours the

unexpected news that you have dared to attempt and commit hostilities in the countries, cities, towns, and dominions belonging to his Catholic Majesty, my sovereign lord and master, I let you understand by these lines that I am come unto this place according to my obligation, nigh unto that castle which you took out of the hands of a parcel of cowards, where I have put things into a very good posture of defence, and mounted again the artillery which you had nailed and dismounted. My intent is to dispute with you the passage out of the lake, and follow and pursue you everywhere, to the end that you may see the performance of my duty. Notwithstanding, if you be content to surrender with humility all that you have taken, together with the slaves and all other prisoners, I will let you freely pass, without trouble or molestation, upon condition that you retire home presently unto your own country. But in case that you make any resistance or opposition unto these things that I promise to you, I do assure you that I will command boats to come from Caraccas, wherein I will put my troops, and, coming to Maracaibo, will cause you utterly to perish, by putting you every man to the sword. This is my last and absolute resolution. Be prudent, therefore, and do not abuse my bounty with ingratitude. I have with me very good soldiers, who desire nothing more ardently than to revenge on you and your people all the cruelties and base and infamous actions you have committed upon the Spanish nation in America.

“Dated on board the royal ship, named the *Magdalen*, lying at anchor at the entry of the lake of Maracaibo, the 24th day of April, 1669. “DON ALONZO DEL CAMPO Y ESPINOSA.”

Upon the receipt of this, Morgan mustered every man under his command, and translating the Spanish to his hearers into English and French, he simply asked them, “Would they yield their booty, or fight for it?” In theatrical language, unanimously “their voice was for war;” when Morgan immediately promised them that they should have enough of it.

Morgan then commanded a fire-ship to be constructed, in the fitting out of which both he and Bradley assisted manually. She was disguised completely like a fighting vessel, having pieces of wood, with Montera caps on, and muskets lashed to their sides. Fresh port-holes were broken out, and mounted with contrivances to imitate cannon. The English colours flowed over her taffrail; and, when the disguise was complete, she looked like their best-manned and most complete man-of-war.

Yet were the odds so immensely against him, that Morgan made another effort at accommodation, and he sent Espinosa the follow-

ing proposals, "That he would evacuate Maracaibo without ransom—that he would yield up one-half the slaves, and all the prisoners; and that, finally, he would send home the four hostages to Gibraltar."

These terms were indignantly refused, and two days only given him to acquiesce with the Don's first proposition.

Nothing now remained but to force that passage that was not granted, and Morgan actively finished all his preparations. They made their fire-ship most complete. They bound and fettered all their slaves and prisoners, and placed them in one large boat, and the women and the treasure in another. The fire-ship was then ordered to lead, and fall foul of the largest ship. Morgan also exacted an oath from every individual that all should, like the Spaniards, neither give nor receive quarter; and in this desperate frame of mind they made sail for their enemies on the last day of April.

At the close of day, Morgan found the three Spanish frigates at anchor in the passage. He approached them just without shot-range, and anchored also.

The next day, at dawn, one of the most singular naval actions was fought that ever was recorded, whether we regard the skill or the courage displayed by the freebooters, to say nothing of the vast superiority of the force with which they were engaged.

Morgan steered directly down upon the Spaniards, the fire-ship leading, which immediately fell foul of the largest ship, the *Magdalen*. The Spaniards found out, too late, the nature of their enemy: the two ships were in flames in a moment, and the stern of the *Magdalen* being speedily consumed, she went down, with all on board, head foremost.

The second largest ship, seeing the fate of the admiral, was scuttled by the crew, and thus sunk; and the third was taken by Morgan. Thus, in an incredibly short space of time, was this large force destroyed, without the least loss on the part of the destroyers.

The waters in this part of the lake being shallow, the upper works of the ship that the Spaniards had scuttled remained above water; therefore she was burned down to the water's edge by her own crew, to prevent the pirate's recovering any of the treasure that was on board of her.

Very many of those on board of the *Magdalen* had leaped into the water, and these the freebooters would have saved with their boats, but they refused all assistance and quarter, and thus perished the victims of the oath that they had taken.

Elated with this easy victory, the pirates now vainly attacked

the principal castle. This they did on land, but these attempts for the livelong day were ineffectual. They repeated their assault at night, but with no better fortune; and at length retired from the unprofitable undertaking with the loss of thirty men killed outright, and of still more being wounded, the principal part of whom soon died.

Morgan resolved to trouble himself no more with stone walls that were too high for him to scale, and too stout to breach. The next day was employed in picking up as many of the poor wretches as he could find, who were still swimming about, or hanging on to planks and other buoyant articles. From one of these, a pilot, he ascertained that the two smaller ships contained silver to the value of ten thousand pounds sterling. He then appointed one of his strongest vessels to remain near the wrecks, and keep off the Spaniards, and then returned, with the rest of his fleet and his noble prize, to Maracaibo.

After refitting them all, he hoisted his flag on board the prize, which he named the Satisfaction; and when he found himself again in fighting order, he sent to the admiral, who had escaped from his burning ship, ashore to the castle, for the ransom of the town of Maracaibo.

Don Espinosa was as stern and impracticable as before his defeat; but the inhabitants, seeing no other means to rid themselves of Morgan's presence, paid him his demand of seven thousand five hundred pounds, and five hundred oxen. This they collected in the course of a few days; but as yet he would not deliver the hostages, trusting through them to get a safe passage out of the lake.

He then moved with all his fleet to the passage, where he found the ship which he had there left, which had already recovered from the wrecks fifteen thousand pieces of eight, much silver run together in masses by the heat of the fire, and many valuables of various descriptions.

But our hero had his most important work still to perform—to get out of the bay, and pass two well-armed castles, over a very uncertain bar. The pirates, being now so rich, were the more unwilling to run unnecessary risks, and they again had recourse to treaty.

A deputation from the hostages and prisoners was again sent to Don Espinosa, which most humbly entreated him to have mercy upon them, and save so many of his countrymen from torture and death, by permitting the marauders to pass out unmolested. To this the admiral, who had himself fled from his ship, sternly replied, "If you had been as loyal unto your king in preventing the entrance of these pirates, as I shall be in preventing

their going out, you had never brought all these miseries upon yourselves and your neighbours. You are indebted for all this to your own pusillanimity. For myself, I shall do my duty."

This reply brought forth from Morgan nothing but the simple rejoinder, that "out he would go, permitted or not." However, he spared his prisoners and hostages.

The admiral then made the dividends of the booty, and the unequally divided property was brought on board his ship. Each man having declared upon oath that he had concealed nothing, they found that they possessed, in specie and bullion, sixty-five thousand pounds sterling, and an immense quantity of the most valuable merchandize, and several hundred saleable slaves. After the division, every ship and boat possessed its due share, and thus the crews of each depended on themselves for its preservation, and all was ready for the start.

Morgan had now recourse to the following ingenious stratagem. The day before the attempt, he permitted the Spaniards, who were watching him so narrowly, to see him send on shore all his boats, well manned and armed; and no sooner were the people on shore, than, walking round a bush, they stole again into the boats, and, lying concealed at the bottom, were then pulled backwards and forwards to the fleet, parading themselves on going ashore, and hiding themselves on their return.

The Spaniards thought that nearly all the pirates had disembarked; they, expecting an assault in the night, or early the next morning, removed all their cannon so as to defend the castle inland, and thus seaward they were nearly defenceless.

When it was night, Morgan weighed, and, without showing any canvass, silently dropped down with the ebb tide, until his fleet was fairly abreast the castles, and then suddenly made all sail. The Spaniards were not long in shifting over their guns, and commenced, when it was too late, a furious cannonade. The plunderers had escaped with all their treasure.

When clear of all danger, Morgan returned the prisoners, reserving only the hostages for Gibraltar, that place not yet having produced its ransom. At parting, he fired seven shotted guns at the castle, the defenders of which were so dispirited, that they received the insult with silence.

After a few accidents incident to all who make their paths across the deep waters, the whole body safely arrived at Cagaway, then just beginning to be called Port Royal, in Jamaica, where they entered into the usual dissipations so characteristic of these gentlemen.

The other part of Morgan's fleet, which had failed him at the rendezvous of Savana, placed themselves under the command

of one Captain Hansel, who had behaved gallantly at Puerto Velo, who made a rash and unsuccessful attack upon Cumana, near the Caraccas, and in his repulse lost the greater part of his men.

The remainder returned soon after the arrival of Morgan, poor and humbled; and were subjected to the derision of the plunderers of Maracaibo and Gibraltar, whilst they assisted them to get the more rapidly rid of their wealth. However, a few weeks made both parties equal in poverty, and ready for any other desperate enterprise.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Our Hero marries, but does not settle—Gets official Rank, and assumes much State—Equips a great Fleet, and prepares for great Exploits.

THE last year had been a most eventful one to our hero. He had, whatever he might have felt, betrayed no sorrow for the loss of his black and beautiful companion and paramour. He never even betrayed the secret of her disguise until a few months before his death, and had quietly submitted to the aspersion being generally believed, that, being tired of her as a mistress, he had sold her to a New England merchant as a slave. But Morgan was a man who, in the latter years of his life, displayed no emotions save those which belonged to conviviality.

Always strictly attentive to his pecuniary interests, Morgan found a thousand methods of increasing his large share of the plunder which was so profusely accumulated under his directions. He had become immensely rich, and had purchased several of the most productive and largest plantations around Kingston, and his stern and active character ensured their good management by his agents, as well in his absence as when he was present. Added to all this, he enjoyed the affection and unbounded confidence of the governor, Sir Thomas Modiford, and was thus one of the most leading, and certainly the most distinguished character of the island.

It is true that we have not hesitated, hitherto, occasionally to term Morgan and his associates pirates; and they were so, strictly speaking; for their sovereign continually disavowed them, and they made war more like banditti and assassins than even the most unlicensed soldiery of the most barbarous ages. But the Spaniards were looked upon by all other nations as a common enemy, and a race who had, by their own cruelties, put themselves without the pale of humanity. Jamaica, also, was still claimed by them, and there were continual rumours of intended descents on the island, in order to enforce their pretensions. By the Jamaicaians, then, Morgan was looked upon as a hero and a preserver, and his inhuman tortures and his cold-blooded mur-

ders regarded not only as necessary but even commendable. Were not the sufferers Spaniards?

Henry Morgan was now at the zenith of his manhood, and almost of his glory. Handsome, eloquent, an accomplished courtier, an enterprising general, and a finished admiral, his company was courted by the great and rich, whilst he was idolized by the multitude. There was no better linguist upon the island, for there was not a spoken language, with the exception of the eastern ones, with which he was not acquainted, and he was master of most of them. He was a true and firm, although a reserved, friend. Joseph Bradley, now always called captain, was enriched as well as promoted by him, the latter certainly at not much expense, but principally by his interest with the powers of the island, who had then much valuable land to dispose of at prices well suited to the scale of recommendation.

Colonel Sir Anthony Morgan, the lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, had but one daughter, and she was "passing fair." Although an heiress, her beauty was not one allowed her by courtesy. She was young, and quite as much accomplished as were most of the ladies of her time, and much more so than any of the island. Morgan had contrived, how justly or not is of no consequence, to make it appear, though the son of a yeoman, that he was of the same family as the baronet, who had had but lately the title conferred upon him. Morgan wooed, and we suppose that his love was not a true love, for its course ran remarkably smoothly. He married as a conqueror shortly after his return from Maracaibo, and the whole island resounded with rejoicings.

By this alliance Morgan much increased his wealth, and ultimately inherited that of his father-in-law; for the good old soldier, being recalled to the service of Charles II. in Europe, lost his life in the Netherlands in a manner rather singular. Being remarkably fat, as he was leading forward his regiment to the attack, in the words of the despatch, "He bursted himself for want of breath, and fell down dead without a wound."

It is falsely asserted in Everet's baronetcy that he died without issue, yet the line of both the Morgans became extinct at the death of our hero.

This Colonel Sir Anthony Morgan was much beloved by Charles II., and by his merry social qualities had very much amused the gay monarch in his exile. As early as 1663, he was appointed lieutenant-governor and lieutenant-general of Jamaica by his majesty. Thus this appointment runs in Sir Thomas Modiford's commission when the latter was appointed chief governor.

"Into whose hands (Colonel Morgan's) we have put £3,000, £1,000 of which is one year's pay for yourself, and £600 to your

lieutenant-governor, our well-beloved friend, Colonel Anthony Morgan, all of which we have commanded our said truly and well-beloved friend to possess you of, whose person we do very particularly recommend to your friendship and good usage, for his merit and fidelity to our person." All this was written with the king's own hand.

Our hero did not consume much time in dalliance. The captains and his officers, and his now ragged and beggared troops, fairly beset him with importunities for fresh adventures, and long before his honeymoon had waned, he was again aroused by the clash of arms, and the note of preparation. But now, being a man of great substance and state, he resolved no longer to trust himself to the chances of war, without an acknowledged official rank; for though lately he had always been called admiral, that dignity had been conferred upon him by his own forces alone.

Sir Thomas Modiford was too complaisant not fully to enter into his views; and, just then, very conveniently finding that the Spaniards were organizing another descent upon the island, he proceeded to some very strong measures in favour of his friend. In conformity with the powers granted him as governor and commander-in-chief by Charles II. in the article subjoined, is contained Morgan's appointment.

"In accordance with this, at a council held on the 29th of June, 1670, it was resolved by the governor and council, that as the Queen Regent of Spain had commanded her governors to make open war on the English, and in obedience to which the governor of Cuba had actually made a hostile landing at St. Michael's Hole, that Henry Morgan should be made admiral and commander-in-chief, with full power to damage Spain, and all that belonged to Spaniards, to the utmost of his ability; that, as there was no other pay than plunder, the fleet was to have all that they could seize;" and there was added to this a very necessary proviso, that, "It is further ordained that no person belonging to the said fleet shall be molested for his debts."

Admiral Morgan had full powers granted him to give commissions, and to execute martial law on all under his command. He was supreme on shore as well as afloat, and nothing was left undone by Sir Thomas Modiford to make his situation as despotic as the most arbitrary disposition could desire.

He had no trouble to get men. Adventurers flocked to him in vast numbers, from all quarters. The buccaneers (1), properly so

(1) The buccaneers were men in a half-savage state, who lived by hunting the wild cattle, and drying the meat in the sun, which operation was called buccaning it. As many of these persons joined the pirates, in time the name began to be applied to these latter also.

called, hurried to his flag, and, though unaccustomed to sea service, travelled through woods and over vast deserts, in order to share in his exploits, and enrich themselves with plunder.

On the 14th of August the admiral hoisted his flag on board of the *Satisfaction*, his own frigate, which he had taken from the Spaniards in the Gulf of Maracaibo; and with eleven ships altogether, and six hundred men, he sailed on the same day from Port Royal, assigning the south side of the Isle of Tortuga as the place of rendezvous. When he arrived there, he found vessels of all descriptions ready and overmanned, eager to join him, so that he had not to enlist, but only to select and reject. Many adventurers appeared in armed boats, and even in mere canoes, so desirous was every one who had a roving turn of sharing the dangers and the spoil to which they were sure that Morgan would conduct them.

On the 2nd of September, almost all the musters were complete, and the fleet, consisting of men of all nations, was lying snugly at anchor in a harbour called by the French Port Couillon, nearly opposite to the Isle de Vache, named by the English the Isle of Ash.

Morgan, not thinking the provisions sufficient, and wanting intelligence, despatched his rear-admiral, Collier, down to the Spanish Main, with six vessels and three hundred and fifty men, in order that they might plunder the country in all directions, and carry off everything valuable, grain being their principal quest.

Collier made his way directly for the River La Hacha, with the intention of assaulting a village situated at its mouth, where usually almost all the Indian corn of the neighbouring ports was warehoused. The name of this village was Roncheira.

During Collier's absence, Admiral Morgan sent hunting parties to the woods of Hispaniola, who killed an immense quantity of cattle, and salted it, whilst the rest of the men were continually employed in naval and military exercises, and in making the various vessels of the fleet as complete as possible. Although he compelled the men to work constantly and laboriously, so great was his influence over them, that they did so cheerfully; and, owing to the joint exertions of men and officers, had they had all the convenience and assistance of a king's dockyard, their fleet could not have been more magnificently equipped.

In the mean while, Collier being becalmed for four days at the mouth of the river, he was perceived by the Spaniards, and they prepared to give him a warm reception the moment that he might attempt a landing, having previously, according to their custom, concealed all their effects. But the adventurers had their usual good fortune. Just as the breeze enabled them to enter

the mouth of the river, a large Spanish ship, laden with maize from Carthagená, was about to depart. Of course the ship and crew fell into their hands.

Although the Spaniards made a noble resistance, the rear-admiral, at break of day, effected a landing, and a sort of intermitting battle lasted the whole of that day, the Spaniards slowly retiring all the time upon their principal town. Here, having lost many men, and seeing the inutility of resistance, they betook themselves to the woods, and left the place, totally unpeopled and empty, to the invaders.

Collier pursued them through the town, but ineffectually; but, although they missed the belligerents, they fell in with a party of peaceable Spaniards, whom they made prisoners, and immediately tortured, in order to make them confess where the goods of the place had been hidden. Many who were unable to endure these tortures confessed, whilst many also died under them, either because they knew nothing, or preferred their wealth to their lives.

All this occupied the detachment more than fifteen days, during which time they had collected much provision and a considerable quantity of booty. When they were about to depart, they could not divest themselves of their old practice, so they hunted for and caught a few more prisoners. These they despatched to the hiding-places of their countrymen in the woods, in order that they might collect a ransom for the not burning the town of Roncheira; to which demand they brought back the answer, that they, the Spaniards, had been so completely ruined, that they possessed neither money, plate, nor anything of value; but entreated them to have mercy for the sake of four thousand bushels of maize. These terms were accepted, and in the course of three days the whole quantity was collected.

Thus was this expedition most prosperously concluded; and the ships being well laden with provisions and booty, the party sailed joyfully, and not a little proud of their achievement, to rejoin their commander-in-chief at Port Couillon. They had now been five entire weeks absent, which long delay had occasioned much uneasiness to Morgan and his associates, even to the degree of fearing that they had perished in some rash aggression upon the Spaniards, seeing that the place on which they were to make their descent was in the neighbourhood of Carthagená, Santa Martha, and other cities of great strength and military means; detachments from any of them being easily moved to cut them off, and cause them to perish utterly.

Again, other suspicions, not so honourable to them or to himself, arose in Morgan's mind. They might have been so emi-

nently fortunate and rich in plunder, that they had no inclination to return and make their respective shares insignificant, by spreading them out among so many comrades. Great, therefore, was the admiral's joy when he saw this large division of his fleet return with the increase of two noble ships, and so much that was necessary for the complete victualling of the whole expedition. We do not say much about the booty, for, though great in itself, it was but little among so many.

There was now nothing to be done but to apportion the corn and the buccaned beef among the various ships, in due proportion to their crews; and to visit each for the purpose of a last and severe inspection. Morgan paid an unusual and, to those whom it concerned, a surprising attention to cleanliness. He knew the value of health, and looked upon it as one of his strongest engines of war. Finding everything in readiness, he made sail for Cape Tiburon.

But whilst Collier had been absent, on the 30th of September, a Captain John Morris brought with him to Morgan a private man-of-war, the Immanuel Rivers, a vessel that had harried the coasts of Jamaica, and which he had lately captured. She was, though small, and mounting only eight guns, a very fine craft. Three French vessels also placed themselves under Morgan's command; and, finally, in November, seven sail more of English arrived from Jamaica.

When arrived off Tiburon, Morgan found himself in the command of a fleet of thirty-seven sail in all, notwithstanding that he had lost three, which were driven on shore in a storm at Port Couillon. Of this fleet the largest mounted thirty, and the smallest four guns; and contained two thousand fighting men, besides a great number of men and boys, who were to act as mariners exclusively. The expedition was well supplied with all manner of ammunition, including hand-grenades, fire-balls, and many newly-invented combustibles, now entirely forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Morgan's Preparations on a grand Scale—Some Insight into the State of his Mind, and several important Conversations.

WE are now approaching the most glorious of Morgan's actions, one which equals anything on record for military conduct and successful daring. We will not exempt even the great achievements of antiquity. No doubt but that this brilliant act was suggested by unworthy motives, and effected and disgraced by cruelty, and all that makes war inglorious, even to the brave and the successful. Cruelty does not always ally itself to cowardice; too often she chooses courage for her companion, and the union begets

villanies and horrors which humanity shudders to record. No body of men on record showed more courage than that which Morgan led triumphantly across the isthmus of Darien; and if any have been more cruel, history has not yet mentioned them in all her voluminous pages.

We now behold Morgan the soul and life of a numerous and gallant fleet, the vessels of which were, it is true, but small, but they were manned by daring beings, who knew how to die, and even in death to make their party victorious.

After having taken in fresh water and wood at the Cape, the admiral made the signal to heave to, and immediately after that the whole thirty-seven of his captains, and his rear and vice-admirals, should repair on board his own ship, the Satisfaction. Motley was the group of those stern dark men who obeyed this call. They had not then the distinctions of uniform, but each commander arrayed himself in a manner as warlike as his means afforded, or his taste dictated. Now these warriors looked upon themselves less as sailors than soldiers; and but four of them appeared before their admiral who were not partially armed in plate armour. They were truly a rugged-looking band, wild, hirsute, and grand, with a sort of banditti-like ferocity of deportment.

Now, by the tenor of his commission, Henry Morgan was appointed, by the king's representative, not only admiral, but general of this formidable expedition, and with full authority to grant all manner of commissions under him. But he was, in the first instance, to get them all to sign a new paction, Morgan thinking the old buccaneering laws not sufficiently just—especially to himself. When they had all assembled under the awning of his quarter-deck, he, after an insinuating speech, full of mildness, and brilliant with the loftiest expressions of honour, justice, and humanity, offered the whole fleet, through their representatives there assembled, the following conditions:—

That, firstly, he, Morgan, as commander-in-chief, should have the one fourth part, sole and undivided, of the whole of the plunder that should be made; and that each captain should have, according to the size of his vessel, eight, ten, or twelve shares of the value of the shares of each individual, besides his own individual share.

The man who first planted the English flag on either ship or fort of the enemy should have ten pounds sterling.

He who took a prisoner, when intelligence was required, should have twenty pounds.

Every grenadier should have one pound for every grenade that he could contrive to fling into a fort.

Whoever, at the risk of his life, should take prisoner an officer of distinction, should have his ransom.

The loss of two legs was to be compensated for by the receipt of three hundred and fifteen pounds sterling, or fifteen slaves, if there were sufficient, at the choice of the maimed persons.

The loss of both arms entitled the sufferer to four hundred and twenty-five pounds, or eighteen slaves.

One leg or arm, without distinction of right or left, five hundred crowns, or six slaves; of one eye, one hundred, or one slave; for total blindness, two thousand, or twenty slaves; for a finger, one hundred, or one slave. Should any member of the body be disabled, without being taken off, the same indemnity as if it had been actually lost. Should any one be so grievously wounded in the body as to require the afflicted person to use a crutch, he was to receive four hundred crowns, or four slaves.

All these indemnities were to be independent of the patient's individual share of the booty, and to be faithfully paid before any division should be made of the plunder.

These regulations were certainly liberal and fair, as the admiral's eyesight and limbs were valued at the same price as those of the meanest ship-boy. In this respect we might take a useful hint from these buccaneers.

There was also another new regulation proposed, which was, that the first ship who boarded a prize of greater value than ten thousand crowns, that ship should have one thousand to itself, and then to share afterwards equally with the whole fleet.

The other regulations were just the same as those which we have mentioned before.

To all these propositions the various commanders agreed with acclamations, and the assent to each was marked with a deep draught of wine, and a resounding hurrah.

After all those who could write had put their names, and those who could not their cross, to this charter-party, the more efficient ceremony took place of granting regular commissions to every one of the captains who had till then been without them. Then followed the solemn oath of fidelity to Morgan, as admiral and general, which contained an especial clause that the jurors would obey him in every particular, and never question the justice or the legality of any order that he should hereafter give. The whole day's proceedings terminated with a naval dinner.

Sailing now under regular commissions, and as part of the naval power of Great Britain, Morgan proceeded to remodel his fleet. This he divided into two lines, and in his own ship, as full admiral, he hoisted a red flag, with a white cross, at his main, and thus led the weather line of battle. Each ship of this line carried on the peak of her mizen the same red flag crossed with

white, and at her bowsprit, and on the short upright mast upon it, the king's royal standard.

The white line was led by Joseph Bradley, who was appointed vice-admiral, with also the military rank of colonel. He bore at his main a white flag, with three little red squares in one of its corners; and each ship of his lee division carried the same flag at her mizen, and the royal standard at her bowsprit, like the other line. Besides the vice-admiral, each line had its rear-admiral; all these admirals having military rank.

Morgan then gave out to his commanders private signals, and signals for manœuvres, both by night and by day; in fine, he put his fleet in better organization than ever was practised or even known before; and the thirty-seven vessels of which it was composed acted with as much unity as the same number of men would have done when formed into a company under the command of an experienced captain.

All this brave and gallant armament did not prevent Henry Morgan from fully sharing in the misgivings of his friend, Sir Thomas Modiford. They had prepared for war on a great scale, on their own responsibility, and for war, too, upon the subjects of a power with whom his royal master and his nation were on the most friendly terms. Pretences now became of infinite value; for the unauthorized and petty aggressions committed by a few pirates, not English, on the coast of Jamaica, could hardly afford a justification for an invasion of the Spanish territory upon a vast scale, and with all the solemn pomp of a declared state of war.

Lucky, therefore, was it both for Morgan and Modiford, that on board of one of the prizes that Rear-admiral Collier brought from La Hacha, among his prisoners were two persons who were induced to swear as follows :—

“Nov. 29, 1670.

“The deposition of Marcus de Cuba, Spaniard, master pilot of the Galerdeene prize, born at the Grand Canaries, aged forty-seven, or thereabouts, being disposeth, saith,

“That he did see the people at Carthagená listed, and all in arms offensive against the English. And further saith, that several Spanish ships have had, and now have, commissions from the president of Panama, Don Juan Perez de Guzman; and that they have taken several Englishmen, and that the Spaniards have great encouragement against the island of Jamaica, and the more by reason of a fleet fitted out of Old Spain for these parts, under the command and conduct of one Don Alonzo, and further saith not.

“Sworn the day and year above written, *coram*

“HENRY MORGAN,

“*And the rest of the officers of the fleet.*”

The other deposition, of one Lucas Perez, was a little more explicit. He swore not only as the other did, but moreover that there were two ships fitted out against Jamaica, one with eighteen, and the other with twelve guns; and also that the president of Panama had granted several commissions against the English, by virtue of which several English ships had been taken. This was sworn as above.

These documents were immediately despatched to Sir Thomas Modiford, and were looked upon as very fortunate accidents. Morgan did not fail to make them public throughout his fleet, and endeavoured to instil into the minds of all under his command that they were now engaged in just and legitimate war, and that they should behave themselves with all the courage and dignity of soldiers fighting the cause of their lawful king.

The same evening he held another council of war, to deliberate upon the expediency of departing from the instructions of the governor.

All these affairs having been thus arranged, the captains, as usual, dined with the admiral, or at least those of them who commanded the principal ships; the evening was consumed in the usual jollity. When they were about to depart to their respective ships, Morgan retained Bradley; and thus, at about the eighth hour of the evening, the two friends found themselves alone over some excellent Xeres wine, for which our hero had more than a hero's fondness.

"Vice-admiral and Colonel Bradley, I have much pleasure in drinking your health, for the first time, as an officer of his Majesty Charles II.," said Morgan, with mock gravity.

"I return you the pledge with all my heart, admiral and general," answered Bradley. "But think you that we shall fight the better for the royal commission?"

"It can make no difference to you and me, Bradley; our courage is not a virtue that can be altered by such trivial circumstances. But the rest of us will fight much the worse. There is no cry so inspiring as 'Victory or the gallows!' We are now secure from the latter; but I will place my ban-dogs in such a predicament that it shall be for them either victory, or something worse than the gibbet. Joseph, this shall be our last cruise. What say you to the repurchasing our old estate at Barbadoes?"

"With all my heart, Hal, and when we have made our single thousands tens, hurrah for Wales, the mountains, and the old castle!"

"For you, if you will, and all happiness go with you. My fate is cast in these climates. My young and gentle wife could not exist in the chilling mists of our native land—and I fear me,

Joseph, nor myself either. My bodily strength seems waning. and my thirst is excessive and continual. Pass the goblet. This thirst is pleasant, however."

"Well, Morgan, I must be free to say, that lately you have not worn so well as those who love you could wish. A married man should lead a more regular life."

"And I will—but yet a little while. Do you know, Joseph, that to keep up even a show of happiness and content, I am obliged continually to keep my eyes fixed upon my success in life, my position, and my fame. How hollow is prosperity when it is fully attained!"

"Not if justly attained. Pardon, admiral, my bluntness."

"I do, Joseph. What did we attain when we were just and virtuous? There is no human felicity but in excitement."

"And are your notions on spiritual matters still unchanged?"

"Completely the same. Man is his own providence. And yet there is a fate, that is not yet unerring. Did you feel hurt, Bradley, at my sending Collier instead of yourself in the La Hacha expedition?"

"Not a whit, Morgan. You thought him as brave and more skilful than myself?"

"Neither, my gallant friend, neither. I only knew him to be more cruel. I intend this to be the most splendid and the most successful, as it shall be the last, of my efforts. You know my old doctrine—to baptize it in blood. You shrink from torturing these Spaniards. You can conquer them more expeditiously than Collier—but for the thumb-screw, the slow fire, and the severing of limbs, ah, Bradley, you would have brought back to the fleet little else than glory."

"I can't help it. But will you indemnify me on the next occasion? As your second in command, I have a right to ask the post of honour."

"It is yours—and now to business. Could I but get a firm grasp upon St. Catherine's, and from thence a small holding on the Spanish Main, what say you to a new empire in the new world? I could defend what I had acquired—and extend it too; yes, Bradley, from shore to shore, and from north to south."

"To what purpose, my friend? You are childless, and, from the delicate state of your lady's health, likely to remain so."

"Despotic sovereigns can bend laws and make them."

"Then, with these ideas, I am not with you."

"I feared so, and yet I am glad of it. There *was* a kindred soul. But let us mind the present. My design is on Panama."

"Panama!" said Bradley, starting with astonishment. "Will your ships navigate the air? or are you so mad as to think we could double Cape Horn?"

“Neither; and yet, trust me, I will get to Panama. Who, think you, is now the president?”

“We all know who—Don Perez de Guzman—a careful commander, and a very valiant man.”

“This careful commander and very valiant man is the only brother to Don Alonzo de Guzman, whom I fished off the wreck in Cardigan Bay. May not Don Alonzo be there also?”

“And his wife—the beautiful Lynia?”

“And if she be!—ah, and if she be!”

“And if she be, Mrs. Morgan will no less certainly be at Jamaica.”

“Misery! but what is she to me, when I think of the grand purposes of my life?”

Bradley smiled bitterly, and thought, can this man be a hero, when he regards adultery, and probably rape, as the great purposes of his life. He spoke not his reflections; Morgan guessed them, however.

“Come, Bradley, think not meanly of me. I will always care for and cherish Amelia Morgan—poor frail thing! But you know the latitude allowed to morals in these parts, and that I am at best but a brave buccaneer. As such she married me. And neither Don Alonzo nor his lady may be at Panama. But you remember my warrior gage that I made to this far-famed president. I promised to be with him before twelve months had elapsed, and time ebbs rapidly. I will be there—and should I meet this Alonzo, you must not be surprised if I remember who it was that cast me out upon the world, and made me the pirate and the desperado that people choose to call me.”

“You would not harm a hair of his head, were he now chained at your feet.”

“Would I not? Ah, well—but his wealth—his wife?”

“You would hold them sacred.”

“Let us now talk of less romantic matters. I cannot avow some of my motives for wishing to capture Panama; but there are many that are good and justifiable. We must put by the governor’s instructions, and, for the present, leave Cuba alone. You must manage the matter for me, and propose Panama as our destination. I shall appear to give a cold assent to the idea—I would rather have it appear that I was overruled. The wealth of the place is enormous.”

“And a more fitting destination could not be found for our gallant force; there is but one obstacle, the difficulty of getting there.”

“Leave that to me, my dear friend; early to-morrow we will go again through the forms of a council of war.”

During this conversation the two friends had drunk freely, and now, in the pause of their conversation, neither seemed to wish, for a long space, to break the silence. The lamp that swung above their heads had been neglected, and, for want of being trimmed, burned dimly. The ship was stealing slowly through the water, and the heat was oppressive.

The frequent libations had a little disordered the imaginations of the two adventurers, and in their fitful moods both fell into a profound melancholy. At length Bradley said, in a low and solemn voice,

“Henry Morgan, how many men have you slain in your brief lifetime?”

“How mean you, Joseph Bradley? As a commander, and by the hands of others, some thousand—or perhaps two.”

“With your own hand?”

“Perhaps forty.”

“Fairly in fight?”

“Fairly in fight—by sword, musket, or pistol.”

“And how many have you murdered?”

“It is a rash question—I never murdered. Men have died under the torture when they were obstinate; but this was not murder—it was retaliation, and they were Spaniards. And some who bore their tortures ill I have slain; but this was not murder, but mercy. Three or four I have circumvented unto the death—neither were they murders; they were but duels—for to the death they were endeavouring to circumvent me, or had put upon me injuries worse than death itself.”

“It is lucky for you, Henry,” said Bradley, mournfully, “that you believe yourself your own providence—I mean in this life. But do you think that you will die quietly in your bed?”

“I firmly believe that I shall. Another cup—you view these matters too gloomily. Could any death have been too horrible for the treacherous, youth-entrapping, man-dealing Vagardo?”

“I think not, if inflicted by the arm of justice.”

“You mean of the law?”

Joseph Bradley nodded assent.

“Suppose, then, that the arm of the law be powerless; has not natural justice a right to wield her two-edged sword?”

“What is just is just—what is not is not; it is a foolish reply, but I can argue the point no farther. Strange tales are told, Henry, of that same wretch, Vagardo.”

“Well, when next the subject is mentioned, say this to the gaping fools—that both Vagardo and Mandeville fell victims to their own avarice. Say that they stole from me, Henry Morgan, as I slept, a Dutch method of refining sugar; and that, being

impatient to try the recipe, they repaired at midnight to their large boiling copper, and, being too intent upon the operations, the fumes of some of the powerful ingredients affected their senses, and they fell in, and died in agonies. Were we not revenged deliciously, brother Joseph? After all, you see that there is a providence that watches over the fate of good little boys, and will not suffer them to be kidnapped with impunity."

"This mockery, Morgan, is almost as horrible as the death of the wretch. I mistrust you in this, and shudder—you will *not* die in your bed!"

"Never mind, Joseph; you suppose that you will. Should you like to try the question by divination. Such foolery may amuse you. To me, who fancy that, under certain restrictions, I control my own fate, these things are very laughable. I have an obie man on board. As honest Shakspeare says, if you are willing, Now you shall know all that you're like to know."

"I confess to you, Morgan, that my spirits are much saddened. I am evidently now stronger in body, and more robust in health, than you; yet you seem confident, and joyous as one who sees before him a long prospect of happiness. We shall have but few more opportunities of confidential intercourse; let us then make the most of our present opportunity. It is now nearly thirteen years since we left our home: know you anything of the fate of our parents?"

"What are thirteen years, Joseph, to hale and stout men in the healthful climate of the Welsh coast? Both of our parents, doubtlessly, are living and well, and but too happy in hearing nothing of their reprobate sons. Your father's pension is, I am sure, regularly paid; he not only harps it, but kings it to a better tune in the old castle. My three brothers are, I am sure, strapping and tall men of their inches, and speak excellent Welsh; sorry, indeed, would they be to hear of the existence of brother Harry. Have no misgivings on that head."

"But, should anything fatal occur to me in this expedition, will you see to the comfort of my old father? The times are troublesome, and remittances to him from Sir George Glenllyn or his daughter may be difficult, and must be precarious. Will you do this, Hal?"

"Now, if I thought that our trip would hazard your dear life, I would haul up for St. Jago in Cuba directly."

"It matters little where; the ball will find me by which I am to die, were I to go to the extremities of the earth."

"That is just saying nothing. Assuredly, I will have a care for your father, though it little needs; for is not my father near him? Cheer up, and we will have the obie man in."

“Just as you will. Idleness of one sort is no worse than that of another. I acknowledge the challenge.”

Both then drank deeply, and by far more than was consistent with prudence, but very proper for those who were about to have their fortunes told.

Obediently to Morgan's summons, a strong and tall negro, about fifty years of age, and with a hideous villanous countenance, made his appearance. He was sly and yet ferocious in his look, and advanced towards the admiral with a familiar grin, strongly in contrast with the humility of his salaam, which was reverential almost to prostration.

“Well, Hecattykick, what say you to a cup of kill-devil this bitter cold night?”

“Tanks and nineteen prayers to de grand admiral, Massa Morgan. An it be getting colder, colder, colder, ebery year and ebery month, and ebery day, and you no for sabbey why?”

“You sooty liar; it is a climate only for Lucifer and his brazen devils to live in; and now I fear that I cannot live out of it.”

“It is colder, sar—and for why? Just to make it fit for buckra body. Pardon, grand admiral—a lilly more drinke, plase, sar. Poor negro's heart cold.”

“You see even this simple cheat talks about his heart, Bradley. Is it not a fine satire upon the sentimental? Come, you black incubus, and tell us what is to befall us in this cruise, and for some time after.”

“Ees, admiral, if great obee choses.”

“Choose or not, I'll make your hide one white blister with the cow-skin, if you don't set about it immediately. Take another cup of the strong water, you inky prophet of evil, and then commence your mummary immediately.”

The negro obeyed in silence. After having quaffed the rum with a deep sigh of delight, he proceeded to hang a white tablecloth over the darkened side of the cabin, and then to remove the lamp from whence it hung, into a situation from whence its light fell broadly yet fully upon the white surface. He took two wine-glasses, and placing a small quantity of wine in each, grated something upon it, that fell in a white powder and disappeared in, or was dissolved by, the liquid. All this was performed with many grimaces and contortions of his long wiry limbs. This attitudinizing afforded much amusement to Morgan, whilst Bradley looked on with contempt, a little, a very little, mingled with dread.

Then, with much humility, he asked for a little of the blood of each. It was a bold request, and was refused with an oath, and

the negro's presumption properly characterized as the most excessive impudence that the brain of man or negro ever conceived. But the black persevered, and stated that, without a small portion of the vital essence, the charm would be ineffectual.

Bradley was the first to give way, and, presenting his arm, he suffered the necromancer to draw a few drops of blood with the point of a penknife. Morgan then permitted the same foolery, and the negro mixed both portions together in a small cup, to which he added some salt.

All this tickled Morgan's fancy excessively, but it had a different effect upon his companion. The solemnity of the ugly negro, and his countenance, rigid as carved ebony, that moved neither to the taunts nor jests of Morgan, began silently to operate on the superstition of the less sophisticated Bradley.

Then ensued bendings, and bowings, and gyrations, and mutterings, and screamings, in horrible gibberish. When this had lasted for a few minutes, he paused, and the silence became emphatic.

The negro then offered to each of his spectators the glass with the medicated wine, which they drank off unhesitatingly; and then flinging some preparation across the flame of the lamp, the light became as suddenly blue as any lover of the horrible could have desired.

At this moment, he told both the commanders to look fixedly upon what they saw upon the surface of the white table-cloth, and then pompously asked them to detail to him the vision. They both declared to the mortified enchanter that they saw nothing, but that they smelt a very bad odour of sulphur, for which he was likely to have his back well scored.

Nothing abashed, the negro quietly said that he had forgotten to anoint their eyes with the mingled blood and salt. This they permitted him to do, and they were again told to look. But at this period, Morgan insisted that he, the conjuror, should learn his own fortune at the same time; and he was compelled to practise the same rites on himself as he had upon them. After some threats, he did all this; and then looking or pretending to look on the cloth, he exclaimed that he saw Admiral Morgan on the quarter-deck of his ship, giving him, Hecattykick, a new suit of clothes and one hundred pieces of eight, and that he was mightily pleased with him.

"Now," said Morgan, "it is your turn, Bradley; let me know all that you see; and take care that you are as sharp-sighted as our sooty friend. Look, and speak."

Bradley looked, but spoke not. What with the wine, and perhaps the drug of the negro, he was in that state of nervous disorder,

not only to see anything, but to prophesy quite as abundantly; so there he sat, staring fixedly before him, without any apparent animation. Waiting for the termination of his trance, Morgan sat himself down quietly, and swilled off a good draught of canary; but he had scarcely placed the flagon on the table, when his head followed it heavily, and he fell into sleep like one of marble.

Then began the orgies of Hecattykick. He chattered and laughed, and became exceedingly dainty, selecting the choicest wines, until they were all swallowed, and then he had recourse to the various spirits. These soon made him as lifeless as the admiral, and he too rolled, not on, but under the table, a disgusting picture of brutishness.

As positive orders had been given that no one should break into the admiral's privacy, the parties in the great cabin were not disturbed. Vice-admiral Bradley's boat, with one hand in the stern-sheets, was quietly towed all the night through the peaceful waters, at the stern of the Satisfaction. Those who took the trouble to think about the matter, imagined that the two principal persons of the fleet were passing their midnight vigils in planning the prosperity of the projected enterprise.

The morning broke, and discovered Bradley either fast asleep or still in his trance before the table-cloth. Morgan was sleeping, with his head on the table, between his outstretched arms, and the negro beastly and sickly drunk upon the deck beneath. The lamp had long burned out, and there was an intolerable effluvia in the close cabin.

Joseph Bradley was the first to come partially to his senses. He rubbed his eyes and stared about him wildly, and it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend where he was, and how situated. Nothing was now before him but what had a mean, sordid, and disgusting appearance. He looked around, shuddered, and then trembled. His two companions lay entranced in a deathlike sleep, with their countenances smeared with blood. The unsoiled parts of Morgan's face were of a deathly hue, and the whole appearance of the negro was too loathsome to look upon. Spilled wine and spirits and broken victuals tended to fill up the scene of disgust.

This was a sorry and a pitiable termination to the enchantment; and yet Bradley was still under the influence of that which he deemed the supernatural. With some difficulty he awoke Morgan, and it was a considerable time before that redoubtable captain could rally his disordered senses. Bradley still looked wild, and there was an unsettled light in his eye that spoke distinctly of disease, either bodily or mental.

"We have been basely fooled and drugged, Joseph," were the first connected words uttered by the commander-in-chief.

"Sir Henry Morgan," said the still bewildered Bradley, "I have seen visions, and have heard prophecies."

"Sir Henry Morgan! Well, you have knighted me, and I thank you. But your visions and your prophecies! Had you them from the table-cloth? Away with it, and let us into the after-cabin, cleanse our persons, and again look like two decent admirals bearing his majesty's commissions."

"Sir Henry Morgan, I say I have seen visions."

"My Lord John of Bradley, I say we were both abominably drunk, and stupified into the bargain by this black cheat. Come and cleanse yourself, and then we will get this beast in irons, and flog him to within an inch of his life when he is sober."

"I say to you, Morgan, I have seen visions."

"Well, tell me all about them with a clean face."

Thus saying, Morgan thrust the seer of visions upon a white table-cloth into the after-cabin, where the two commanders entirely renewed the outward man.

Quashie Hecattykick, the sable enchanter, was placed in the bilboes, and so soon as he was sufficiently sobered so as fully to appreciate the infliction, instead of his hundred Spanish dollars, he got as many stripes upon his bare back; and the vest of honour that fell to him was an excruciating preparation of brimstone and salt, plastered upon coarse and old canvass, and applied to his excoriated body.

The two admirals breakfasted together, and then it was Bradley's turn to become incommunicative. He was sad and heavy, and seemed altogether averse to speak of his vision. It was in vain that Morgan pointed out to him that the negro had so miserably failed in his prediction concerning himself, for his friend persisted that he had seen and heard that which was beyond nature. At length, the latter, at the earnest entreaty of his friend, told him the result of his impressions, but would not describe what those impressions actually had been. The revelations that he had received, he said, concerned them both, and were that, for Morgan, they would be happy, and that he should live honoured many years, and die a man of title.

"But never mind me—I am my own providence; I will take care of myself. But you, dear Joseph, speak to me of yourself."

"The next expedition will be fatal to me."

"I'll take good care that it shall not. Collier shall lead it."

"Henry Morgan, this is really unkind. I should be the weakest of mankind to be frightened thus—it may have been all the delusions of mere drunkenness—I am ashamed of myself."

“There spoke my own sensible Owen. This obeism is the silliest cheat that ever deluded simplicity. The poor dupes are drugged to madness, and then they do that in health which they fancy that they have been ordered to do in delirium. I think that Hecattystick will leave off prophesying. And now to business.”

The signal was made for all the captains to assemble in council of war, in order to deliberate upon their destination; and shortly after they were all met on board the *Satisfaction*. Morgan addressed the thirty-seven commanders to the effect that, if his brethren in arms did not judge otherwise, his own inclination was that, in obedience to Sir Thomas Modiford's instructions, they should attempt St. Jago in Cuba, or even Havannah itself; but he was ready to listen to any suggestion from the honourable members of the council.

Bradley then, as second in command, to the astonishment of every one, proposed Panama in the South Seas. The daring proposition at first silenced everybody; but when the surprise it occasioned had a little subsided, captain after captain spoke in opposition to a project so vast, and surrounded by what seemed to them difficulties so insurmountable. We need not recite at any great length these objections. The number of places to be reduced, a hostile and unknown country to be traversed, the impossibility of conveying artillery to such a distance, and, above all, the unhealthiness of the climate, were the principal.

Bradley then began to answer all these objections seriatim, and at last brought over some of the most desperate of his listeners to his opinion. Then Morgan himself seemed to be half convinced, and upon this others became converted, till at length they all agreed to that which but a little while before they had deemed to be impracticable.

Then Morgan spoke to the following effect:—

“My dear friends, that you have judged rightly, I trust that your own known courage and good conduct will evince, and that the event will prove it. It is a noble, a heroic undertaking, and I can scarcely refrain from embracing Vice-admiral Bradley for having had the judgment to conceive so wisely what I know his heart will execute so boldly. But we risk much, my friends, in thus departing from the letter, though I trust not the spirit of our instructions. You must justify me to Sir Thomas Modiford in all that you can, and therefore you can have no objection to giving me the result of your deliberations under your hands and seals.”

This very natural request was acceded to immediately, and the following document was produced, which we shall record ver-

batim, with the signatures, as a means of giving a little more posthumous glory to a set of brave fellows, who achieved one of the most remarkable actions that the world ever saw.

“On board the Satisfaction frigate, Dec. 2, 1670.

“HONOURED SIR,— We having seriously considered of what place may prove advantageous to the safety of the English, and more especially for the security of his Majesty’s island of Jamaica, to prevent the invasion of the Spaniards, it being referred by the rest of the commanders of the fleet in general to us, whose names are hereunto written, to pitch upon a place that we thought might be most feasible and just to take for the good of Jamaica, and honour of our nation, do all of us conclude it stands most for the good of Jamaica, and safety of us all, to take Panama; the president thereof having granted several commissions against the English, to the great annoyance of Jamaica and our merchantmen, as by the oath of two Spaniards have been made most evidently appear. This is the judgment and resolution of Lieutenant-colonel and Vice-admiral Joseph Bradley, Richard Norman, Thomas Harrison, Robert Delander, John Harmonson, John Galoone, John Pynne, Diego Moleene, Rear-admiral Collier, Lawrence Prince, John Morris, Thomas Rogers, Charles Swan, Henry Wills, Richard Ludbury, Clement Simmons.

“To Henry Morgan, Esq., admiral and commander-in-chief of his Majesty’s fleet, belonging to Jamaica, for this present expedition.”

When this decision, properly signed, was presented to Morgan, he smiled very graciously upon his advisers, complimented them upon their judgment, and then dismissed them to their respective ships, telling them that he himself never should have had the wisdom of suggesting the brilliant exploit which they had prepared for himself and them. Bradley alone remained, and he retired with Morgan into the privacy of the state-cabin.

“Well,” said Bradley, smiling, but with much bitterness expressed upon his broad features, “I have had some trouble, admiral, to make it easy for you to pay a visit to Mrs. Guzman.”

“Tut, man, it is the very best thing that could have been decided upon. This paper,” taking up the resolution, “is a deed of gift for us both for three thousand a-year.

“It is my death-warrant, Henry Morgan.”

“Is your spirit still vexed with the negro’s vision? Be more manly.”

“And do you really think you will succeed in this mad undertaking?”

“Sure of it, Joseph, and after the best fashion. It will destroy,

just as nearly as I can calculate, seven-eighths of our lads; what a prodigious booty will remain for the survivors—if they get it!”

“I shall not be one of them.”

“You shall—I have said it. We must first take that strong fort, Chagre. It will be like gnawing a file; three hundred killed and wounded will be the least that it will cost us. We will discharge Collier’s bullet head against it, and whether it breaches the wall or gets broken from them, it matters little; the place will be won.”

“Morgan, as my right, I insist upon the command in that affair.”

“And the white table-cloth?”

“What has that to do with my honour?”

“Then you shall go. But promise me first, solemnly, that you keep out of harm’s way. He is the worst commander-in-chief who risks the loss of victory and the lives of his soldiers, by exposing his own life. A cap and bells for such generals.”

“I will be as careful of myself as a brave man dares.”

“On your sacred honour?”

“On my honour, I will.”

“Then I will go and draw the plan of the attack.”

“And I to make my last will and testament.”

“Joseph Bradley, if I hear any more of this, I’ll hang Hecattick first, and then send you with important despatches to Jamaica; which, mark you, shall consist only of a request to the governor that he will keep table-cloths out of your way, and my compliments to Mrs. Morgan, and I’ll bring her from Panama a half peck of jewels.”

CHAPTER XXV.

Another Council of War—St. Catherine’s invaded—Morgan and his Men almost beaten by Hunger—He and the Spanish Governor agree to a sham Fight—Return of killed and wounded nil—The Enemy behaved admirably—The Island taken by the English.

THE French writers have made themselves very merry upon the next step that Morgan took—the capture of St. Catherine’s. They represented it to have been a silly wasting of time, ammunition, and resources, solely for the purpose of procuring a few guides; which not only caused a delay, and gave notice to the Spaniards, but the guides could have been more surely found at any part of the Spanish Main, wherever he might choose to effect a landing. But these authors wrote in profound ignorance of Morgan’s real position and his ulterior views.

As the fleet sailed quietly down towards the Spanish Main, two days after the late conversation with Bradley, Morgan signalled

his vice-admiral on board. He found him serious, but a great deal relieved from the feelings of despondency that had lately oppressed him.

"Bradley," said Morgan, "I rejoice again to see you looking so like yourself. You must manage another council of war for me. I wish, as much as possible, to screen myself from consequences—I must get possession of St. Catherine's, and it must appear less to be my act than that of my gallant commanders."

"A South American sovereignty, I suppose. The old chimera! But why not take the place on your return? you lose time, you give notice, and you will waste men—and ill can they be spared."

"Very wisely talked, friend. Time I will not lose; whilst I am getting St. Catherine's, you will be getting Chagre, and thus opening the way for us. Men I will not lose; I have arranged for that. But do you reflect that we all stand upon the edge of a sword; we bleed whilst we remain as we are, and on one side of us is a precipice, and on the other wealth and glory? When the news of our conquest of Panama shall arrive at the English court, it is the merest chance in the world whether we be rewarded as tall fellows, or our good friend Sir Thomas Modiford be ordered home to the Tower to have his head clipped off, and poor Admiral Morgan be hung by the neck as a pirate—if they can catch him."

"Ah! say you so? then are we in a double jeopardy."

"When the news arrives in England, a few thousand doubloons from Spain, or a brace of black-eyed Andalusian girls, and we are all rebels and corsairs—the commanders all hung, and the crews decimated. Charles, our gracious sovereign, would do all this for a thousand pounds and a wench."

"I believe it."

"Well then, after our glorious deed, we will be in no hurry to return, but first hear what they think of it at St. James's palace. If my liege lord looks wicked about it, here goes to make a liege lord of myself, and I believe Modiford is of my mind too. St. Catherine's mine, let them get me out of it if they can, until I go to the coast, conquer a country, build a city, and hoist an independent flag of my own—your table-cloth, with a negro in the centre, as good as any."

"You could do it, Hal, and thus damn yourself to eternity as a rebel. And Modiford, are we to have two liege lords?"

"No, no, we'll have a new religion, and he shall be the archbishop. A much better berth than that of king. I don't expect this, but it is well to provide for contingencies, and St. Catherine's I must have. Is it not strange, Joseph, that, thinking as I do, the English will call the place nothing else but Providence?"

"Everything is singular about you. What is your pretence for taking the place?"

“Let me see—O, to get guides—as good as any.”

The signal was made for another council of war, and, under the influence of Bradley, the compliant members that composed it came to the resolution that, “Providence being the king’s ancient property, and most of the people there being sent from Panama, that no place could be more fit in the which to find able and faithful guides.” We like to quote the exact words sometimes.

It was a pleasant and very farcical business this taking of St. Catherine’s, or Providence. Morgan, with his whole fleet, arrived before it on the 14th of December 1670, and came to an anchor, about sunrise, in a capacious bay, then called Aguada Grande. We have before partially described this place, and we have now only to remind our readers that there was a less island close to the larger, and separated from it by a strait so narrow, that one was united to the other by means of a bridge. Since Morgan had been last there, the Spaniards had erected a battery of four guns, which commanded the bay, but on this occasion were so polite as not to use it, for, had they opened their fire, the fleet could not have held the station which it had taken up.

With no other guides than a few men who had served with him before under Mansvelt, Morgan landed with a thousand men in the bay, whom he divided into companies, and began his march through the woods. However, they soon found the governor’s mansion, a very noble edifice, and where he usually resided. It was deserted, as was also a battery that defended it, and which was called the platform, and then Morgan discovered that all the inhabitants had retired, with the governor, into the lesser island.

Now this island was so well defended, that it had the appearance of one vast and impregnable fortress. As the English approached it, the Spaniards opened upon them, from their numerous batteries, a heavy and continuous fire, that appeared so formidable that Morgan was forced to withdraw his men a little into the field, and beyond the range of the shot. Here they were allowed to repose themselves on the grass, for they had been marching about the whole of the day. This was no great hardship to our adventurers, but there was another evil against which they could not so well contend; they were desperately hungry, not having eaten since they left their ships at sunrise.

At midnight the rain poured upon them in torrents; and as the greatest part of them, with the exception of the officers, had no other clothing than a shirt and seaman’s loose trousers, they became miserably chilled. They had neither shoes nor stockings. In this dilemma, they pulled down several deserted houses, with the materials of which they made fires, which they had the great-

est difficulty to preserve. As morning broke, a more wretched-looking mass of human beings could not well be conceived, and so stupified were they with watchfulness and wet, that a hundred fresh men could easily have massacred the whole thousand.

The commander-in-chief was greatly deceived as to the facility of his enterprise. When the morning broke, his men clamoured to be again embarked, but this he soon silenced; and the rain ceasing for a while, the men began to dry their clothes and their arms, and prepare for the attack. But the rain soon recommenced, and in such a manner that the firmament seemed to be melting away into water, and a second deluge to be at hand. This checked their advance more than the fire from the batteries, and they again retreated beyond gunshot.

Into great affliction were the English now reduced, from the inclemency of the weather, their nakedness and famine. But our hero was inexorable; he would not move his ground. He shared cheerfully all the miseries of his troops, but he sternly forbade any one to mention re-embarking. Fortunately, some parties who had been sent to scour the country returned with an old and much-diseased horse, with a galled back, bleeding sides, and covered with ulcers. This animal they immediately killed and flayed, cut into portions, roasted, and devoured ravenously, without either bread or salt.

But the rain ceased not, and even the obdurate Morgan began to show symptoms of relenting. It would have been more than inhuman to cause his men to die under the Spanish batteries without striking a blow, rotted by the wet, or destroyed by famine. But before he postponed his expedition until the weather should ameliorate, he was determined to make an effort to intimidate his enemy. With all haste he ordered a canoe to be fitted out, and a flag of truce to be hoisted in her. This he sent to the smaller island with the following message:—

“That he was the renowned and implacable pirate Morgan—that he never spared a resisting enemy—that, if within two hours the governor delivered not himself and all his men into his hands, he did, by that messenger, swear unto him, that all those who were in his company he would most certainly put to death by the sword, without granting quarter to any.”

The canoe returned with this answer at noon: “That the governor desired two hours to deliberate in a full council upon that affair, which being past, he would give his positive answer to the message.”

The time having elapsed, the governor then sent two canoes with flags of truce each, and two persons to treat with the admi-

ral; but, before they landed, they demanded of the adventurers two officers as hostages for their security. Morgan assented to this very readily, and gave up to the Spaniards two of his captains, as a mutual pledge of security.

When all these preliminary matters were settled, the two Spanish emissaries demanded a private audience of our hero, and then told him "that the governor, having no hopes successfully to resist an armada so powerful as that which Morgan commanded, he had resolved to deliver the island up to him. But the governor was most jealous of his honour, and of the honour and reputation of the gallant troops that served under him; he therefore begged that Morgan would practise the following stratagem:—Admiral Morgan should come with his troops at night, to the foot of the bridge that joined the less island to the greater, and there attack Fort Jerome, which commanded the approach: that immediately he opened his fire, all the ships in the bay should commence a vigorous cannonade upon the castle of Santa Teresa, and, at the same time, land more troops to attack the battery called St. Matthew: that the newly-landed troops should intercept the brave governor, and take him prisoner, as he feigned to pass into Fort Jerome. The English were then to disseminate that they obliged their prisoner to put a ruse upon his own countrymen, and lead them, the English, as if they were Spanish troops, into the castle; and, to make the farce complete, it was stipulated that there should be an incessant firing of blank cartridges on both sides, or if any of the guns were loaded, they should be discharged into the air, so that, by this device, neither side should receive any harm. Thus Morgan having in his hands the governor and the principal forts of the island, the others would afterwards surrender as a matter of course.

To all this cunning arrangement Morgan immediately and eagerly assented, giving the Spaniards to understand, at the same time, that if they played him false every man of them should be put to death under the most exquisite torments. With this friendly assurance the messengers repaired to the governor.

Morgan then began to act upon his instructions. He ordered his whole fleet to enter the port, and at night to attack Fort Jerome. Then began the bloodless battle. The Spaniards never fired with more spirit. The flashings were incessant, the thunders of their guns terrific. There was, that night, much ammunition and bravery uselessly expended. After this hubbub had continued a sufficient time, the mock assault took place, and the real flight ensued. The Spaniards "made belief," as little children say, to take refuge in the church.

Before the assault, our hero sent his compliments to the gover-

nor, and told him to keep all his troops out of the streets, for if he met any of them straggling about, he would certainly shoot them.

Thus bloodlessly fell the island of St. Catherine, the defenders of which covered themselves with Spanish glory. The conquerors then fell to rejoicing, every man eating the shares of four, and drinking those of six. Morgan always permitted, we may say encouraged, these excesses.

This matter being thus happily terminated, Morgan now began to turn his attention to the principal object. Many were the long conversations that he had with Bradley upon the easiest manner of taking Chagre, Changra, or Chagra, for it was spelled in all these manners. Morgan knew that he could afford to lose but few men in this preparative enterprise. He gave his friend full power to demand whatever force he thought that he should require, but Bradley only asked for three ships with their captains, four lieutenants, and four hundred and seventy men. The officers he well knew as skilful and determined men, and on most of the inferiors he could rely.

Having seen this detachment perfectly equipped, the two friends bade each other farewell. The parting was mournful on the part of Bradley, but his resolution never for a moment wavered. He gave his last instructions to his friend, placed his will in his hands, and went over the side to his own vessel, a determined but superstition-struck man. Heartily, as he was rowed away in his barge, did Morgan curse black conjurers and white table-cloths.

We will now give some account of the value of the conquest which Morgan certainly intended, under some probable circumstances, to make his own as an independent suzerain.

They found upon the island, altogether, four hundred and seventy persons, one hundred and ninety of whom were soldiers. There was the usual proportion of women, children, and slaves. The soldiers the English disarmed, and the slaves were sent out daily into the fields and plantations to procure provisions for the conquerors; all the women they appropriated to themselves exclusively. The principal fort of the little island, which was a sort of citadel to the quarter, mounted twenty guns of heavy calibre. In this place was found an abundance of powder and all sorts of ammunition, including ten pipes of new muskets. The castle itself was strongly built of stone, and was surrounded by a dry ditch, thirty feet in depth. There was but one small entrance to the place, through a barricaded sally-port. In the midst of this castle was a keep, mounting four guns, that formed a citadel within a citadel, and which was built upon a high and

natural pinnacle of rock, that overlooked all the defences, and the whole of the bay. To seaward the castle was impregnable, being surrounded with rocks, against which the waves were always furiously beating. On the land-side, also, it was so placed on the mountain, that there was no access to it but by a path of three or four feet broad. There were eight other fortresses, of a less power, but well placed as auxiliary defences, every one of them being strong also in the name of some Spanish saint. All the lesser forts were full of ammunition, and many more pipes of muskets were found in them. But the storehouses and magazines contained much more ammunition and warlike stores than the forts, all of which were duly conveyed on board the English fleet.

We have already stated the great fertility and agricultural capabilities of these two islands, and altogether, as Morgan found them, they made a pretty principality to begin with, for a man starting in the trade of a king. Here then he remained, "lord of all he surveyed," waiting for tidings of the success of his friend Bradley's attempt upon Chagre.

The affair of the guides, the ostensible reason of all this peaceful warfare upon St. Catherine's, was not forgotten. Morgan, in his official account, represents them as four honourable men, who volunteered to serve his Majesty Charles II.; but John Esquemeling, that inert Dutchman, says, that Morgan "here found three banditti, who pretended to be very expert in all the avenues of those parts. He (Morgan) asked them if they would be his guides, and show him the securest ways and passages unto Panama; which if they performed, he promised them equal shares in all that they should pillage and rob in that expedition, and that afterwards he would set them at liberty, by transplanting them to Jamaica.

"These propositions pleased the banditti very well, and they readily accepted his proffers, promising to serve him very faithfully in all that he should desire; especially one of these three, who was the greatest rogue, thief, and assassin among them, and who had deserved from his crimes rather to be broken alive on the wheel than punished with serving in a garrison—this wicked fellow had a great ascendancy over the other two banditti, and could domineer and command over them as he pleased, they not daring to refuse obedience to his orders."

There is a great deal in the different manners of telling the same story.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Description of the Nut that Bradley was sent to crack—The Difficulty and Danger of the Operation—An Indian's Arrow turned into Fire-arms—The Nut cracked, and the Kernel won.

THE castle against which Bradley was sent was called by the Spaniards Saint Lawrence, although it was generally known to the rest of the world as Chagre. It commanded the mouth of the river Chagre, and was situated a little to the seaward of the town of the same name. It was built on the top of a lofty hill, and surrounded on all sides by high palisades, or wooden walls; the intervals between the palisades being filled with earth, which made them as strong as the best walls built of brick and stone.

The top of the hill was divided into two parts, between which there was a ditch of the depth of thirty feet. The stronghold itself had but one entrance, which was by a draw-bridge over the ditch. On the land-side it showed four bastions; seaward, only two. On its southern side this fortress was totally inaccessible, on account of the asperity of the mountain and its perpendicularity. The river embraced it on the north side, which river was here deep and broad.

At the foot of the castle there was a fort, mounted with eight guns, which swept the river. On one side of the hill on which the castle was built, there were two great storehouses, filled with ammunition and merchandise, which had been brought there for security from the interior of the country. Near these storehouses were many steps hewn out of the solid rock, by which means the castle was gained. Besides all this, there were two other batteries, mounting six guns each, on the brink of the river. The place, altogether, really appeared to be impregnable.

A little to the westward of this fortification was a small port, very convenient for vessels that did not draw much water, the anchorage of which was very good. Besides the perils which were so apparent to invaders, there was one almost invisible, in a dangerous sunken rock at the mouth of the river, and which was never seen but at the lowest tides.

No sooner did Bradley, with his detachment, appear in sight, than the Spaniards opened a brisk fire upon his vessels from all the fortifications, although he was far beyond range. This was, doubtless, to show him what they would do if he dared to come nearer. He paid but little attention to this hint, but very quietly came to anchor in a small bight about four miles from the fort, and there he remained very peaceably all night.

The next morning by daylight, Bradley, accompanied by guides, marched his forces through thickets and pathless underwood,

until he came to the land face of the castle. They then found the ground perfectly cleared, for the space of a furlong, whilst the soil beneath their feet was one plashy quagmire. Over this they toiled their way uncovered, and fully exposed to the artillery of the castle, which played upon them incessantly, and caused them great loss.

Here they came to a pause; and honest Owen found his position most annoying. In front of him were the high palisades, before and behind which was a deep ditch, all of which he must pass before he could get to the walls of the castle, which walls he then would have to scale without ladders. The attempt to storm under these circumstances looked like sheer insanity. Gladly would he have retreated, but for very shame. Already were his men murmuring and in confusion, demanding to be led back; and whilst they were remonstrating with their leader, many men were shot asunder in the very act of speaking.

"It is no use," shouted Bradley. "Better to die under the walls than meet Admiral Morgan as defeated towards. Follow me, and do as I do."

They answered this appeal with a genuine English cheer, and, with a sword in one hand and fire-balls in the other, they advanced close up to the palisades, under a tremendous fire. When they had closed on the Spaniards, whilst these latter were deliberately killing them, they heaped upon them all manner of abuse, calling them by every opprobrious name, and telling them that neither they nor their companions who were following them should ever reach Panama. To all this, the English made no other reply but by shooting down a Spaniard when any one of them showed himself for a moment.

Poor Bradley made, with his men, several attempts to climb the palisades; but they were much too lofty to be scaled; and then, after much loss and fatigue, they were forced to retreat, or rather, were fairly beaten back; nor did they make any other attempt until it became dark. After taking what rest they could, about eight o'clock they returned to the assault, Bradley's object being to pull down the palisades under cover of the darkness.

Whilst one half of the English were laboring at this work, and the other half firing into the embrasures and loopholes of the castles, one of the latter was shot clean through the body by an arrow from the defenders. The man knew that the wound was mortal, for the point of the weapon appeared some inches through his breast, having entered at his back. Notwithstanding this, he, with great coolness, drew the arrow forward right through himself; and in order to make it fill up the bore of his musket, he wound a good portion of cotton around the feathered

part of it; he then thrust it down upon the powder, and discharged it back into the fort. The powder fired the cotton, and the arrow sticking in the dried palm-leaves with which one of the houses in the fort was thatched, a violent conflagration immediately ensued.

The poor wounded musketeer had the satisfaction to see his enemies' stronghold one universal blaze, when he fell back into Bradley's arms, and died, at the very moment that a crashing explosion announced the destruction of one of their powder magazines.

This threw the Spaniards into a great consternation, as they could by no means account for the event. They suspected treachery among themselves, which added much to the confusion. They busied themselves to the utmost, however, in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, which rapidly gained upon them from the want of a sufficient supply of water.

Whilst their attention was thus diverted, the assaulters contrived to fire the palisades; and thus the Spaniards were still more terrified, as they saw the flames not only in their own quarters but gradually spreading all round them.

As the woodwork of the palisades was consumed, the earth that was contained between them fell into the ditch, which became so much filled as, in many places, to form over it a very practicable causeway. Of this the assaulters eagerly availed themselves, and thus they were hand to hand with the Spaniards in the first enclosure of the fortress.

The struggle was desperate. For long, neither party thought of giving or receiving quarter. Each man stood and fought, until one or both fell. The inveterate spirit of slaughter was fired in every breast. They no longer fought for honour or for victory, but to glut their savage thirst for blood. In this terrible conflict the English had an immeasurable advantage. There was not one among them who was not an old and experienced sworder, who knew every ward and feint, and where to direct the thrust most fatally.

This fearful struggle took place partly in the half-filled ditch, partly on the platform on which the burning houses and stores were situated. The red glare of the conflagration made everything terribly visible. On those of the assaulters who still remained below in the ditch, flaming pots of combustibles, that emitted the most suffocating stench, were poured down copiously, and these proved to be the most destructive weapons.

Notwithstanding the resolute resistance of the Spaniards, about midnight the whole of the palisades were burned, and the ditch completely filled, and the ground was now nearly level up to the castle walls, which remained as yet completely unharmed. But

the flames of the burning houses behind the castle threw its embrasures into strong relief, so that every one who showed the least part of his person on the walls was immediately struck down by the unerring shot of the besiegers, who, creeping on their hands and knees, placed themselves closely under the fortifications, and even in contact with the walls which they were endeavouring to take.

In this way, the fight continued in a succession of single combats, and individual death from the aim of the musqueteers, until daybreak. When the glorious sun rose upon this sickening scene of carnage, the English discovered that they had still a very difficult work to perform before they could make themselves masters of the place. The flames had extended to the interior of the castle itself, and were slowly feeding upon all that was combustible; but the governor had removed all his cannon to those parts which commanded the passes over the ditch, and he had strictly enjoined every man to die at his post.

Bradley had by this time received three very severe wounds; one by a shot from an arquebuss, and two from the arrows of the Indians. Being thus completely disabled, he was borne from spot to spot, on the shoulders of two of his men, alternately. He had nothing wherewith to breach the castle, and the gates were found to be much too strongly constructed to admit of their being forced. Seeing this, and being determined that himself and his men should rather die under the walls than forsake the expedition, he divided his forces into two parts; the one he employed to mark down every Spaniard that should show himself, or attempt to load the cannon on the walls, and the other to collect all manner of timber, fragments of the half-burned houses, and earth, wherewith to make a mound against the lowest part of the fort, and where the Spanish governor had stationed himself with twenty-five of his best soldiers.

About noon on the second day of this well-contested and uninterrupted battle, the English rushed up this heap of rubbish, and met the governor on the walls. Though many acts of valour had been performed, it was here that the most wonderful deeds were achieved. Notwithstanding that every Spaniard died where he had been stationed by his chief, the English forced their way over their bodies, and gained the interior of the place. Those of the Spaniards who were denied the honour of paying the blood-red way with their corpses, with the little remaining strength their wounds had left them, dragged themselves to the opposite side of the castle, and, leaping from its walls, their bodies bounded from point to point down the dreadful precipice, until they were received by the sea beneath.

The governor himself retreated with the *corps de garde* within the castle, before which he had placed two cannon, with the intention of prolonging the struggle to the utmost, and of making his enemies dearly rue their conquest. He answered every offer of quarter by frantic attempts to slay. At length, he was shot through the brain with a musket-ball, and then all further resistance suddenly ceased.

The conquerors had now some leisure to look around and view the desolation they had caused. The fort, with the exception of the guard-house, was one mass of blackened and blood-stained ruins; out of the three hundred and twenty-three soldiers who, forty-eight hours before, were in vigorous health, laughing to scorn their enemies, only thirty were found alive, and only eight unwounded. Not one officer remained alive. Some eight of the Spaniards had either deserted, or been despatched by the commander to Panama, to acquaint the president, Don Guzman, of the invasion.

The English lost, in this desperate attack, one hundred and nineteen killed outright, including one captain and one lieutenant; and seventy-six were wounded, among which, besides poor Bradley, were two lieutenants. But few, indeed, of the wounded survived many days.

The conquerors made good use of their victory, for they obliged the captives who remained to them, to disclose all they knew of the designs of their countrymen. Bradley, although so desperately wounded, then learned that Morgan's idea of a surprise was altogether fallacious, for that the president of Panama had had previously three weeks' full notice of their force, and their intentions against him, the whole of which had been confirmed to him by a deserter from Admiral Collier's La Hacha expedition. This intelligence had caused the president to more than double the garrison of Chagre, and fully to furnish it with all manner of stores and ammunition. It was confidently deemed to be impregnable, and it ought to have been so; yet it fell to a small force totally unprovided with artillery. No one can assert that it was not most gallantly defended, but there is no resisting accident and Englishmen.

We cannot be surprised that, whilst the brave and kind-hearted Joseph Bradley lay writhing with the tortures of his ill-dressed wounds, his troops should commit the usual excesses and barbarities which had become, as conquerors, a part of their natures. They made the few surviving prisoners cast the dead of their own party over the precipices into the sea, and bury the English slain in a more decorous manner. They then shut up all the wounded, with the exception of the officers, in the church, together

with every woman that they could find in the town beneath. The sacred edifice was thus made at once an hospital and a common stew; and the shrieks of the wounded and the wail of the dying were horribly mingled with the blasphemies of lust, and the riot of drunken debauchery. But few of these wretches escaped the vengeance of a dreadful retribution.

The news of this important capture was quickly conveyed to Admiral Morgan, and he immediately prepared to sail with the rest of his fleet from the island of St. Catherine's; but he previously embarked everything that could be used as food for man, to the extent of leaving the place completely bare, so that there remained not sufficient subsistence for a dog. Our hero then destroyed every building, including all the forts, with the exception of the castle of St. Theresa. All the ordnance he threw into the sea, in such places that they might be easily recovered by those who were in the secret. This was to enable him the more easily to recover the island, should the Spaniards take possession of it during his absence; for he was still firm in his purpose of holding it against all the world, should he find himself outlawed for his intended expedition by his own country.

Having thus totally depopulated the place, for he took with him all his prisoners, he left it, and, after a passage of eight days, arrived on the 2nd of January, 1761, at the mouth of the river Chagre.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The greater the haste the less the speed—The House of Mourning—The last Moments and the Death of Vice-admiral Bradley—His Funeral—The "Effect defective" all this had upon Morgan.

THE wind being favourable, the fleet sailed gallantly towards the anchorage, their colours flying, and expressing their joy by discharging repeated salvos of artillery. The English colours were displayed from the ruins of the castle, on the rock above, and on the tops of several of the largest houses in the town below. Bradley, although so disabled, had sent out two boats to meet Morgan, and to warn him of the danger that lay at the mouth of the river. But so eager was every ship to press forward and gain good anchoring-ground near the town, that none of them would heave-to to receive the pilots on board, or would even condescend to listen to their shouts. The consequence was that four of the best vessels grounded on the shoal at the entrance of the harbour, among which was the Satisfaction, Morgan's flag-ship. The others astern, being thus fearfully warned, avoided the danger. The crews and the guns, with much of the stores and ammunition, were saved; but the ships,

owing to the setting in of a strong northerly wind, were dashed to pieces on the rock that lies at the end of the shoal.

But what of this disaster? There were but four ships, masses of wood and iron. The living men, with their unconquerable hearts, are fresh and firm as ever. They have gained the first step, perhaps the most difficult, of their enterprise. Let all then be joy, acclamation, and triumph. Chagre, the impregnable, is won. To the shore, to shout with the victors, and briefly to mourn for the dead.

Morgan landed under a royal salute from all his vessels, and paraded through the town with great pomp. His countenance was sad, and there was a still heavier sadness upon his heart, that he would not suffer his countenance to display. He knew that his friend was wounded, and badly, yet he strove to hope, and lingered in his progress.

Morgan paused at various points in his way up to the ruins of the castle, to give various orders for the better government of the town, and the commodious arrangement of the quarters for the sick of his fleet. But the time would fly too rapidly, and he could no longer postpone the meeting he longed for yet dreaded. Sometimes he thought of the obeism of Quashie Hecattykick, and much pondered upon things preternatural. Many ideas of vengeance on the sable prophet passed cloudily across his mind, and he came to the determination that, should Bradley die, under some pretence or other Quashie should surely hang.

Meantime poor Bradley lay restlessly on his wooden couch, which was nothing better than the inclined boarding of the guard-room, in the *corps de garde* of the citadel; for his festering wounds would not permit to his fevered body the luxury of a hammock, and beds there were none. Of the three hurts that he had received, in other climates, and with other attendance, not one of them would have proved fatal or even dangerous; but in that place, where the patient was scorched up with intolerable heat by day, and chilled to the very marrow of his bones by the noxious damps of the night, the slightest lesion was most serious, a deeply incised wound generally mortal.

Bradley, like the rest of his comrades, had led the worst life possible for procuring to himself a healthy state. Already had his wounds begun to gangrene. But it was not these which were hastening his dissolution, but the attendant fever, that shot through every part of his frame like burning points of iron. His cheeks were sunken, and the late intense red of his countenance changed to a brilliant saffron hue, whilst his open and blood-shot eyes stared wildly around.

Two ship surgeons stood by Bradley, looking on each other in

a terrified manner, for they knew the value of the life that was departing, and how very dear it was to their fierce commander-in-chief. Even at that awful crisis the men of medicine were disputing upon the propriety of bleeding the sufferer; the one that supported venesection doubting the remedy, and the one that was opposing it wishing it to be tried as a last resource, though shrinking from the responsibility of the act.

"More lemonade, and flavour it strongly with spirit," cried out the patient fiercely. The beverage was handed to him in a superb flagon of gold. He drank of the liquid deeply, but grew angry with its taste.

"It is vile, it tastes nauseously. What can it be? Speak, doctors, is this the flavour of death upon my palate? or is it that this gaudy chalice is poisoned? Like enough—like enough. The plundered would do well to poison the cup to the plunderers. Get me drink, I say, out of some mean and earthen vessel. Could no horn be procured in this land of cattle!"

"He is raving," said one of the surgeons, draining the flagon; "better punch I never tasted."

"He is thinking of his Welsh home and his father's board."

But no drinking-horn could be procured for him, so the attendants shouted out, "A calabash for the vice-admiral."

"Vice-admiral!" said Bradley, in bitter scorn. "Is there no minister to be had! Not one who can speak to me of the peace of the world to come?"

The rough soldiers murmured to each other that there was a plenty of shaven pates below; perhaps a Catholic priest might serve his turn at a pinch like this.

"Where is Morgan? Does he desert his dying friend? Out upon the world, and out upon the world's vanities! Ay, there thunders the artillery! I love the sound—it revives me. How do my wounds look to-day?"

One of the surgeons replied that they went on as favourably as could be expected, but that the utmost quiet and resignation were requisite.

"To be sure," said the sufferer, "I will be very quiet. It is not to be supposed that a strong man like me can be shot to death with bows and arrows. Pooh, pooh, a little cold water."

One of the sturdy buccaneers, who had been a covenanter before he had turned warrior in a general way, snuffled through his nose, "Goliah, the Philistine, fell by a small pebble from a shepherd's sling," by the way of consolation we must charitably suppose. But Bradley heard him not, for he either slumbered or was absorbed in deep meditation.

That guard-room was a harsh yet not ignoble scene of the

slaughter-house of war. The other wounded lieutenants were lying in the same place, which was nearly filled with fierce and robust men, clad in various kinds of arms, and some of them in very picturesque costumes. Singular and dreadful-looking men rested against the walls, amongst which the partially-furled flags of the division mingled. It was a stern deathbed scene, and one befitting a freebooter.

But Bradley slumbered not long. A salvo of artillery, followed by the loud blare of trumpets, and the reverberating rattle of drums, announcing the approach of the commander-in-chief. This warrior din echoed harshly among the rocky precipices upon which the citadel stood, and its triumphant dissonance was a sad mockery to the hall of death. Clad in the gorgeous costume that Morgan affected on state occasions, and attended by what would now be called a numerous and splendid suite, he walked into the guard-room slowly, and the expression of his countenance was very sad. The efforts that he made to smile were painful, and when at last they proved successful, the success was more distressing. He took Bradley's hand, held it long and pressed it fervently, and then cast a look upon the two surgeons, terrible in its wrath.

"We have done our best," said the braver of the two.

"It is not the wound but the fever," said the other deprecatingly.

"Pitiful leeches that you are, are the grazings of two Spanish bullets and the prickings of three Indian arrows to destroy the noblest frame that held the bravest heart that ever won glory?"

"The pestilential air, may it please you, honoured admiral," said the older surgeon.

"The invisible arrows of the pestilence that slay the mighty in arms," croaked out the lapsed covenanter from his corner.

"Silence, harpy of ill omen," said Morgan angrily. "Bradley, dear Joseph, speak to me. Woe is to me! he knows me not."

Morgan then went and spoke many kind and encouraging words to his wounded lieutenants; but they availed them as little as the remedies of the surgeons, for all of them died shortly after in that stone apartment, when it had become more desolate.

Morgan soon returned to his fast-sinking friend, and piteously he bent over him. If the iron-souled commander had mourned the loss of the black partner of his heart, the magnificent Zoa-binda, none ever knew it—none ever saw his manly and handsome cheeks soiled by a tear, or his arms folded, or his head drooping in despondence. She passed away, and he was the same man still; but now, although his eyes were not moist, every lineament of his features quivered with his heart's agony, and

the wildest outcry of grief would have been less distressing to witness.

Bradley's eyes were widely opened, staring with apparent unconsciousness upon the face above him, and Morgan said in a low tone, "Were I not ashamed of the weakness, I would kiss that death-sealed forehead, that will moulder so soon in corruption. Fare thee well, my true-hearted friend. If there be no heaven for the good and brave, one should be made for thee only, my honest gentle Owen. Fare thee well!"

Then, to Morgan's astonishment, his friend smiled, and the hand that had lain so long inanimate in Morgan's feebly grasped his friend's.

"Quick! there is still life—a restorative!" said Morgan.

It was administered, and again the lamp of life flickered fiercely as it neared its extinction, and Bradley said, in an accent full of affection,

"Henry Morgan, this is kind; I thank thee."

"My dear Joseph!"

"Joseph no more; the little that is left of me is your Owen. I have done with the warrior, I am a man of blood no more; may that which I have wickedly shed be not remembered against me hereafter. Let us be alone together for a space, and then I will turn my face to the wall, and pray and die."

These words, though distinctly audible to Morgan, reached not the rest of those present. Morgan waved his hand, and all but the dying lieutenants left the vaulted apartment.

"And now, Henry, that you may remember your friend, I will extort from you no promises. It is a cruel advantage even for a dying friend to take. I will make known my wishes only."

"My own Owen—they are sacred."

"Harm not so much as a hair of the head of that unlucky Hecattykick."

"You have saved his life."

"I have much wealth, Henry; my father may want a part of it, the rest is yours; be kind to the blithe old harper."

"He is my father, I am his son, for are we not brothers?"

"Enough—let him not think badly of me, Henry."

"Oh! that I knew the man who dared."

"I would talk to you, for a little while, of our mountains, and the rills, and the lowing cattle—but my time is short. I would that I knew whether old Morgan has ploughed up the green knoll before his door."

"I know not, Owen."

"'T were pity if he have; we played upon it so often. You will tell him so. But of what vanities am I speaking? Henry,

do you know that I have discovered what I long suspected, that there is a hereafter, and my state is very perilous?"

"Don't distress yourself with these things, Owen. If there is a heaven, it is yours; if not, you are sure of a brave man's grave, and a living tomb in my own heart."

"You are not your own providence; no, no, no, there is an awful one above you, and a righteous one—tremble therefore."

"Be calm, my friend. These are matters above our comprehension. Think how I can please you; load me with requests; that is the way to make me happy."

"Well, well, we are all mortal; I have slain men—but torture—O Morgan! spare the poor Spaniards—be merciful to your enemies; because one day, as you see me, so, my friend, will you be; but it was not that—there is something, Morgan—this dying is a strange business—why don't you go home and live quietly?—but it was not that. You must not tell my father that I died happily; 'twould be a tremendous lie, my friend, nor Lynia either. Ah! now I have it; said I that I would extort no promise from you, my friend? I must, I will, I do; promise me—by your peace on earth, your hopes of heaven! promise me—"

"Ah Owen, you gone, my peace on earth will be as small as are my hopes in heaven; I promise you by something more assured—by my deep affection for you I promise to the utmost to comply with your request."

"You will see Lynia—she will be in your power; spare her husband's life, and respect her honour. Are you mute?—promise—remember how good she was to us all—to you most of all—promise—"

"She wronged me—slighted me," murmured Morgan; "that he should think of this now! poor fellow, it lies heavily on his mind." And then he added audibly, "Dearest Owen, have thy wish in this, and in all things that depend upon me. I solemnly promise—her life and honour, and her husband's life are safe."

The moribond became now extremely restless, grasping at his bedclothes, and plucking at the rough coverlet, and then apparently seeking with his hands for something beneath, moaning dismally at his want of success.

"I cannot find it," he murmured in a low voice, "and I had placed it on my heart too for safety. Ah! my friend, that man is always deceived that trusts to his heart alone."

"What would my dear Owen?" said his friend soothingly.

"Ah! here it is, my trusty weapon;" and Bradley had just strength enough to produce a very small and shabby-looking

dagger. It was narrow, and with a point like a needle. "This, my friend, is a warrior's gift, his love gift, his death gift. The sheath, like your poor Owen, is somewhat worn; but it is sound at heart—the steel is pure and true."

"Like thee, my beloved friend."

"Wear it always near your heart, whilst life is to you. It may prove your best friend in the hour of need. Morgan, never part with it. My blessing is upon it, and my curse also."

"Your curse, dear Owen?"

"Ay! my curse! yes, yes, I said it, as thus—you have promised me, you have sworn—yes, yes, I think you have sworn that you will respect Lynia's virtue; did you not swear, Henry?"

"Yes, yes; be tranquil."

"That Lynia was so good to us—to my old father—she fed us, when food was but scanty, nay, even wanting it herself and her own sire. Was it not noble? how good she was to you! Then thus it is that I am going to say; remember, Morgan, if you should forget yourself—if you should attempt to break your oath—why then, my dear friend, there is that dagger lying on your heart, ready for my hand—ha! ha! ha! I shall be dead then and rotting; what of that? what of that? Will I not stretch forth my hand from the grave, and strike—strike—ha! ha! ha! It is a merry conceit, the reaching the perjurer from the dark tomb, it is, it is merry."

And then the dying man laughed long, though very faintly.

Morgan did not like the humour of it at all; he took the dagger and concealed it in his vest, which act gave Owen the greatest delight, and a beautiful ray of joy spread itself over his sunken features. Morgan again solemnly promised to comply with all his wishes, and even knelt down by his bedside as he repeated them again and again.

This assurance gave the departing one ease; something like repose settled upon his dying countenance, but he remained silent so long that Morgan thought all had been over. As he was rising to depart, Owen again spoke, but it was in his native language, and very incoherently; his last words were blessings upon Morgan, mingled with expressions of hope for his friend in this world, and for himself in the world to come; and in this manner he died.

Morgan looked long and earnestly on the dead, as if he were endeavouring to solve the mystery of dissolution.

After he had contemplated the corpse for some time, he threw the English colours over him with his own hand, and withdrew, saying, "He was too honest for the life he lived, and too good for the death he died, and yet it was for me that he lived and

died. I should be a fool to believe in a hereafter—if I did—horrible! how much I should have to answer for!”

At midnight there was a splendid funeral in the church of that ruined fortress. The whole fleet attended. The most superb tomb in the church was broken open, and the bones of its tenant or tenants, for the bones were many, were scattered upon the earth, and the dark and lonely chamber made ready for its new guest.

All the fleet attended, but the only outward signs of mourning were their reversed arms and their long sorrowing. When the interment had been completed, volley after volley echoed through the lofty aisles of the edifice, and the muffled drums rolled their dead thunders, mingled with the wailing shrieks of the trumpets, among the ruins of the citadel, and far over the startled sea.

And all that regarded the harper's son was over. All that night the shout of the wassailers was hushed though the wassail ceased not, and, for a few hours, even debauchery put on the semblance of grief, and men sinned with a considerate hypocrisy.

Until the morning dawned, Morgan paced the sandy beach opposite his fleet, and, in thought, lived over again his late life. He made some resolutions of moral amendment, for who does not when a friend dies? And then he bethought him of the promise that he had made to, and the advice that he had received from, his friend. Already he had begun to regard the advice more than the promise, and, before his meditation had ceased, he had half resolved to forget the promise, and wholly to remember the advice; he determined that his present expedition should be his last. Of all the words that Owen had spoken, “go home” seemed to him, the most prophetic: they had been spoken to him whilst his friend's mind was wandering; their tones vibrated on his ears, and he regarded them superstitiously. This man, who would not believe in heaven, though more than an angel had come from thence to announce it to him and to all his race, yet had faith in words spoken at random, merely because the person was unconscious what he said when he spoke them.

Just as day broke, Morgan repaired to the ship which now bore his flag after the loss of the Satisfaction, and took that repose that he yet enjoyed with the relish of the fatigued and the good.

Other deaths occurred on this day. It seemed as if all that were wounded made haste to depart and join their late vice-admiral; these also were buried at midnight, but not within the church. Morgan attended these funerals also. He thus secured the greater respect for himself by showing so much for his followers. Our hero was one wise in his own generation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Perilous March begun—Nothing found to live upon but Glory—The Men dissatisfied—Symptoms of Mutiny—Satisfied this Time with Words—Much Skirmishing and playing with Bows and Arrows.

HAVING paid the last honours to his friend and his comrades, Admiral Morgan began seriously to forward his arduous enterprise. He had already repaired the fortifications of Chagre, more particularly the ditch and palisades; and thus seeing every thing in a proper state of defence, he placed a garrison of three hundred men in the fort, under the command of Captain Richard Norman, and left one hundred and fifty more to take charge of the ships that he intended to leave in the harbour.

At the time of Morgan's entrance into Chagre, he seized four small Spanish ships which he found lying there, with several small craft, called by them Chatten, which served the purpose of coasting-vessels, and to transport merchandise up and down the river. These boats usually mounted two great guns of iron, and four of smaller calibre of brass, and these proved to be eminently serviceable.

Having embarked his forces, consisting of one thousand four hundred hardy and experienced warriors, in seven of these vessels, and in thirty-six boats and canoes, on Monday, the 9th of January, he began to ascend the river towards Panama, all his troops in high spirits, a little eager for glory, and very much for plunder.

On the first day they made only six leagues progress up this, to them, unknown river, and arrived at a place called De los Bracos, where they expected to have found the first hostile entrenchment to dispute their passage, for they had received intelligence that they were to have been impeded by barricades and ambuscades without number. If they found no enemy, they also found no provisions; however, the troops disembarked in order to stretch their cramped limbs and obtain a little repose, whilst parties of them fruitlessly scoured the plantations around, in hopes of procuring refreshment. Morgan, depending upon this fertile country for the subsistence of his little army, had neglected to furnish them with provisions, so in the very first day of their progress they were all nearly starved, having nothing to satisfy the cravings of a buccaneer's appetite but water, and tobacco either smoked or masticated.

All the next day they continued to ascend the river, miserably famished; and at nightfall arrived at a place called Cruz de Juan Gallego, quite deserted, and devoid of provisions. At this place, the river was found to be nearly dry, owing to the long drought,

and the driftwood, imbedded in the mud, formed another insurmountable obstacle. They were consequently compelled to leave their boats and canoes, and go on shore.

On the next day, receiving the assurance of the guides that two leagues in advance they would find the country practicable for marching, Morgan ordered Captain Robert Delander to remain with the boats and a guard of two hundred men, in order to serve for a retreating point in case of any reverse. He left orders with Captain Delander, that under no pretence whatever was he to permit any of his men to go on shore, lest they should be cut off by some ambuscade in the thick and apparently impenetrable woods that surrounded them. They were enjoined to bear their hunger as they could, and to make their small stock of food last to the utmost, being promised a supply from the first that their companions on shore should meet with.

But when Morgan turned into the woods, he found the ground so swampy and miry, and the jungle so thick, that he believed he should make more progress if he transported a part of his army in some of the lightest canoes still higher up the river, to a place called Cedro Bueno. By these means, in three trips, with those who forced their way through the bush, at nightfall, the whole body that was intended to advance found themselves at the appointed place, whilst the canoes returned to Cruz de Juan Gallego.

As the little provisions that they possessed remained with the boats, the army had to undergo another access of hunger, or rather an increase of the same famine that they had now so long endured. They scoured the country as far as they dared, but could meet with neither Spaniard nor Indian, but were obliged to venture upon devouring herbs, leaves, and berries, the nature of which was unknown to them.

On the fourth day of their advance, they fell in with some very slight Indian canoes, into which they placed as many men as they could swim with, whilst the greater part of them advanced along the shore by land. Proceeding in this manner, under the direction of careful guides, both ashore and on the river, about noon they arrived at a post called Perna Cavallos. Here one of the guides announced an ambuscade, to the great joy of the English, who looked upon it as announcing dinner. But bitter was their disappointment when they found the place deserted, and nothing left behind but a number of leathern bags, all empty, and a few crumbs of bread scattered upon the ground.

Notwithstanding the violence of their hunger and the bitterness of their disappointment, they did the best they could in their famishing condition. They pulled down the houses and turned

them into fuel, soaked and well boiled the bags, throwing in their kettles as many vegetable matters as appeared to them edible, and with this mess would have made a much more comfortable meal, had it not been for the dreadful quarrels that ensued about the division of it. Morgan and his officers thought that his men, so ravenous did they then appear, had they then caught either Spaniard or Indian, would have cooked and eaten him.

After this repast they advanced to another place called Torna Munni, where the Spaniards also had formed an ambuscade, but their hearts failed them, guessing, we suppose, the state of the English stomachs. This strong post was deserted and foodless. Happy now was he who had secreted a small piece of leather for his supper.

We will now quote the words of one of the sufferers. "Some persons who were never out of their mother's kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow, and digest those pieces of leather so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer, that could they experience what hunger, or rather famine, is, they would certainly find the manner by their own necessity, as we did. First, we took the leather and sliced it in parts, then beat it between two stones and rubbed it, often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, we scraped off the hair, and then roasted it, or broiled it on the fire. And being thus cooked, we cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water." What our authority calls leather must have been untanned hides, a very nutritious substance, if you can only persuade the digestive organs to assimilate it.

On the fifth day of the march, the army arrived at Barbacoa. Here were also the traces of an encampment, but nothing to eat—not even leathern bags. The case had become desperate, so the strongest of the troops were despatched in all directions in search of food. It would almost seem that this enterprise was under the especial care of Providence, for, by the merest accident, whilst despair was staring every man in the face, two sacks of meal were discovered, various kinds of provisions, two great jars of wine, and several bunches of that nutritious and cooling fruit called plantains. A strong guard was immediately placed over this treasure, and refreshment given first to those who had nearly fallen victims to famine.

When this was done there still remained enough to give every man a slight meal, and then, placing the weakest in the canoes, and the whole being much refreshed, they started forward with renewed spirits, and in the full confidence of ultimate success.

At night they arrived at a very extensive plantation, which afforded them every accommodation but supper. The place had been swept clean for them—of victuals.

The reader will perceive that the greatest enemy with which Morgan had to contend was famine. On the sixth day the invaders advanced but little, the weak from hunger in the canoes, the stronger toiling through the woods. At this part of their way they found the land intolerably rugged, and they were compelled to eat anything vegetable that they could masticate and swallow. They must have returned or died here, had they not, about noon, discovered a barn full of Indian corn. They rushed upon it like wild beasts, and devoured it dry, beating down the doors and overthrowing the walls. After the first furor of hunger had been appeased, order was restored, and the remainder of the maize was apportioned through the whole army.

They then advanced, but they had not proceeded far before they met with an ambuscade of about one hundred Indians, and then they foolishly threw away their means of sustenance, trampling it in the mire, in pursuit of these fleet-footed enemies. After all this rash precipitancy, they could only look at their foes on the other side of the Chagre river. However, several of the English plunged in and waded and swam to the other side, in the hope of making even a single prisoner, who might discover where all the food of the country was concealed. But even this attempt proved fallacious; it was fatal to three of Morgan's men, who were killed by the arrows of the retreating Indians, hooting at their pursuers, and crying out, "To the plain, to the plain, ye dogs!"

After this, the day being too far advanced to cross the river, which it was necessary for them to do in this place, they bivouacked on its northern shore for the night. Here a part of the troops broke out into open mutiny. Morgan was bitterly reviled by the starved and worn-out wretches; but, nothing daunted, he, accompanied by his captains and lieutenants, went from group to group, endeavouring to reanimate their courage.

The task was difficult; they asked for bread, and he gave them fine words. The aspect of things grew alarming; they began to hustle him and his suite, always exclaiming that they were willing to be led to die in battle, but not to be starved like rotten vermin in a wilderness. In this perilous crisis he beat to arms, and placing himself where he was conspicuous to, and could be well heard by, all, he addressed them, with a very pleasant countenance, thus:

"My brother warriors! My stout hearts! we are a pack of hungry dogs of a truth. I calculated upon the strength of your

courage, and forgot the weakness of your stomachs—I was wrong. Let us remedy the matter as well as we can. Let all those who are willing to return file off to the left. Do it merrily, my lads.”

About one third of the host betook themselves apart, and a very woe-begone group they looked.

“Very well, these are my pinched foxes who intend to turn tail. All good fortune go with them—for I sha’n’t. Now, my brother fire-eaters, who are for crossing the river to-morrow into a land flowing with milk and honey, where doubloons are piled up in heaps before the doorways, and jewels are measured by the bushel—I won’t say much about the fat oxen, the generous wines, the luscious fruits, or the still more luscious lips of the sweet senoretas—hey, my lads! Who’s for Panama with Harry Morgan? let them stand to the right.”

Then a merry set, amounting to about another third, hooting, huzzaing, and laughing, stood aside to the right, and there remained another third of body-worn soul-wearied sufferers, with long visages and feeble frames, in the centre.

“And what’s to be done with ye, brothers, who will neither go forward nor go back? You look like a set of miserable hang-dogs—what would ye—to the right or left? Speak, ye wind-filled cravens.”

Then a murmur arose among these faint and sick wretches, that they wished to lie down and die where they were, for they would not go back for very shame, and would not go forward for very weakness. They said there was some religion among them—that they would administer its last rites to each other, and expire where they were.

Though he showed it not, Morgan was much moved to pity by this last division, for they had been subdued by physical suffering only. But, suppressing all indications of his feelings, he jocularly proposed that, as the party who wished to return and those who wished to remain were about equal, they should draw out in battle array against each other, and fight whilst a man on either side remained alive, as thus they would meet honourable deaths, escape being tortured by the Indians, or dying lingeringly under bushes or in holes, insects and reptiles feasting upon them before life was extinct. He promised them, with his merry-go-forwards, to keep the ground during the combat, and offered to extend his good-nature so far as to knock the wounded on either side on the head, who seemed likely to die lingeringly. He then dropped his bantering strain, and appealed to their judgment and better feelings, to his fraternal care of their lives and health, and, last, to the manliness of the English character.

To strengthen the effect of his oratory, Morgan now produced one of his guides, who assured them that the worst of their journey was over, and that they should soon revel in abundance of all things. The mutineers were ashamed of themselves; they were reassured, and testified by their shouts their return to their duty, and their reliance upon their extraordinary commander.

All the forenoon of the seventh day of their progress they were busily employed in examining their arms, and making themselves ready for any encounter. Sleep had somewhat repaired the weakness that want of food had inflicted upon them, and at noon they all crossed the river, in the canoes, in very good spirits. When they had come in sight of a village named Cruz or Crux, their exultation was great at seeing smoke issuing from all the chimneys. They fancied that the Spaniards had put down to roast and boil the excellent dinners that they, the hungered ones, were to eat. Full of this delicious idea, they broke their ranks, and set off at full speed, but desolating was their misery when they discovered, as they arrived on the spot, panting and perspiring, that the fire was not only in the fire-places, but all over the houses. The Spaniards had anticipated Moscow on a small scale. Every house was consumed, with the exception of the king of Spain's stables and his store-houses, and nothing eatable, save a few cats and dogs, to be found. These domestic animals were soon cooked and devoured, the fires being ready for them.

They had the good fortune, after this very welcome repast, to find concealed in the store-houses sixteen jars of Peru wine, and a leathern sack of bread. This was served out equally, without any distinction of ranks, and we may suppose with what avidity it was swallowed. But, for some time, the results were most alarming, for almost every man in the army was taken ill, and they all supposed that they had been treacherously poisoned. They did, however, in this instance, their enemies great injustice, for their illness was produced solely by their long fastings and the various kinds of unwholesome trash with which they had endeavoured to alleviate their famine.

Their malady remained upon them so grievously that they were forced to stay upon the spot the whole of the day, and take up their quarters there for that night.

This village of Vera Cruz is distant about twenty-six leagues from Chagre, and eight from Panama, and is the last place to which the river Chagre is navigable. Here then is the landing-place for all the merchandise transported up the river, that from Panama being brought hither on the backs of mules. Consequently, at times, it contained much riches. It was here that

the admiral was obliged to land all his men, however sick and unable to march they might be. Having done so, he sent back the canoes to the care of Captain Robert Delander, reserving to himself only one, which he carefully concealed on shore, in order that, should the necessity arise, he might be able to communicate with his fleet.

In abandoning Vera Cruz, the Indians and Spaniards retreated no farther than to the adjacent plantations, so it appeared that, henceforth, they intended to offer more serious resistance. Apprehending this, our careful admiral gave positive orders that none of his soldiers should leave the village in parties less than one hundred each. But hunger is not obedient, and a small company of English ventured out in search of provisions, but they were soon attacked, beaten back, and a prisoner snatched up from among them.

On the sixteenth of January, and the eighth of the march, Admiral (who was now always called "General") Morgan formed a forlorn hope of two hundred men, whom he despatched forward to discover the road to Panama, and to clear it of ambuscades. This was very necessary, as the roads were sometimes diminished to the paths and passes, through which only four persons could go abreast. As this column proceeded, they became aware that they were attended both on the right and left by the enemy, who, however, only showed themselves at intervals, and momentarily.

After marching ten hours they arrived at a place called Quebroda Obscura. Here they were suddenly assailed by a flight of four thousand arrows from unseen hands. This attack proceeded from a high rocky mountain, through which there was an excavation, that would only admit of one horseman at a time.

This flight of arrows much alarmed the English, but, not finding it repeated, they advanced, and entered a wood, where they found the Indians flying before them in great numbers, with the apparent design of securing another place of ambush. But one troop of them remained and disputed the path, and this they valiantly did until their chieftain fell wounded. He would receive no quarter, and was therefore pistolled by a soldier against whom he had lifted his azagaya. A great many of the Indians were slain around their leader. It was in vain that the invaders endeavoured to make a prisoner, the Indians were too swiftly footed for them. In this skirmish Morgan lost three men killed and seven men wounded.

In this and the various skirmishes that occurred almost hourly, the English vainly endeavoured to make a prisoner, the Indians being far too active for them. In the pass which we have just

described, had these natives been a little more cognizant in military matters, all General Morgan's advanced guard would have perished. However, it was won in the manner that we have narrated, and when the invaders emerged from the forest, a glorious view broke upon them, of rich meadows, gardens, and all manner of beautiful cultivation, which announced the approach to some large city.

But there was something not quite so pleasant in the view of another strong party of Indians posted upon a hill near which they had to pass. A troop of fifty of the fleetest men were selected to pursue and, if possible, to make even a single prisoner, in order to gain intelligence. But all their efforts were vain, for the Indians were always too quick for them, fleeing before them, and calling them all manner of opprobrious names.

By this time, the main body under Morgan had closed up with his forlorn hope, and thus all his army pressed forward in one solid mass, yet not without regard to having his front always cleared before him by skirmishers. They shortly came to a place in which a wood lay before them, and on each side a mountain. Morgan possessed himself of one mountain, whilst the Indians, as we have before related, held the other. The general very naturally feared an ambuscade in the wood, and despatched thither two hundred men to clear it; upon seeing which, the Indians descended from their post, and entered the wood before the English, but neither they, nor a large body of Spaniards, dared to make a stand, but both fled before the advanced guard, and disappeared.

After fighting and fasting all day, the buccaneers halted for the night, but their miseries were much increased by the rain falling with all the violence usual in a tropical climate. It was in vain that they sought shelter, even for their arms and ammunition, for the Indians had apparently burned every roofed building for miles around. At length three shepherds' hovels were discovered to which the arms of the entire army were removed, and the sick and wounded; but all other persons were exposed, during the whole night, to the most constant and pitiless rain.

Luckily the morning broke cloudlessly, and the drenched army immediately recommenced its march. After two hours' progress they discovered a troop of twenty mounted Spaniards, who hovered about them, observing their motions, all day; but every attempt to take any one of them proved fruitless. They were out of sight in a moment, withdrawing themselves to places where the English dared not follow.

At length, about noon, in attaining an eminence, to their infinite joy they discovered the South Sea. They made the hills

resound with their acclamations. This was on the 17th of January, and the ninth of their laborious march. From this point they observed that the Spaniards at Panama had already taken the alarm, for one large ship and several smaller vessels were making sail from the place, towards the two islands, Tovago and Tovagilla.

All things now wore to them a cheerful aspect. On descending into the vale, they found large flocks and herds, and the slaughtering, broiling, and roasting began immediately, and that and the ensuing feasting were the principal occupations of the rest of the day. How much they enjoyed this repast may be understood from the evidence of one of the company, who says: "Thus cutting the flesh of these animals into convenient pieces or gobbets, they threw them into the fire, and, half carbonadoed or roasted, they devoured them with incredible haste and appetite. For such was their hunger, as they more resembled cannibals than Europeans at this banquet, the blood many times running down from their beards unto the middle of their bodies." They ate their meat with the gravy in it, and Apicians might have envied them their appetites.

Giving his men some hours to enjoy this delicious repast, a little before sunset Morgan again pushed forward, sending before him a body of fifty skirmishers, with orders to do their utmost to make prisoners. He was now much concerned that, in traversing the whole of the isthmus, and during his nine days' march, he had not been able to meet with a single person from whom to obtain any intelligence as to the force and position of the enemy.

A little after sunset a body of two hundred Spaniards appeared in Morgan's front, and commenced shouting, but at too great a distance to be understood. On pressing forward to overtake these vociferous warriors, the steeples of Panama burst upon their sight, and the whole army stopped with one accord. Then ensued the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. Hats flew into the air, men leaped and shouted, and a hundred different tunes arose on the instant. Then every trumpet brayed forth its loudest triumphal note, and the doubling drums rattled and thundered in unision. They looked upon the victory as already won, the city plundered, and the booty shared.

Instead of repressing these undisciplined acts of presumption, Morgan and his captains went from file to file encouraging their enthusiasm, jocularly upbraiding those who had desponded a few days before, and ardently praising those who had never failed in their courage. In this exalted state of mind they halted themselves before the city, fully intent to attack it on the following day.

At the noise of the shoutings, and of the trumpets and drums,

fifty well-appointed horsemen came forth from the city to reconnoitre the English after they had taken up their ground for the night. They came almost within musket-shot, being preceded by a trumpeter, who sounded his instrument marvellously well. Some of these troopers were even so bold as to abide within hearing, and then with horrid grimaces and menacing attitudes shouted, "English dogs! We shall meet ye, we shall meet ye!"

After performing this feat, they rode proudly back into the city, leaving eight of their best mounted companions near the camp to watch the motions of the English. The two hundred Spaniards also, whom they had passed in their march, now took up a position in their rear, thus threatening to block up the invaders, whilst the guns from the works of the city opened upon the camp—without reaching it of course.

All these things gave the buccaneers no concern, although the fire from the great guns was kept up all night. The English, in answer to all this, began to make themselves comfortable; for though they were actually surrounded, they very quietly seated themselves, each man at his convenience, and opening their wallets, drew forth the remaining pieces of half-roasted beef and mutton, which they had reserved from their noon's repast, and fell to eating in such a way that no one would have supposed that they had so recently dined.

Having satisfied their appetites, they laid themselves down quietly on the grass, notwithstanding the roar of the Spanish guns, and with great satisfaction fell into a sound sleep, made the more delicious by dreams of the plunder, feasting, and lust, with which the morrow was to bless them.

Early in the morning of the next day, General Morgan put all his army in motion, and at first marched along the high way directly upon the town. But calling to him one of the guides, he took counsel with him, and suddenly broke off to the right, and took to a path through the woods, which was much the safer, though the way was tedious and difficult in the extreme. Had he been burthened either with horses, baggage, or artillery, he could not have forced the passage. By this detour he escaped a mine, and several ambuscades, and the Spaniards were thus compelled to leave their batteries and barricades, and to take up a new position in order to face Morgan's army as it debouched from the wood. Don Guzman, the president of Panama, made his array before the lines of the city, consisting of two squadrons of horse, and four regiments of foot, with several thousands of a novel kind of auxiliary troops, being herds of wild bulls driven and directed by a sufficient number of Indians and negroes, who were well versed in these matters. The Spaniards consisted of

two thousand one hundred foot, and six hundred horse, whilst Morgan could bring into line scarcely one thousand men.

When Morgan and his army emerged from the wood, which the Spaniards suffered them to do without molestation, in order that their wild cattle and their horse might act on the savanna, the English, or many of them, suffered a sudden panic at beholding the numerous forces and the strength of the position before them. Again had Morgan occasion to use all his eloquence, and going from rank to rank, he excited in them a spirit of desperation, and every man pledged himself to his neighbour to death or victory.

When his army was fairly disengaged from the wood, he drew them up into three lines, each line making a division of itself. The van was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Prince, and Major John Morris. It consisted only of three hundred men. The main body counted six hundred, and was commanded by Colonel Edward Collier, and the rear of three hundred by Colonel Bleadry Morgan. The reader will observe that these gentlemen with their military titles on shore were admirals and commanders afloat.

Morgan did not choose to leave the brow of the hill with the wood in his rear, nor would Don Guzman leave the spacious plain in which he was posted, so favourable for the operations of his cattle and his cavalry. Morgan did all that he could to provoke the enemy to commence the attack, by sending forward small bodies of marksmen, but these were never followed in their retreats, after having discharged their muskets. Seeing this, Morgan began to edge slowly round the wing of the Spaniards, which in modern warfare would be termed outflanking. This the English were suffered to do for some time unopposed, and the manœuvre gained them the advantage both of the sun and the wind. At last, Don Guzman was obliged to change his front; but his troops not being used to military operations on a large scale, got embarrassed with a bog that, before they changed their position, lay in the front between them and the English, and in which they hoped to have entangled their enemies.

Morgan, seeing this partial disorder, advanced a little way into the plain to take advantage of it, when the general of the Spanish horse, Francisco Detarro, charged the English vanguard with loud shouts of *Viva el Rey!* Although Morgan had no pikes in his army, yet the van-guard, doubling their ranks and the first rank kneeling with one knee on the ground, gave the cavalry so slaughtering a volley directly in their faces, that it brought down nearly the whole front file, and the rear turned and fled immediately. It is true they attempted to rally, but were unable to

make any combined movement, and the buccaneers brought them down at their ease, and with as much regularity as if they were firing at targets in a review.

As yet the van only of the English had been engaged, and they had completely dispersed the cavalry, killing their gallant leader, Don Francisco Detarro. The main body of the Spanish foot now advanced, when the English van opened in its centre to the right and left, wheeling backwards, and thus forming, with the line of the main body, three sides of a hollow square. When the Spanish foot were thus enclosed on three sides their position was much worse than that of their horse had been. They did not at all like it, and after losing a vast number of men, for they fought courageously, endeavoured, by slowly retreating, to extricate themselves; and whilst they were thus giving ground, Morgan advanced his rear-guard on their left flank, and then the retreat was changed into a flight, yet still preserving some manner of order.

Thus fighting and pursuing, the English were gradually drawn down into the plain, and as their rear was no longer covered by the wood, the Spaniards seized the opportunity to goad upon it their two divisions each of fifteen hundred wild bulls, at its left and right angles. But these allies rendered the Spaniards small service. They flew about in all directions, being astounded by the noise of the battle, and the few that broke through the files amused themselves by tearing to pieces the English colours and tossing their drums into the air. When they became very troublesome, they were quietly killed.

The conflict had now lasted two hours. Nearly all the Spanish horse had been killed, the wild bulls had all disappeared, or had been slaughtered, and the remaining foot, in despair, threw away their arms and dispersed. The English were so dreadfully fatigued that they found it impossible to pursue. Many of the runaways, not being able to regain the city, hid themselves in bushes or among the rocks at the sea side. These were found, but received no quarter, as the fury and exasperation of the battle had not yet subsided in the hearts of the invaders.

By this time Morgan had reorganized his forces, appointed scouts, and was deliberating on the field of battle that he had so gallantly won, upon his next proceeding, when eleven priests and one Spanish captain were brought in prisoners before them. All Morgan's Welsh blood was in a ferment, and as yet quarter had neither been given or begged on either side. The monks fell on their knees before him in their sacerdotal habits, and with heart-rending cries and lamentations, for the love of Jesus, begged their lives. There are many of our hero's actions that we should

be infinitely base were we to attempt to palliate. He ordered these prostrate men to be pistoled slowly, the one after the other. They were sacrificed, in revenge, for the death of Joseph Bradley.

The warrior Morgan spared, and from this man he learned that the city was placed in a good state of defence, that it was well entrenched, the principal streets barricaded, and that, in several places, strong batteries had been planted. He also discovered that, at the principal entrance to the city, in the highway, there was a battery mounted with eight heavy brass guns, and manned with fifty men; in fact, that there were altogether two hundred fresh men in the place, and thirty-two pieces of heavy ordnance.

After taking some time to weigh his determination, General Morgan ordered that, in future, the prisoners should be spared, and he then proceeded to review his troops. To his chagrin, he found that his loss had been much more considerable than he had at first supposed, whilst that on the part of the Spaniards was tremendous. Six hundred and forty-seven of the latter were found dead upon the field, besides the many wounded, and prisoners were coming in rapidly.

Having rested his forces for the space of an hour and a half, Morgan, taking great care to avoid the principal gates, marched towards the city, carrying with him all his prisoners. With all Morgan's precaution, his ranks were compelled to face many defences, from which the cannon discharged upon him showers of musket balls, thinning his ranks at every step. At length the English penetrated the streets, and reached the market-place, and there the conflict was renewed for some time; but after three hours' hard fighting, Morgan obtained complete possession of the place, and every Spaniard who dared show himself was immediately shot down.

Thus fell the glorious city of Panama to a mere handful of adventurers, without baggage, without horse, and without artillery. It is one of the most wonderful military achievements on record. There was no surprise, no treachery. The conquest was gained by the most consummate generalship, and a courage that was never surpassed. If deeds of war can confer honour, Morgan and his associates must stand pre-eminent amongst mankind. They had to contend with and conquer a brave and cautious enemy. England should be proud of these men, though they have been stigmatized as pirates; and glory in their achievements, although they may not be chronicled among the acts of honourable men. May the spirit that subdued the Spaniards on the isthmus of Darien never be extinct amongst us!

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Author explains and justifies—Morgan's Expedient against Drunkenness—A Description of Panama and its immense Riches—The severe Disappointment of the Buccaneers, and other very important Matters.

BEFORE we proceed, we must inform the reader that, for the description that we have given him of the brilliant operations in the last chapter, we have collated numerous authorities, and many manuscripts in the British Museum. We believe it to be as faithful a record as any that history can produce of a remote transaction. Premising thus, we are bound to say that the official account of the capture of Panama, transmitted to Sir Thomas Modiford, differs, in some few points, very essentially from our relation, whilst it corroborates it in all others. The official document says, "that the governor, instead of defending the city after his defeat on the plain, caused it to be fired, and its chief ports to be blown up, the which was in such haste that he blew up forty of his soldiers in them. We followed into the town, where in the market-place they made some resistance, and fired some great guns, and killed us four men and wounded five. At three o'clock in the afternoon we had quiet possession of the city, although on fire, with no more loss on our side, in this day's work, than five men killed, and ten wounded."

This account is not only impossible, but absurd. There is no doubt but that it was concocted between the two friends, Henry Morgan and Sir Thomas Modiford, for there was much in all that our hero did, which, before the relation of it was published, required most careful revisal. Having mentioned this, in order to guard against cavils concerning our accuracy as biographers, we shall proceed to disclose what actually took place, although our hero may not appear by it in a light quite so romantic.

Immediately that the town was won, and the first thirst for slaughter a little appeased, General Morgan assembled all his forces, and, after praising their bravery, he commanded them all, under pain of instant death, to abstain from all wine and spirits. He pretended that every portion of strong drink in the place had been purposely poisoned. He assured them of this repeatedly, and, setting aside his authority, he entreated them, as friends and brothers, to give him their promises. Strange as it may appear, this they did unanimously.

Morgan then proceeded to place the requisite guarded posts, and to appoint a principal *corps-de-garde*; and the ensuing night passed off tranquilly enough, the silence of the affrighted town being only interrupted repeatedly by female shrieks.

At this period the city of Panama was the largest, and by far

the richest, town in the New World. The streets were regularly built, running at right angles with each other, the principal ones being situated nearly east and west, and open on their western extremities to the sea. Most of the houses were built of stone, and well deserved the title of palaces. For, unlike the English, the Spaniards built their colonial towns not only for themselves, but for their future generations; and, whilst they consisted of materials the most durable, they were rich in all the embellishments of architecture then known. Over the whole extent of England, though there were many larger and more populous cities, there was not one by far so handsome, or that wore so lordly an appearance. Truly it was a city of palaces.

Such was the general aspect of the place, whilst the interior of the houses more than equalled the grandeur of the streets. Every habitation had all its woodwork of cedar, and their interiors were of a most curious and magnificent structure, and richly adorned with rare pictures and elaborate tapestry. Luxury and elegance had made Panama their abode.

On the entry of the invaders, this opulent place, which was the head of a bishopric, contained eight splendid monasteries, six of them of vast size and imposing magnificence. Seven of these were for men, and the other, which was a grand building, for women. Besides these, there were two stately churches, one of them being the cathedral, and a public hospital of great dimensions. It must be remembered that every monastery had also a superb chapel attached to it, the smallest of which being much larger than the generality of our parish churches. All these places of worship were highly adorned with altar-pieces and valuable paintings. The shrines were innumerable, and the images and decorations generally consisted of solid gold and silver. Most of all this treasure the priests and monks had carefully concealed.

This truly magnificent city contained seven thousand houses, two thousand of which were really and truly palaces. These were inhabited by those in office, and the most opulent of the merchants. The other five thousand, all of them handsome edifices, were appropriated to the tradesmen and the middle classes. This city, on the landward, was surrounded by plantations and gardens, laid out with the utmost art, and afforded the most cooling and refreshing retirement, as well as the most delicious fruits. The place was as near an approach to a paradise as man can expect in this world.

Nor is this all. The city contained the extensive stables of the king of Spain, where were contained the numerous studs of horses and mules that conveyed all the plate across the isthmus into the Atlantic Ocean. The value of these, only, amounted to many

thousands of pounds sterling. But the cattle had been dispersed over the country, and were roving at liberty through the forests. The Genoese had a stately and vast structure here, that looked like a continuation of palaces, which served them as an exchange, a warehouse, and a mart for the sale of the negroes, whom they largely imported. At this time, this ancient and glorious city was the greatest mart for silver and gold in the whole world, receiving all the goods that came from Old Spain in the king's great fleet, and delivering to the fleet, in return, all the silver and gold produced from the mines of Peru and Potozi.

And of all this Henry Morgan was the warrior lord; nay, far more than this, not only all the wealth that it contained, but the lives of its thousands of inhabitants, were at his sovereign disposal. Yet he slept tranquilly, and at dawn awoke refreshed, like a good man who had prayed ere he slept.

The rattling drums soon startled the streets from their silence by the loud *reveil*, and, as the buccaneers had abstained from drinking, the companies and the regiments were almost instantly under arms near their respective colours. They were kept under arms until nearly mid-day, during which time Morgan and his colonels went from company to company, explaining to the men their various and important duties in their present glorious yet most hazardous position. He also instructed his men as to the most effectual and systematic plan of extorting and securing the greatest amount of plunder, and whilst he was exhorting them to sobriety, the flames suddenly burst forth at once from nearly twenty of the grandest edifices of the city.

Morgan has been charged with this useless act of incendiarism, which he always stoutly denied, and threw the blame of it on the Spaniards. From whomever it proceeded, it was an act of consummate folly. The natives of the place well knew that the English had no intention of remaining, and the English could hardly have been so insensate as to destroy their own very pleasant and luxurious quarters. However, Morgan not only made all his troops do their utmost to extinguish the flames, but also coerced the Spaniards to assist. They blew up many houses with gunpowder, and pulled down still more, to stop the progress of the fire, but with little good effect. Nearly the whole of the city was destroyed, all the Genoese exchange, with a great number of negroes, and two hundred warehouses with all their merchandize, and several granaries containing an immense quantity of grain, meal, and other provisions. This vast fire continued burning for four days.

This conflagration compelled Morgan for a time to encamp without the city walls, as he feared his men might be surprised if

they were dispersed among the smouldering ruins. Indeed, just then, the utmost prudence was necessary. They had lost many men in the capture of the place, and they had nearly two hundred wounded in the cathedral church. Thus their numbers had been much diminished, the more especially as he had told off one hundred and fifty able men, who were sent with the news of his success to Chagre. A less number could not have traversed the country in safety.

Now the Spaniards ejected from the city were incomparably superior to Morgan's troops in numbers, and they were continually seen hovering about the open country in large bodies, the smallest of which, with but a moderate share of courage, would have been sufficient to have expelled their enemies. They gradually drew off, and finally disappeared, without striking a blow.

On the third day of the possession of the city, Morgan, having taken every precautionary measure, and diligently instructed his soldiers so that they might be secure against surprise, and in what manner to assemble on the least alarm, proceeded again into the city, and billeted the men in the most superb mansions that remained unconsumed. They next proceeded to search the ashes and the embers, as well as the wells and cisterns, for articles of silver and gold, and even on the first day they obtained much treasure.

On the fourth day Morgan despatched two divisions, of one hundred and fifty men each, well-armed and chosen soldiers, into the interior of the country, that they might bring in such of the inhabitants as they could capture. These bodies were successful to the amount of two hundred prisoners, men, women, and slaves.

On the day of the storming of the place, a boat had been discovered embedded in the mud. This Morgan had launched and well manned, and sent in pursuit of the vessels that put to sea from the harbour on the approach of the English. This boat had now returned with three other prizes. But they missed a large galleon, which miraculously had escaped all their vigorous efforts. Had they taken her, they would have been amply repaid for all their privations and long suffering, for she contained all the king of Spain's plate, and the gold, pearls, and jewels, and much of the most precious goods of the wealthiest merchants of Panama, that had been shipped on board of her for safety. The ladies of the nunnery had also taken refuge on board, with all the invaluable ornaments of their church. Perhaps there never before swam a vessel that contained so much treasure. Of all this Morgan had been duly informed, and also that the galleon was totally unprepared for resistance. Had they gained possession of this prize, it would have been worth to them double all that they plundered from their expedition.

Now this important enterprise had been consigned to one Captain John Morris, a brave man and a good seaman, but who, like most of the adventurers, was abominably addicted to debauchery. It may be well supposed that Morgan was outrageous when this man came on shore to report his proceedings. Our hero would have pistolled him on the spot, had he not been restrained by Admiral Collier.

In the hurry of the moment, this Morris, when he put to sea in the half-decked boat, had carried with him, by force, two women for every single man, and a large quantity of wine and strong waters. The vessel thus became a sty of the most horrible vices and the most filthy debauchery. Morris was degraded into the ranks, and Morgan immediately armed the best boat that had been brought in, and placed on board of her everything that could make her complete,—seeing with his own eyes that she left the shore without either wine or women on board of her. But it was too late, the prize had escaped, and was seen by the buccaneers no more.

This little expedition was not wholly useless. Several boats richly laden were captured in the ports of the islands of the bay of Panama. The prisoners taken in these boats confirmed all that was told of the incalculable riches of the escaped galleon, and Morgan and his officers were thus exasperated nearly into madness.

They now armed four boats, and ordered them to examine every port and creek in the South Seas. They divided, and searched for eight days; but with no success. So they returned to the islands of Tavoga and Tavogilla, where they were so lucky as to find and capture a tolerably good prize, in a ship newly arrived, laden with cloth, soap, sugar, and biscuit, and, what was more to the purpose, she had on board twenty thousand pieces of eight, in coined money. They also captured another half-decked boat: in this they placed the valuables that they had acquired, together with some negroes whom they had found upon the islands. This was some small indemnity for the scandalous failure of Captain Morris, and tended a little to allay the discontent of the adventurers.

Other good news awaited our wild friends. The convoy had returned from Chagre, and they brought the intelligence that the active fellows left there had fitted out two brigantines to pick up any stray inconsiderate vessels that might, being more honest than prudent, be picked up in coming too near them. They made in this way several small captures, and a large ship being chased by them, she, seeing the Spanish colours treacherously flying upon the castle of Chagre, ran into the harbour for pro-

tection, and found themselves prisoners. This prize was particularly valuable to the adventurers, as she was fully laden with all manner of provisions, articles of which the garrison had begun to stand in great need, they having already exhausted the circumjacent country.

General Morgan, understanding this, determined to remain longer at Panama than he had at first intended. Whilst he enjoyed every luxury in his stately palace of marble, he made his troops scour the country daily in a most systematic manner, one party of two hundred men being always out, the parties relieving each other regularly. Thus, no part of the territory escaped their search, and great booty and many prisoners were acquired in this manner.

It is our painful duty to record, that, as was usual, the prisoners were cruelly tortured to make them confess where were concealed their own property and that of their neighbours and countrymen. We have always passed lightly over these disgraceful transactions, not that we think them less reprehensible than others, but that it would be needlessly harrowing the feelings of our readers. We will merely state one atrocity, from which the nature of the rest will be but too well understood.

Many of the lower orders, who supposed that, having nothing to lose, they should escape the infliction of cruelties, domestics particularly, returned to the city, and very naturally took up the best quarters in the deserted mansions. A servant of a Spanish grandee returned in this manner to his master's palace, and, not unnaturally, got into his master's clothes. These rich habiliments might have escaped the observation of the sharp-sighted buccaneers, had the poor fellow not been seduced by a pair of scarlet taffety breeches of uncommon splendour, to the which a silver key was appended, tastefully suspended from the waistband by a golden chain. Had he remained in-doors all might have been well, but the silly fellow must fain strut through one of the squares, aping the man of quality, and he was soon arrested by a party of inquisitive freebooters. He protested he was a menial, they, that he was a don of the first magnitude.

The man was taken before Morgan, who soon found out what was his real position in society, so he dismissed him to the tender mercies of the band, for them to discover the cabinet to which the silver key belonged, making over to them the breeches and the mantle as perquisites.

The poor wretch actually knew not of the whereabouts of the supposed cabinet; so, as time was precious, the cross-examination was soon changed for the rack, and his arms immediately disjointed. This not being able to do an impossibility, they

changed their tactics, by twisting a cord round his forehead, that soon made his eyes appear as big as hen's eggs, nearly forcing them from their sockets. This not having any effect, they hung him up in a manner which decency will not permit to be mentioned, and whilst under this demoniac torture, they flayed him with thorny bushes. They then lopped off his nose and ears, and afterwards broiled his face with burning straw.

This last torment defeated them of their own purpose, for it deprived the poor wretch of speech, and then they began to think of the little mercy of which they were capable, by ordering a negro to run him through the body. Many hundreds of Spaniards of all ranks were put to death in a similar way, and under nearly similar circumstances.

CHAPTER XXX.

Morgan's Exaltation of Mind—His Manner of using his Conquest—His Power, and his Advantages—His Dreams of Ambition—His fair Captive—How he treated her—proving that "even the Devil is not quite so black as he is painted."

WE have been so much borne onwards by the events which belong to Morgan in common to all his men, that we have not had the opportunity of dwelling upon matters merely personal to him. It is certain that he suffered considerably by the loss of his friend Joseph Bradley, and, gifted as he was with a most admirable presence of mind, at times betrayed how ill his mind was at ease, by fitful starts, inequalities of temper, great severities; and he might do so with safety, freely indulging in the habit that was growing upon him of deep carousals. As yet these latter had made no apparent inroads on his constitution, and he seemed to be in all the glorious vigour of the prime of life, and the majesty of manly beauty.

Being now a commissioned officer of his sovereign, he kept up all the dignity of his position whenever circumstances would admit of it. In the field or on the march he could be as the humblest of his followers, but in the camp or in quarters he was difficult of access, and his ante-room was always filled with officers. He had taken care to be supplied with every thing that might conduce to his sensual enjoyments. We know not how it will be received, but we are compelled to say, that rigorous orders had been issued, that if any woman of remarkable beauty should be captured, she was immediately to be brought to the commander-in-chief, at any hour of the day or night.

It was just at the commencement of a new day, Morgan had dismissed most of his officers after a heavy debauch. The wine had fevered his frame more than it had disordered his

intellect, and he was pacing an inner and spacious apartment alone. He was in exalted spirits, but neither cheerful nor happy. He paused often in his walk, muttered to himself, but so inaudibly, that the words could not be caught by the sentinels at the door. Probably he was thinking of a new empire in the South American continent; decidedly of the friend of his youth and of his negro love.

The sign and the countersign were changed every twelve hours, and Captain Swan, who was commander-in-chief for that night of the main-guard, was announced, that he might obtain from Morgan the watchword for the next twelve hours. Swan was for some minutes in Morgan's presence without being noticed, so, taking the opportunity of his commander's approach, as he fitfully strode up and down the apartment, he said,

"General, may it please you, the sign."

"Zoabinda!" answered Morgan, without regarding the captain.

"And the countersign, general," said Swan, watching his opportunity.

"Joseph Bradley," said Morgan, in a tone so mournful and so soft, that the captain actually doubted the voice.

"He was a rare spirit, general, he was, indeed. I would give the half of my share of booty, were he now alive," remarked Swan.

"Thou art an honest fellow, and a brave. Thou wouldst make an excellent peer of the realm—a good feudatory lord. Would that I had more like thee. Hadst thou the christening of a new kingdom, what should men call it?"

"Why, it should have some grand Greek or Roman name—something sounding—a mouthful and to spare."

"Then, man, why not take some of its ancient names; there's Ozoakochitzin, Tlotzinpochotlitzn, and Huizaquentochintecuhkli, and many like it, to choose from."

"Oh, oh, my good general; you have now told me the whereabouts of this new kingdom. But the names are tongue-twisting, and to a sailor's jaws painful—to say nothing of nasty recollections. A Whizzaquenstochingculitonian would be an awkward chap to name."

"Thou speakest wisely—something short, ending in land, as England, Scotland. Cudgel thy brains again, good captain."

"Why, then, let it be Swanland—after my own name—let who will take it amiss."

"A good name where geese are to be governed. Thou art but a simple courtier, Swan, and a simple Swan too, for not swimming with the stream. I'll none of thy name."

"Well, general, call it as you will, when you get it. I humbly take my leave."

“Stop; has Captain Harry Wells returned from his excursion?”

“I heard his trumpet outside the barrier, even as I came to you for the pass-words.”

“Well, good night, good Swan. Should you think of a name for a new empire, Swan, of which all your cygnets might be hereditary lords—the old proverb of feathering your nest—you understand—and so, good night.”

And Morgan was again alone.

“St. Catherine’s is mine—fertile and impregnable—and Chagre with its invincible fortress, its neat and compact town, its safe port, and the command of its beautiful river. A hundred thousand Spaniards should not wrest it from me—nor half that number of Englishmen. And this glorious city, with its palaces, its lofty walls, its noble port; truly it is the key of the New World—these are all mine. Were I to turn Catholic? It is a good religion for the great. No, it is a faith in which priestcraft will always head kingcraft. My wild, my brave buccaneers, you only are worthy to be my subjects. I am already sovereign of much. But what avails it? O Zoabinda! Owen! where are ye? What now have I to do with ambition and conquest? I will turn miser—amass all that I can—be a dutiful husband to my little gentle Amelia, plant canes, flog my negroes, feed well and drink full, grow old, rot, and die. But should Charles, my liege lord, take this little outbreak of mine amiss, by Saint George, and by his dragon too, I’ll become a liege lord myself, and formally declare war against Great Britain and its dependencies.”

Having come to this satisfactory conclusion, our hero was about retiring to his golden couch, decorated with rich hangings of the most precious silken stuffs, when he was arrested by a bustle in the ante-room, his door flew open, and, in an instant, a Spanish lady of exquisite beauty prostrated herself at his feet.

Harry Wells, and two or three more, entered at the same time. Captain Henry Wells was a little excited by the success of his enterprise, by the beauty of his captive, and lastly, by sundry huge draughts of Peru wine. So, in making his report, he talked somewhat a little at random about the queen of Sheba and Solomon in all his glory.

Morgan looked down upon the lady with a pitying yet an impassioned eye. He smiled upon her mildly and beneficently, then turned with a stern look to Captain Wells, and said,

“No violence, Wells, I trust?”

“I know my duty, general.”

“And the expedition?”

“Swept the country—burned and destroyed everything we could not carry off. Captain Harry Wells knows his duty, general.”

"And the prisoners?"

"Tortured the obstinate—killed the refractory—brought the rest here."

"And the women?"

"Only some twenty personable bodies—got the best, general—I know my duty—sent next best to my own quarters—and our fellows went to dice for the rest—all according to the proper form—who shall teach me my duty?"

"Indeed not I, thou good and faithful soldier—but the plunder, man, the plunder?"

"Safely lodged in the *corps-de-garde*. I left Timothy Bibbledux taking the inventory. Have I done my duty?"

"Quite—that is, if you are sure that this lady has experienced no rudeness."

"Rudeness! was she not reserved for you, general? Put me under arrest, if you doubt that I have done my duty."

"I doubt it not. Good night; and let me entreat you to omit—no, no—do your pleasure—only I charge you on your military obedience to be sober to-morrow at daylight."

"You should be obeyed, general, were I as drunk as old Decency in a nighthouse the moment before. I know my duty."

And Morgan was soon alone with this fair and young creature at his feet. He had too much sense to play the brute, or even to betray too early the consciousness of his power over his victim. He raised her from the floor tenderly yet respectfully, and placing her in a chair, seated himself at some distance from her. He affected to be unacquainted with the Spanish language, and thus sought more fully to understand the complexion of her mind. She seemed to be the prey of unmingled terror—no other feeling had room to betray itself. She had heard such horrible accounts of the arch-pirate, Morgan, that, in common with most Spanish women, she thought that he had other form than human. Indeed, she had imagined him to be something like the ugliest and most forbidding-looking devils that she had seen in the pictures in the church—only much more disgusting. This had been an article of her faith—the priests had taught her this.

For some minutes she continued sobbing out interjections for mercy, not daring to mention any name that she deemed to be holy, fearing to anger the demon in whose presence she trembled. She asked for pity, for the sake of her mother—of her playmates—she promised to be so good—no—if he would let her go she would be a little wicked—she would miss confession; and then she thought all this only a pious fraud, for which she could very easily procure absolution, but she rather supposed that it would be an act of grace instead of one of sin.

Morgan then spoke to her some few words in English in his most gentle tones, and, when he chose to make them so, no tones could be more gentle than his. These words caused her much surprise, although she understood them not, and she looked round the room as if expecting to find some other person present besides him whom she so much dreaded. But whenever in her wandering glances her eyes caught the least glimpse of his garments, she suddenly withdrew them, and shuddering gazed upon the ground.

Our hero, seeing how little progress he made towards a better acquaintance with his beautiful prisoner, by attempting to soothe her in English, and not having much more faith in Welsh, spoke to her in Spanish with a purity of pronunciation and an elegance of speech to which few of her own countrymen could pretend. He told her to lay aside all alarm, that it was not he, but the fair being before him, who was paramount there, and that she had only to speak to find obedience.

These honeyed words, assisted by the most seducing accents, at last drew her gaze towards the speaker, and as it travelled slowly along the marble floor, it first met Morgan's feet. He had nothing to blush for in that quarter. She drew a long breath that seemed to relieve her greatly, and then clasping together her hands and looking towards heaven, she fervently ejaculated, "The holy Virgin be thanked! he has no cloven foot!"

Morgan laughed gently, and then he began to play the fiend that he did not appear, and spoke with the cloven tongue, a language too well understood, and far too seductive to innocence. Gradually as the flatterer poured forth his honeyed poison, her ardent gaze ventured to fix itself on his heroic and handsome features, and soon she found her dark eyes entangled in the mild blaze of his large blue ones. Never had she seen, in the male sex, any thing so beautiful and so superb as the noble countenance that appeared to be humbling itself before her. The words he uttered, and the emanations from his features, seemed one and the same. His words seemed to shine with a corporeal beauty, his corporeal beauty seemed gifted with words. Afterwards, she could not say whether any of his particular sentiments he had looked or spoken.

And too soon was the arm of the deceiver round her most tapering waist—too soon had she blushing received, not unwilling, the wine-cup from his hand, and the insidious fire of the draught danced wildly through her veins. Her innocent ignorance was Morgan's friend; or rather her ignorance was now eager to play the traitor to her innocence.

As yet Morgan's lips had not polluted her rounded and downy

cheek. Twice had they, all impassioned, approached her small mouth, but each time he refrained, exclaiming, "Poor child! she is so young!" And then he bethought him of the precocious climate that so early matured beauty delicate as hers. And the vile tales of monkish profligacy rushed like so many devils upon his mind, thrusting out all better and holy thoughts.

He had now drawn his victim upon his knee, but, as yet, he dared not draw her to his side with a stricter embrace. She, like one fascinated, was looking up to him and burying her immortal soul in his mild and treacherous eyes. She had expected to find herself in the power of a demon with blood-red orbs, features of flame, and a form of hideousness, and she found herself all but embraced by a being more nearly approaching to her ideas of a god, than anything human she had yet seen or conceived. Nor did the splendour and the grace of his dress fail to add to her sentiment of deep veneration. And then his kindness! Her heart was melting within her with the sweetest gratitude. Already she deeply loved him, but in that love there was not a spark of impure passion. He was much more handsome than her own father, and had proved as kind to her as her own mother.

"And can you love me?" said Morgan, cooling his lips upon her high and marble-like forehead.

"O yes—so much, so very much! They told me such incredible lies of you—and I believed them—I am so sorry! The Spaniards are cowards—they are not men. They ran before the pirates like frightened fowls—and they did so talk before you came!"

"My little angel! But I am no pirate—I am a soldier—a soldier of my king, as you Spaniards are soldiers and subjects of your king—we have made honourable war upon you. No, dark-eyed beauty, we are neither buccaneers, nor outlaws, nor pirates,—I would scorn to be the leader of such."

"Whatever you are," said the young girl enthusiastically, "you are brave to fight, and brave to look upon!"

"Say you so, my sweet enchantress—then by my right hand you shall be my mistress."

"No, I don't think I can," said she in all simplicity; "next year I am to be married to Don Jose Allatraveda. I shall then be fifteen—ah me! and he is so old!"

"You shall not marry him. I will cut his throat."

"I don't wish that. He is always kind to me: gives me slily all manner of sweetmeats, begs me off from my hardest lessons, and when I threw his crutch-stick in the cistern, he did not beat me after all, although he threatened dreadfully."

"Beat you! and does the old dotard go on crutches?"

"Why—I was naughty: no, he does not go on two crutches, he only halts with one leg, and can't get on without his stick."

"Notwithstanding his great merits, his throat will be certainly cut, my pretty prattler. To you I will be ever good and kind. You make me furious with bliss; by this kiss, and this, you shall be mine for ever, and for ever."

There was nothing in it. It was but three or four passionate kisses; but they terrified the young girl exceedingly. She seemed utterly bewildered. When she could draw her breath freely, she exclaimed, "My dear mother, O my dear mother!"

There was something in the tones of her voice that went to Morgan's heart. They were not unfamiliar to him. They sounded like the echoes of long past years.

"I am too rude—too rash," he said aloud in English. "I must win her to my bosom by more gentle lures. I shall love her, I know I shall. She shall be to me a second Zoabinda—there is the true fire within her. She despised her cowardly countrymen. Who may she be? Everything denotes her of superior rank."

He then commenced the easy task of reassuring the lady, and she soon confessed that she was frightened, but not displeased. And so, as they sate lovingly together, and he spoke and she listened, all Morgan's resolutions of delicacy began to thaw before his kindling passions, and he at last determined upon adding atrocious villany to his too dreadful list of sins.

During this long interview Morgan had ordered the banquet to be replenished, and the child had been induced to take at least three times as much wine as ever she had drunk at once before. The repast was finished; the night was far advanced. The young girl was by turns garrulous and silent—now all laughter, now all tears—her eyes flashed with varying lightnings—her step was unsteady, her brain confused. Morgan's excitement was scarcely less than hers, but his was, though great, under complete control. They had risen from the table, and he, holding her hand, was leading her, trembling yet unresisting, into another apartment, when he said, kissing her burning cheek, "What is my little wife's christian name?"

"Lynia," was the whispered answer.

The roof over Morgan's head was not shattered by the sudden lightning, nor did a thunderbolt explode at his feet, yet, had both occurred, he could not have been more suddenly fixed to the spot where he stood in amazement. His encircling arm fell from the maiden's waist, and she, too, stood motionless without knowing why.

At length Morgan spoke, but no longer in hurried and wild accents. "Your name is Lynia Guzman?"

"Yes, my lord," said she, catching, in some degree, the solemnity of his manner.

"Go on, signoretta—tell me all about yourself and family."

"My mother, my lord, is an Englishwoman; my father, Antonio Guzman, is the first merchant in this country, and the only brother of the governor, Don Perez Guzman, the president, and I am his niece, and, they tell me, his heiress. I was brought up partly in my uncle's palace, partly in the great convent. I had taken shelter in the convent, and my mother has escaped to sea in one of the ships. I, with a party of priests and nuns, was endeavouring to make my way, overland, to Carthagená, when we were taken in the woods by your soldiers. My mother was English like yourself; I beseech you still to be kind and good to me."

"I will, Lynia—I swear it. Where now is your father?"

"He is now in Old Spain."

"Of a truth, Lynia?"

"Of a perfect truth."

"I am glad of it. For your sake, sweet daughter of mine enemy, I am exceedingly rejoiced at it. What ho! there," continued Morgan, shouting to his attendants, who immediately appeared. "Let some of the nuns of the great convent be sent here immediately. There are a score or so taken to-night in Captain Harry Wells' foray. Send me five or six of the most discreet."

Whilst they were obeying this order, Morgan placed Lynia beside him, and, without indulging in the least familiarity, made her give him a short history of her own life and that of her mother. The nuns arrived, fearing unto death. Morgan spoke to them courteously and encouragingly, and told them that a particular wing of the palace was at their disposal whilst they chose to consider Signoretta Lynia as their mistress. As such they were to show her every respect and observance, and whilst they did this to his and to her satisfaction, he assured them of safety and good treatment.

They were on their knees immediately to Morgan, pouring forth their gratitude for his clemency and bounty. Morgan blessed Lynia, as she departed to her chamber, as a father blesses his daughter. The last words that he heard Lynia utter, as she passed out of the room, were uttered in tears, to the effect that "she supposed now, she should be, after all, married to that hideous old Don José, with his crutch."

Morgan could not help smiling when these disconsolate words met his ear, and when the door was closed, he drained off an immense goblet of Canary wine, and said,

“The little baggage is true woman at heart, and I like her the better for it. Don José’s throat shall be cut for running away from his affianced—if I catch him. Well, I am no Scipio Africanus; and yet I could not do this wickedness. I’ll be sworn that I shall have no one to cry me up as a mirror of self-abnegation, and yet, I have some merit too—the black-eyed little kitten! I dare say that I shall sleep as well as if I had played the Tarquin.”

And so he did.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Morgan makes up for his Disappointment by murdering and torturing some fifty Spaniards—Meets with his first Love under strange Circumstances—Finds her wholly in his Power, and is not happy.

THE next day Morgan refused to see Lynia Guzman at all, but contented himself with sending her kind messages, and assuring himself that she had everything that she could desire in her circumstances. He was either determined to divert his mind from temptation by action, or just then action was required for the well-being of his expedition, for that very day he called out a party of three hundred men, at the head of whom he placed himself, and scoured the country for booty and for prisoners.

We must suppose that our hero was, in some degree, exasperated, for his progress might have been tracked with blood, and his whereabouts made known by the screams of those under torture. Every one who was captured was now indiscriminately put to the torture, and his men had become so hardened in these atrocities, that the dying groans of men, women, and children, excited in them no other emotion than merriment.

It must be confessed that many things occurred to annoy our hero. He was not faithfully, or, if faithfully, not zealously served. The leaders and the officers of the expeditions that he had despatched, both ashore and afloat, were too apt to forget themselves in intemperance, and ten times more plunder was thus lost than that which they had acquired.

Morgan occupied himself with this expedition for a whole week, and returned with his soul blackened with many murders, and his hands heavy with much plunder. He had made a very successful foray, and taken many prisoners who promised him abundance of ransom. On his return, he still abstained from seeing Lynia. However, he gained nothing in reputation for this forbearance, either among the Spaniards or his own followers, for they said that he had been so much pleased with a novice of the convent, that he had since taken the whole nunnery to himself, including the aged porteress as well as the venerable lady abbess. He kept them all, certainly, in the strictest privacy, but that was

the worst, so far as they were concerned, that he had to answer for. Compared with his deeds without, he was a saint within doors.

Just as Morgan had returned from scouring the country, an expedition that he had sent along the coasts of the South Sea also made its reappearance. This small fleet of decked boats had behaved better than the former squadrons despatched on similar services, for they brought with them much booty and several distinguished prisoners.

We have before recorded that Morgan, on remarkable occasions, affected a great deal of military state. Perhaps he had some presentiment of what was to take place when it was reported to him that, amongst the prisoners, there was a lady of the most ravishing beauty, who refused to make known her name or condition, but who was evidently a personage of the first quality.

Morgan occupied the principal palace of the city, and had surrounded himself with all that remained unconsumed of the viceroy's pomp and circumstance of dignity. In a magnificent dress, attended by a gallant band of well-armed soldiers, and a large suite of spoil-decorated officers, he sat, at midday, on a sort of throne in the hall of audience, to receive his newly-made prisoners.

Grandeers and dames of high degree filed off before him, and they, as they mentioned what name and dignity they chose, (for all feared the exaction of too exorbitant a ransom,) knelt on one knee before Morgan, who took no further notice of them than to tell his secretary, coldly, the price he affixed to each name to be paid for their liberty.

At length there appeared a lady of surpassing beauty. The lawless buccaneers paid her involuntary homage. She was still in the prime of life, and for these climates a wonder; though her complexion was that of the most transparent brunette, her round cheeks displayed all the soft and crimson richness of the sunny side of the peach. She was something *embonpoint*, with a most majestic carriage. She stood before Morgan in a blaze of beauty all but superhuman. Distinguished as was Morgan in appearance, she looked the empress, and he the vassal.

They knew each other instantaneously. Felt Morgan then the humiliation of the rejected lover, or the elevation of the triumphant conqueror? Feel what he might, he appeared as one troubled exceedingly. She showed no disturbance of manner, and a benignant smile spread over her beautiful features. When she was required by the person officiating to pronounce her name and quality, without any attempt at subterfuge, or appearance of fear, she said,

“Donna Lynia Guzman, noble both by birth and marriage, and the wife of a rich merchant of Panama, now at Cadiz, in Old Spain.”

Every ear was eager for the amount of ransom to be pronounced by Morgan. Instead of speaking, he regarded his prisoner fixedly; it was an unmeaning look—almost the look of a clown when he suddenly encounters face to face his superior. At length, his features expressed some surprise, and afterwards a little anger—and then he said to his master of the ceremonies,

“The prisoner before us, like the rest, has not kneeled.”

“She is a lady,” was distinctly heard from the lips of more than one of the attendant officers.

“O!” said the signora; “if General Morgan prizes such vanities, I will gladly kneel to him—it will not make me meaner, the general more great—it will neither destroy the past, nor dignify the present—Henry Morgan, the vassal of my father, I kneel to you.”

“No, no,” exclaimed Morgan’s court; “she speaks excellent English.”

“I am a born Englishwoman,” said the lady, looking like one of England’s queens.

“Hurrah! no kneeling!” was vociferated.

“Nay, but I will—”

“Not so,” said Morgan, stooping from his elevation, and preventing her genuflexion by taking both her hands, “I was surprised into rudeness. You know me, then, lady?”

“Yes, alas! yes—you have been a dreadful enemy to me and mine. I am now in your power—you have received much that was good at my hands.”

“More, more,” said Morgan, giving way to a gust of passion, “more that was evil.”

“You made the evil—even out of the good you made it.”

“No more of this. Gentlemen, this wife of a Spaniard and myself were acquainted as children—her husband wronged me deeply—but I am generous. We will speak of ransom hereafter. Let her be honourably attended, and death to him who shall dare, without my permission or the lady’s, to invade her privacy. Donna Lynia, I will pay my respects to you at sunset. Attend the lady, Tomlins, and get some honourable Spanish matrons to wait upon her.”

Now Tomlins always acted as Morgan’s major domo in tent or quarters, and was also a stalwart hand either against ox, sheep, or enemy. He was a simple, honest, Sussex ploughman before he had taken to the flood and field with his renowned master; and now had not yet much sharpened the mother wit that was in him, which was truly of no vast quantity. So when the major

domo of the palace had received his orders, having previously courteously saluted his queenly charge, he drawled out, addressing Morgan,

“General, shall I place the peerless dame among the ladies in your honour’s nunnery?”

A burst of general laughter followed this simple request, and Morgan felt the *contretems* more than he ought to have done, for with respect to the immured ladies his conduct was not only innocent, but honourable,

“As you value your life, muddy-pated clod of earth that you are, let the Lady Guzman have no communication whatever with the females in that quarter of the palace. You laugh, gentlemen, which I take to be an egregious want of discipline, unworthy of the military character. Do you forget that you are not banditti or buccaneers, but that you bear honourable commissions in the service of the greatest king in the world? Let me have no more of this.”

As this reproof was uttered in the severest tone of voice, and no one could be more stern than Morgan, the irreverent mirth was suppressed immediately, and the remainder of the levée of the commander-in-chief passed off with official decorum.

Donna Lynia was lodged in a splendid suite of apartments, and many were the candidates among the Spanish lady-prisoners to wait upon the sister-in-law of the captain-general of New Spain, and one who, it was already ascertained, had so much influence over Morgan. The donna herself admirably sustained her presence of mind, and seemed to have but one anxiety, and that was for the safety of her only daughter, who was, unknown to her, a fellow-prisoner under the same roof.

Morgan took the necessary precautions that neither mother nor daughter should be aware of their proximity to each other; why, he could not have answered. Already had he begun to feel the insufficiency of mere brutal power, and was perhaps the most distracted and least happy man in his wild army. The remainder of that eventful day he passed either in a listless state of wretchedness, or in working himself up into transient paroxysms of fury. He approached neither of his fair prisoners.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Morgan enacts the Beau—Perfumes and accommodates himself with a Friend—Morgan and his new Friend reason upon the Unreasonableness of Love—They complot together.

Now Morgan was accompanied in this expedition by one named John Peeke, a mild and unwarlike youth, who, having fancied

himself unappreciated by his relatives, and having been decidedly rejected by his mistress, renounced his country and committed his fortunes to the genius of Morgan, resolving to do martial wonders in the New World. But it was soon found that his frame was not equal to his spirit, and that he was unable, under the burning sun of the climate, to bear the weight of a steel corslet, and the rest of the defensive armour, much less the heavy musket of those days, with its necessary ammunition. But being a young gentleman liberally educated, and wanting neither in wit nor valour, Morgan had become fitfully attached to him, and he performed for that robust warrior the office of secretary always, of an intimate friend sometimes.

When in a gentler mood, the general loved to converse with the disappointment-stricken youth, and could appear even to enter into his manner of thought and feeling. Excepting in very active service, Peeke was always the first person whom the general accosted after he had risen.

A little after daybreak, the young gentleman waited as usual on the general. That officer he found dressed as a civilian, the heavy armour no where appearing; and, to his astonishment, he perceived that the hardy buccaneer was perfumed. He was too well bred to notice this singularity.

"I come, general, to offer you my duty, and receive the orders of the day."

"I shall send an orderly to Lieutenant-general Collier; I do not review the troops on parade to-day, Peeke. I give myself a holiday. May I take one, Mr. Secretary, and have no murmurings among my discontented scoundrels?"

"General, you are their guiding star, and their refuge of safety. Do as you will, and they will never murmur so long as they get plunder and license. They love you, general, as much as their brute natures can love anything."

"Their brute natures, Peeke! It is well that it is only their general who hears you. But we are all fashioned by circumstances. Once, John Peeke, I also had less of the brute nature in me, but it was long, very long ago." He paused, then resumed. "Lend me your arm. Is this the lassitude of an overworn frame?—this the stiffness of age, Peeke? I would not live to be old; no, that I never could endure. Aged, and without a friend here—without a hope hereafter—it is too horrible. Do I lean heavily upon you, young gentleman?"

"If you exert it, general, you have tenfold my strength."

"That is not the burthen I would lay upon you. In the books that I have read it is stated that the weight of grief is lightened

when shared by a friend. I would try this, but I have no friend. When Owen died, I knew that I had no friend."

And then Morgan, leaning affectionately on Peeke's arm, traversed the spacious saloon several times in silence.

"What can this strange man be aiming at?" thought his secretary; "does he wish me to profess a friendship for him? I fear him too much to love him with the entirety of a friend, and that which I do not feel I cannot profess. Pray heaven that he peril me not with his dangerous confidence!"

But the silent wish availed not.

"Peeke, listen to me attentively. If a wish to render a man all good offices, to advance his fortunes, to study his character, and having studied, to admire it, may be taken as tokens of true friendship, very truly, John Peeke, am I your friend. But the heart—you smile dubiously when I speak of the heart—the heart requires reciprocity. Believe me, there *can* be friendship without equality. The very wretched and the very great must thirst for friendship. Circumstances have just now made me both. Come, gentle Master John Peeke, will you be that friend to me which both my wretchedness and my undeserved and undesired greatness require?"

"Truly, General Morgan, I admire you, owe you all my soul's gratitude, would serve you to the peril of my own worthless life, and think not that equality is indispensable for true friendship—but still, how is it possible that I can be your friend when I dare not offer you my advice?"

"The very thing, John, the very thing that I require of you," said Morgan, with great animation.

Both these men were deceiving themselves. Morgan was seeking for palliations for his conscience against meditated atrocities, and Peeke cheating himself with the idea that he could divert Morgan's actions into a virtuous course; but the stronger and baser mind swallowed up all that was good in the better and the weaker.

Well, these men professed friendship,—Morgan stipulating for all precedence and authority, and yet they were to be friends. And then our hero made his confession.

"None know me," said he; "I sprang up apparently spontaneously in these western seas. They have made my ancestry more base and more noble than it really is. We, Morgans, have for generations to generations been franklins." And then he varnished his tale, and told, with the impetuosity of his character, all his boyish love for Lynia Glenllyn; his rejection, and subsequent flight from the paternal roof. He made his wrongs elo-

quent—he demanded his new friend's sanction for vengeance, and thus he concluded: "How changed is now the scene! This proud beauty and her daughter are both in my power. Vengeance, hey! John Peeke—love's vengeance! Yesterday, did you mark how she claimed me, as it were, as an hereditary bondsman, as her father's born vassal? Me she claimed in the full exercise of my power and dignity, and before all my subordinates. Love's vengeance—shall I not be fully justified, Master John Peeke?"

Now, Master John Peeke, with the best intentions to play the Roman's part, and to be very virtuous and sententious, was completely overawed by his new friend; and as that new friend had made out a very imposing case of imaginary wrongs inflicted upon him by his early benefactress, and Peeke himself had been rather ungently used by one of the gentle sex, he replied, "That history told there had never been denied to heroes a little latitude in matters of love in places taken by force of arms—that to this international privilege the general might very well add his own private wrongs and the great contumelies that had been put upon him. And," he concluded, "by what I have seen in this glorious expedition, a murder or a gallantry more or less can signify very little."

"Hold, John Peeke;—if you love your friend, cease that strain. It may be true—we ought to trust that it is true—but it jars on one's feelings dreadfully. No, no, friend, I contemplate neither murder nor any very great violence—that is to say, if it be not necessary."

"If that is the case, general, woo on, and may success crown your pleading. As things have been lately carried on, if you confine yourself to that, you will be an instance of self-denial and magnanimity unparalleled."

"And yet you do not take me, friend Peeke; supposing all my clemency and moderation slighted, and, placed as we are, I shall not have much spare time for a long suit, to what degree of compulsion might I go?"

"Just so far as to ensure your own happiness."

"You are right, though very ambiguous. Little would be my happiness, though great my revenge, were the proud Lynia used with indignity. Is she not a glorious creature? Now, Peeke, you are by far the most polished of all my ungainly host. Get thee into a more courtier-like garb, and mow thy chin, and trim that little sand-coloured peak of hair that thou leavest at the end thereof, and get thee into my lady's chamber, and warn her—no, say that General Morgan craves permission to break his fast with her peerless and sovereign beauty, and that he has many things

of great import to her and to himself to communicate. Speak to my serving man, Peeke, and get what fine linen and other gauds that you may need; thou smellest of gunpowder seldom, it is true, but methinks thou hast a very inky and college-like odour about thee. There are civet and other pleasant sweets, make thyself tolerable, man, and enter her imperial presence in a cloud of fragrance."

"The general has but a crude and very trooper-born notion of these matters," thought the young secretary; "but I have no doubt can win his way with a fair lady as well as any popinjay about St. James's."

"I will don myself in my goodliest, and do your errand, general, in my best manner."

"Be courtly and precise, good Peeke. Why, man, she must not be allowed to suppose that we are nothing but a horde of pirates. You are my friend, my pledged friend,—a word or two—nay, as to that matter, many words in commendation may be well placed."

"Exactly; I shall descant upon your merit as if you were——"

"Exactly as that I am, hey?"

"Shall I say gentle?"

"No, no; she will twit me with torturing."

"Shall I say brave?"

"It will not be safe; she will prate of warring on women and children."

"What then shall I say, good general?"

"Say? say that she is an angel, and that I am her master."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Morgan tries to make Reflections, but succeeds vilely—His mad Wooing; still there was much Method in it.

MORGAN, having thrust out his secretary to open the trenches for him, as he himself expressed it, was left for a space alone to admire the magnificence of his own dress, and to cogitate upon the present position of his affairs. As he had determined not to make, at least for the present, any settlement in the country, he well understood that the sooner he collected all his plunder, and retired with it to his ships at Chagre, the more likely would it be that his expedition should terminate in a prosperous issue.

Morgan had already staid at Panama quite long enough. There was no more to be hoped from seaward. Though there was still much treasure concealed up and down the country, and many prisoners of distinction still abroad, whose ransom might swell the general coffers, it became hourly more dangerous to wait.

He had heard that the whole force of New Spain was congregating to intercept him in his retreat, but this Morgan feared less than the rapid disorganization and diminishing numbers of his little army. Sickness had begun to make ravages upon it; stragglers, and his men would straggle, were invariably assassinated; but debauchery and drunkenness were Morgan's most dangerous enemies.

"Three days more," thought Morgan, "I must wait events; and there is a mournful satisfaction in risking largely for the proud Lynia's love. Would she but yet join her fate with mine, how splendid might be the results! As yet I have made my way gallantly through the world by force; my life has been lawless; a few obstacles should not now retard my progress. But there is always intruding upon my thoughts the troublesome question of what is happiness? my happiness! Certainly, at the very summit of my power, happy I am not; not to possess this scornful lady would make me abjectly miserable. She would then conquer me in the midst of my conquests, and make all my victories seem to me but merely the precursors of my worst discomfiture. She mine, by persuasion or by force, shall I then be happier? Alas, alas! how much bitterness there is in such success! But, with this peaceful habit, I am growing weak and effeminate. It would almost appear that so unsatisfactory are all the issues of this life, issues of triumph as well as of defeat, that the last act of man's drama will not be played in this world. What then becomes of my doctrine that I am my own providence? Delirium is the only happiness. I go to seek to prove it."

Having indulged in a breakfast, in which, for the first time for some years, he did not take strong waters, and only a moderate portion of wine, and carefully adjusting his gala dress, he prepared for his important visit to the lady whom he supposed that he loved.

In the mean time Donna Guzman had been superbly lodged and almost royally attended. There wanted but little to make her suppose that she was still holding the vice-regal court of Don Guzman, her brother-in-law, the president. Not only had every lady in captivity made every exertion to be appointed to attend upon her, but several others of the first gentility came from their hiding-places in the city, and sought her protection by soliciting the office of waiting upon her.

Thus when John Peeke waited upon the Lady Lynia he found her surrounded by great state, and a degree of cheerfulness and even of hilarity among the twenty ladies present, that betokened neither the gloom of captivity nor the horrors of those who were bewailing sons, daughters, and husbands, or fathers waiting to

be ransomed, or, what might be thought either more or less bitter, husbands slain. The Lady Lynia alone seemed thoughtful, though not much depressed. She received John Peeke with the courtesy natural to her character, whilst her suite were inclined to show the youth the most flattering attentions, and he was pressed to partake with them their morning meal.

As we may naturally suppose, Lynia's first questions were concerning the fate of her daughter. As Peeke was allowed to know nothing on that subject, he could not relieve the mother's anxiety. At the commencement of this interview, the young gentleman felt awed in the presence of Donna Guzman and of so many ladies of distinction, but his embarrassment soon passed off, and then speaking in English, so that he was understood only by the lady he addressed, he performed his part of advocate for Morgan loyally and well, if loyalty could be shown in a bad cause, and if that could be well, the successful issue of which must be ill.

The lady listened attentively, and by properly-placed questions drew out from the secretary the principal traits of his master's character. From time to time she spoke to the attendant ladies, who were all eager to see a man who had been represented to them as an incarnated devil, but who, it now appeared, possessed every virtue that could adorn humanity.

The Lady Lynia was more skilful at the trial of wit than master John Peeke. She listened to him with pity, and after he had finished a flourishing eulogium of one of the most transcendental of patrons, she suddenly changed the subject, and led him to speak of England and its present state of literature. On this topic he gave his auditor much more pleasure, and she bent her ear to him then in a manner most flattering by its kindness.

At length the moment had too rapidly arrived at which Peeke was compelled to withdraw and announce to Morgan that the Donna Lynia was ready to receive his commands.

When Morgan entered that magnificent apartment he created what is now called a great sensation. But few ladies there had seen a person so magnificent. Never was Morgan's manly beauty in greater perfection. The exaltation of the successful warrior had given an elevation to his features and a majesty to his deportment that more than realized the personification of the hero. Exclamations of surprise and admiration broke forth from most of the ladies.

With all possible courtesy, and the most winning sweetness of countenance, he made his inquiries of Lynia as to the luxury of her accommodation, and was most urgent to know what else he could accomplish to increase her happiness.

"My liberty and my daughter," was the only boon that she sought at his hands; but this request she enveloped in all the complimentary and courtly phraseology in which he had addressed her.

In reply Morgan complained that she should so soon require her freedom when he himself was her captive everlastingly, and of her daughter he professed to know nothing.

The Spanish dames, observing the apparent amiability of the conqueror, now ventured to put in their claims for notice, and dark yet bright eyes were languidly rolled, and many a tender and meaning smile lavished to gain the attention of that man whom they had been taught to look upon as a loathsome wild beast.

Morgan was complacent to all, and, though particular to none, he took all their hearts by surprise. He knew them henceforth to be his friends. He promised them all light ransoms, and impunity from torture to all their relations. People may think that there was not much gallantry in all this, but in Morgan's position it was something more—there was magnanimity.

After Morgan had for some time thus expanded himself in amiabilities, he blandly signified to the suite that he had to confer privately on matters of grave importance with the Donna Guzman, when, with a ready and smiling obedience, they departed immediately, not one of them but wishing that herself had been the subject of Morgan's private conversation.

When Lynia found herself alone with the arbiter of her fate the high and rich colour faded for a moment from her cheeks, and then returned in a more ardent glory. She arose from her seat. Morgan also rose, and, bowing profoundly, he stood full before her, and gazed upon her for a space in silence and in sadness. She endeavoured at first to meet his steadfast look unshrinkingly, and coldly as she might, but she failed in the effort, and she veiled her large dark eyes with her long eyelashes. Her stateliness vanished in a moment, her head drooped, and she clasped her hands upon her swelling bosom. She stood the picture of proud humility. She appeared a victim at the mercy of a conqueror. It would be difficult to say in what manner Morgan construed this deportment, but he gazed on ardently, and his breathing became hurried, and his lips quivered. At length he spoke tremulously.

"Lynia," said he softly, "you are very beautiful; more beautiful, oh, how infinitely more beautiful than when you first made me mad!"

He then took her unresisting hand, and kissed it once or twice respectfully, and then many times rapturously, all which she suffered passively, never lifting up her eyes. He then, lead-

ing her to a large settee, placed the hand which he held over his heart. At this action she trembled, shuddered, and shrank from him.

"Lynia, do I disgust—do I shock you?" said he mournfully.

"You forget that I am your prisoner."

"I never knew it—I never felt it. Lynia, by every throb of this wild heart of mine I swear to you, that if there can be conceived a more abject relation of humanity than that of branded slave to his master, I am a thousand fold more subjected than that slave to you. Think not this language to be overstrained. Thou, the inscrutable spirit that gavest me these passionate, these devoted feelings, why hast thou refused me words to make them known? O that I were relieved by mercy or by death!"

"Alas! alas! all this I feared."

"Lynia, dare not to fear, and then for fear you will find no cause. The scenes of my past life roll back like smoke from the destroying broadside; and slaughter, and the field lost and won, and many a deed that may not have a name, as if they were no more than painted mockeries upon a vast curtain, shrivel up, and once more I see myself on the ruined turret of your father's castle. I continue to you my lowly suit of love; let us say that the past has never been—let us say that you never rejected me with scorn—behold me again at your feet—you will not,—no, no, no, you will not reject me now!"

"My breaking heart! my husband!"

"Misery surround him! A thousand concentrated agonies prey upon him! Why did I fish up the trembling drowning cur from the sea? That beautiful Welch sea! O, it would have been a grave too honourable for the dastard! Your husband! come, come, Lynia, be honest!"

And the fierce robber rose from his suppliant posture, and assuming all the ineffable majesty of his person, he continued proudly.

"Lynia, I charge you, be honest. Compare me with this black anatomy, your husband—body and soul compare us—I dare you! Compare us—this is no time to affect self-depreciation—I know what I am—in the good that is in me, I am as far superior to this craven Spaniard as anything that bears God's image can be above a reptile—and as for the bad—cruel, cruel Lynia—it is all your own!"

"Innocent Mother of God! what means this wild man of blood!"

"Wild man of blood?—you have said it, proud but disgraced matron."

"I a disgraced matron!" said she scornfully.

"It is most true that I have waded through seas of blood-guiltiness, but you drove me into them; you expelled me from my peaceful home, you all but broke my heart; you have made me that which I dare not think upon. You believe in a hereafter. When I hold up my red right hand, and plead before the dread tribunal for crimes that would make you shudder to know, what think you will be my answer?"

"You rave."

"Lynia and I—we are guilty!"

"Man of much sin, of much ingratitude! I was ever kind to you, I, whom you call a disgraced matron. In all things I sought your pleasure and your advantage; I spared no toil, thought of no weariness, scrupled at no sacrifice, to enrich your mind with the little knowledge that I possessed, and to form your heart to virtue; had I but left you the humble peasant that I found you, what crimes should I have spared to the world, what miseries to the unhappy Spaniards! Build no hope, Morgan, upon what I now tell you—I liked, I loved you, had you been, like myself, nobly born, and not so much my junior—you were then but a boy."

"There, there was the fatal mistake."

"Well, sir, retrospect is useless; your heart must tell you that at my hands you have received nothing but good—for the which you have repaid me and the world with evil unlimited. May God have mercy upon you!"

"Do not think me a scoundrel, Lynia—O do not—it may be very dangerous to you."

"I, a disgraced matron!"

"I meant that you have disgraced the noble blood of which you are so proud, by marrying a scarecrow Spaniard—a buyer and seller—one learned in profit and loss—a dabbler in usury—was this well done of the high-born Welch lady? An English franklin is worth a thousand of them!"

"He was of my father's choice, and of my religion."

"And his religion! How do you like that religion, now you see it in all its glory in this most catholic country? Your miracles! your confessors, and your very intelligent priests? You may be frank—I will not denounce you to the inquisition—you always had an inquiring mind—be frank, and now that you have seen and judged, pronounce."

"General Morgan, I can hardly reply to you, but I would much rather discuss religion with you than love. The true faith exists not here, certainly. It is neither in the hearts of the teachers nor of the taught. But I fervently trust that God will pardon their ignorance for their sincerity. The errors of a distant pro-

vince cannot invalidate the authenticity of the Roman Catholic religion."

"Your husband is a bigot—is it not so, Lynia?"

"The question is ungenerous. But I will not irritate you by being over scrupulous. It was to be wished that my husband would listen more to the dictates of his God and of his own heart, than to those of the priests."

"Come, that is something. Beautiful Lynia, you are not contented. There is balm in that to me. Forgive my previous violence. Reflect what agony must have been, is still mine, to love such perfection, and to love hopelessly. There is a sympathy between us, that, though you may not acknowledge, will ultimately connect my fate with yours. Nay, start not, thou most perfect of the lovely, I will remove no obstacles by murder."

"I thank God that he is out of your reach! Forgive me, Morgan."

"The sentiment was natural in a woman. But still I marvel much at your affection for such a withered stalk. Even in his manhood he was not prepossessing—and now—a bigot."

"He is the father of my daughter."

"He owes me his life. I repent me bitterly of it."

"Nay, nay, General Morgan; you cancelled that debt. If, as you say, you saved him as you would a drowning dog, as a dog you would have shot him. I had forgiven you all till you committed that assassin's act."

"It is false. You have vilely traduced me. Even then was I guiltless in thought and in deed. That misdirected shot came from the hand of one more jealous of the wrongs done to his master's son, than was that son himself. 'T was my father's old retainer who attempted the deed. Had I not struck his hand at the moment of his firing the arquebuss, you, Lynia, might now have been the wife of my bosom. Twice have I saved the life of my miserable rival."

"Ah! is it so? Then, Morgan, I have much misjudged you, and for that wrong I crave your forgiveness!"

"Then, dear Lynia, are we friends?"

"Much—very much—friends, Morgan, but ask no more."

"So far, peerless beauty, I am content."

This memorable interview terminated in a promise, which Morgan freely gave, to endeavour to restore to Donna Guzman her daughter. At Lynia's intercession, he promised to use every human effort to recover her, and restore her to her mother; but we suppose it would have been a superhuman exertion to have walked into one of the apartments of the house in which they all were, and quietly to have led her forth; for this Morgan neither did nor intended to do.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Morgan's Dilatoriness reprov'd—He palliates and temporises—Makes Love again, which nearly ends in Murder—Altogether he contrives to make himself abundantly wretched.

For five days Morgan fancied that his wooing prospered. The lady was at all times careful not to irritate him by making too outrageous a display of her virtue. Yet she could never fairly be accused of having given him cause to hope. It is true, that she had long ceased to feel love, or to entertain any very exalted esteem for her husband. The wear and tear of life, and the fluctuations between great prosperity and threatened adversity, incidental to a mercantile life, had wasted his frame and soured his temper. He was dreadfully bigoted, and hated preposterously everything that bore the name of English.

All this was very displeasing to his wife, who had almost the same distaste to those of the Spanish nation which he had for her native country; superadded to which was, on her part, a profound contempt for the Spaniards, as men—a sentiment that Don Antonio Guzman dared not entertain for Englishmen, although they captured his ships, robbed him of his merchandise, and had now plundered and laid waste his house and his domestic fields.

Even on the points of conduct, a serious difference of opinion existed between these now ill-matched spouses. And then, in their argumentations and their not gentle attempts to convert each other to his or her particular notions, Don Guzman would invoke the tremendous aid of what he was pleased to call their religion, and which she had long begun to regard as superstition.

Nor must we, in these considerations, put aside physical qualities. Time and the climate had borne hardly on the husband. He was attenuated, his features sharp, and their bones but scantily covered with yellow and tightly-drawn skin. Already was his form bent, and the little hair that remained to him nearly white. He was an old man, with all the vivacious irritability and unquietness of youth. To all these moral and personal defects, we must add that he was peevishly, and we need not say, most causelessly jealous.

Lynia, ten years younger, with a well-regulated mind, and the healthiest of English constitutions, had thriven wonderfully, and improved in beauty as she increased in *embonpoint*. She was a marvel among the lean and sallow Spaniards. Her charms, now in the fulness of their perfections, had turned all the heads, and as much of hearts as they possessed, of the whole male population of Panama, and the female admired and envied proportionably.

We assure our readers, in all the solemnity of good faith, that we are not exaggerating in our praises in order to create a perfect heroine. We will give the honest evidence of a hard-living and hard-fighting buccaneer, who saw and conversed with this paragon. (1) These are his words. When he saw her first, he says:

“ Elle estait alors fort negligée, mais une grande beauté, accompagnée de tous les charmes, la paroît naturellement ; car, avec des cheveux du plus beau noir du monde, on lui voyoit une blancheur à éblouir, et un vermeil étonnant, et ses yeux vifs, et son teint de mesme, brilloient encore parmi tout cela. Elle avait aussi de la taille, de la gorge, et de l'embonpoint, ce qu'il luy en falloit pour estre bien faite ;” etc., etc. And he thus concludes, “ En un mot, je n'ay jamais vû, ny dans les Indes, ny dans l'Europe, une femme plus accomplie.”

The vice-regal court of the President of Panama, Don Perez Guzman, her uncle, was remarkable for its gorgeous splendour, and here she queened it to admiration, and thus an official stamp, as it were, was set upon that superexcellent beauty and mental superiority which were so universally and spontaneously acknowledged by all classes.

Seeing all this, it is not then surprising that Lynia, in the secret recesses of her heart, concealed a latent contempt for her weak and prejudiced husband. The world knew nothing of this, nor would she confess it to herself, or to her God, even in her prayers. It existed, nevertheless, and never more so than now, when the conqueror had come. The comparison was forced upon her. She could not help herself. In all things was Morgan the contrast to her husband. The majestic buccaneer, three years younger than herself, in the prime of a manhood, pre-eminent for beauty, the victor was at her feet, yet she never wavered in her virtue ; but she sinned greatly, for she repined at her lot.

Morgan's hours, his very minutes, were precious to him and to the safety of all his host. Yet still he lingered on, the love-subjected, the humble wooer. Three days—it was much for him—very much for a man of his fiery temperament, and placed as he was, with foes around him ; in passion's chronology they should have been reckoned as years. And how smooth, and soft, and gentle, was then this man of blood and daring ! Powerful were his coadjutors. Brilliant were the prospects that he presented to the eyes of his fair and unyielding one. Empire, glory, all were laid as offerings at her feet. Deep and insinuating was his sophistry ; the duties of religion, the precepts of morality,

(1) Alexandre Olivier Oexmelin.

melted away before the persuasive warmth of his harmonious words.

When Lynia found that her heart was wholly his, that she loved him despite his guilt-steeped soul, she arose in all her strength, and then, and only then, repulsed him with scorn. When she knew her danger, she ceased to temporise. Sternly and decidedly she bade him abandon all hope—and thus, on the third evening, they parted in anger.

That anger! it was, on her side, three parts love. The dull free-booter discerned not this; and so his dreadful wrath arose within him. He threw aside his chambering apparel, and again clad himself in the panoply of war. Those about him trembled. He was too fierce to be approached, too dangerous to be neglected.

But Morgan soon took counsel with his rage, and condescended to meanness. He sent his missionary, John Peeke, and filled the ears of the lady with tales of alarm. He told her that the troops were incensed against her—her retinue was withdrawn one by one, until she was left alone with one hideous and old negress, and then the supplies of her food were first contracted, and then almost wholly denied. Morgan misjudged greatly thus to seek to conquer a spirit indomitable as his own.

When he heard from his secretary that she appeared abandoned to grief, dispirited by persecution, and depressed by long fasting, he again presented himself. If Morgan had been a man born with a tear, he would have wept to see the disastrous change that a week of misery and fasting had made in her appearance. She was yet still surpassingly beautiful.

The hypocrite commenced the conversation by artfully deploring the anguish that he had so mercilessly inflicted. He swore that, with respect to her, and the rest of the prisoners who remained for ransom, he had been deprived of all control, by the officers of his own army; and that he, even now, endangered his personal safety by this interview.

Lynia believed him most implicitly. Her eyes glistened upon him with suppressed affection, yet it moved him not, for he continued his plotting. He then confided to her an imaginary plan that he had concocted for their mutual escape from the thralldom in which he falsely asserted that they were both held. As this arrangement involved the necessity of their disappearing together alone, and as lovers, though she saw not the artifice, she rejected coldly the tendered escape, and elected to die where she was, rather than peril her honour.

Morgan was surprised and exasperated beyond measure. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could control his rage—yet

he still so far conquered himself as to dissemble. He prolonged his visit to the duration of hours. He never appeared more sincere, more impassioned, more devoted. He still urged her to unite her fate with his, now and for ever. He spoke to her of his riches, of his power—did she pant for splendour and magnificence, he would conquer for her half a world; united with her, to him nothing could be impossible. Was she enamoured of the sequestered beauty of loneliness, he would seek out for her some yet undiscovered paradise—some green and flower-enamelled island, so secluded that care could never reach it, and where they might live together in all the luxury of innocence, and where she should school him into piety, and reconcile him to her God.

But it availed not. The least image that he offered would have been to her a temptation irresistible; the most desolate place a heaven, could she have shared it with him without crime. This she dared not tell him, although the thought vibrated throughout her frame, and trembled upon her tongue. She shuddered, she sobbed convulsively, and her delicate hands thrust him from her side, whilst her bosom burned to draw him to it. Then it was that she knew, in all its omnipotence, the terrors and the strength of love.

Was she to be condemned for this violence of feeling? O no; in it consisted the sublimity of her virtue. Had she not loved, where would have been the intense glory of her resistance? Repeatedly did that extreme of human brutality occur to Morgan—force, yet was he awed into respect; and he left her, himself humbled into admiration, yet undespairing. There were still other engines in reserve to be employed.

Morgan's representations of the mutinous spirit of his army were not wholly false. The repinings at his inactivity grew daily more vociferous. The superior officers were still respectful and obedient, but the men clamoured openly, and the French portion of the troops became outrageously violent. Reports became rife of the disembarkation of a large body of soldiers at Carthagena from Old Spain, of levies to a great extent at Porto Bello, and of the whole country rising *en masse*, between the buccaneers and their fleet at Chagre. All this was true; but they were Spaniards who had landed, they were Spaniards who pretended to rise in arms.

Then Morgan's wilder fellows swore that he was no longer a warrior, that he was unmanly; why did he not, if he liked the woman, follow the good old custom of the brothers of the coast, which had in it as little ceremony as fastidiousness? For their parts, they could not understand all this foolery, and it was no

great compensation for this delay and danger, to be told that they were now regular soldiers and sailors forsooth, and that they acted under the king's commission. The black flag was quite as much to their taste as the red cross, seeing that it covered a greater multitude of sins.

The morning after Morgan's interview with Lynia, which we have just recorded, a deputation from the captains of companies, headed by Vice-admiral Collier, waited upon the commander-in-chief, and very respectfully represented to him, that which he well knew, the state of the feelings of the men, and the great danger of any very protracted departure.

Our hero received them all politely, and took the advice in good part. He had, however, some very plausible reasons for a short delay, and spoke of some hopes that he entertained of yet entrapping the president, whose ransom would be enormous. The deputation was sent away satisfied, and the troops were promised a speedy return to Jamaica.

All the fore part of the day, the general busied himself in making arrangements for his departure, and for the more speedily obtaining the ransom of his many prisoners. About four o'clock he gave a sumptuous banquet to his principal officers, at which he resumed his old custom of drinking freely. He appeared to be in the highest spirits, although, at times, very absent. The conversation turned principally upon the amount of booty to be shared, and the wish for an immediate retreat was the prevailing feeling.

Morgan had taken thought that, on that day, a repast should be sent to Donna Guzman, consisting of the richest viands, and of the rarest wines, and Master Peeke was instructed to dine with her, and take care that she did justice to the luxurious repast, should her long abstinence fail to incite her to the enjoyment of her good cheer.

We live in fastidious times. It is now dangerous to record all the acts of a buccaneer. The story of Lucretia and Tarquin, however delicately worded, would be a distasteful one for a modern novel. But whether it be or be not affectation, we bow to the imperative dicta of modern taste, and will endeavour not to offend against any one's notions of delicacy.

Morgan entered Lynia's apartment with the warm rays of the setting sun. He was flushed with strong drink, and the lady was a little stimulated by the meal that long fasting had made so grateful to her. The general was less courteous than boisterous in his greeting, and seized at once both her hands, kissing them rapturously. He then vehemently protested his love, and so injudiciously, that her resentment was raised immediately. A

very stormy scene ensued, and Morgan, for the first time, forgot himself into insult, and dared to use threats. Then was aroused the vehemence of Lynia's indignation, and in a torrent of eloquence she poured forth the language of a contempt she did not feel, and of a detestation foreign to her soul.

"Proud and insolent beauty, I will lead you captive to Jamaica."

"I defy you."

"No, that fate will be too lenient for you. I will lead you to an island where there is no civilization to pity you, no law to step between me and my just anger. There you shall work a slave among slaves."

"Tyrant, you are powerful only over little souls. I can always die. Tortures, inhuman pirates! should never exact anything menial from me. And to you! Santissima Maria! give me language to express my contempt."

And thus they proceeded. Both raved, and fury and enmity had now the full sway over Morgan. Soon they ceased to contend in language. Loud shrieks resounded through the regal apartments; the cries for rescue reverberated even to the sentinels at their posts round the palace, and then suddenly all was silent. The haughty lady had proved that she dared to die. The dagger's point was upon the violated bosom, and the fierce lover struggled now to save the life of the victim from her own blow, whom he had just been endeavouring to overpower. (1)

After a severe contest he possessed himself of her weapon, and then he stood before her motionless, abashed, and humbled. Heated, panting, yet with her mind fully collected, she darted upon him her indignant looks of high-souled contempt. At that moment her beauty seemed superhuman. The celestial expression of elevation that mantled over her features was truly awe-inspiring. Never before had Morgan so much felt her superiority,

(1) It is not our fault that we are compelled to record so common-place an incident, one that has been worn out in numberless tales and plays. It is the actual and unvarnished fact, and has been mentioned in nearly the same manner by four different writers in four different languages, the English, the French, the Spanish, and the High Dutch, and the authorities, with one exception, vary only in the speeches attributed to the lady, and not at all as to the action, or as to the instrument with which it was threatened to be performed. After all, suicide in such cases is the woman's only resource, and it is only common-place because it is quite natural. The exception alluded to above is that of the French historian, who hated Morgan heartily, and uses every art to make his character appear mean and despicable. He states that the lady, after a perfectly Herodian speech, turned the dagger, not upon herself, but upon her assaulter, and that she actually, in this manner, drove him from her presence, like a defeated coward. As Morgan once retired from Lynia's presence, as will be shown hereafter, wounded smartly, and with his dress covered with blood, we suppose that this fact made the foundation for the report.

never before loved so intensely and so hopelessly. Unable longer to bear her withering glances of scorn, he, the wild, the fierce, the proud Morgan, sank on his knees before her, and, in a voice scarcely audible, craved her pardon.

“O depart, depart, ruthless tyrant! Ungenerous, unspeakably ungenerous, thus basely to use your captive. No longer can I see in you the free and frank youth that I once favoured in my father’s ruined halls—no longer in you can I perceive the man of courage, the victor of navies, the conqueror of kingdoms, the queller of armies. You stand before me now in your naked deformity—him whom I mistook for a hero I find to be a coward. A woman—a woman weakened by famine, and your prisoner—nay, your own selected guest—against this woman, so protected, you have put forth your brutal strength.”

“Cease, O Lynia, shame is breaking my very heart.”

“Go; I ask nothing more. There will now be actual bliss in your absence. This man, this man, how strangely have I mistaken him!”

“Lynia, say but that you will some time hence pardon me. I was mad—I knew not what I did. Believe it to have been the intoxication of love, and forget it.”

“Love!”

In her clasped hands, and in the look she turned towards Heaven, the co-mingling of twenty varying feelings amounted to such a deep pathos of suffering yet triumphant emotion, that Morgan almost believed that he knelt before an angel. This sudden shock relieved her, and she burst into tears. She wept abundantly, and without any effort at constraint. Her tears were for many objects. She wept her captivity, her murdered and imprisoned friends, her lost daughter, her own unprotected and insulted state, and she wept also for the degraded Morgan. For him were tears of pity, and of something more—all these things aroused her to weep when she heard the violated word, *Love*.

“Yes,” resumed Morgan; “love drove me to madness. Tomorrow we depart. Say that I may hope for pardon.”

“Well—leave me then—go, and go in peace.”

“Too generous Lynia,” said Morgan, rising; “deeply do I feel your kindness—inexpressibly do I admire the loftiness of your character. But mistake me not. I ask pardon only for my unmanly outrage. For my love, never—I glory in it; it shall be the permanent feeling of my soul. It shall colour all my actions, and it shall either bless or curse my life. I still hope, but I now know that I must become worthy of you.”

“Only leave me, Henry Morgan, only leave me.”

“Then you do forgive this, Lynia?”

“I will strive to do so.”

“Glorious type of virtue, all happiness attend you!”

“Morgan bowed reverently, and withdrew.

When Donna Guzman's passion of weeping had subsided, and the object of her just indignation was no longer before her, she examined severely her own conduct, and though her actions withstood the rigid scrutiny, not so with her feelings.

“Alas, alas! for woman's weakness—this man I cannot hate,” she exclaimed, falling on her knees. “To thee, to thee, Holy Mother of the incarnate Divinity, I address me, and ask for strength to—what—to hate—ah, no, we are bid to love even our enemies. In his looks, in the tones of his voice, there is something familiar to my soul. We seem to have met in some previous existence. Could he wash the blood-spots from his hand—I am talking idly—had he been but religious—how splendid among men had been his career! how brilliant his memory after death! I should then have gloried in my former pupil; but to love him—I—a matron and a mother!”

The struggle was terrible—and it ended, as it began, in a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Morgan persecutes and prosecutes his Love—Plays the Hypocrite to very little Purpose—Carouses with a Man who knows his Duty—Strange Termination of the Debauch.

MORGAN was assailable and conquerable by present impressions, but having fixed principles neither of religion nor of morality, his better feelings soon yielded to his more savage passions. The day after his discomfiture, he was moody and extremely irritable. Yet, with a meanness that only such a man, or no man, could have stooped to, he caused it to be understood not only that he was a favoured but a petted lover.

He now pushed forward with the greatest eagerness his preparations for a retreat, summoning before him the captains of his companies, and making it imperative upon them to provide so many mules each for the transport of the booty. Amidst all this bustle he found sufficient time to prosecute his wooing after his own peculiar fashion. He caused rumours to be propagated that the president's sister-in-law was in close correspondence and plotting with their enemies; he fabricated, or caused to be fabricated, letters to and from her, and then making use of that pliant engine, a council, he threw Lynia into a dungeon, and demanded for her ransom the exorbitant sum of fifty thousand pieces of eight. Consequently, the object of his prosecution was confined

in a wretched subterranean hole, and very scantily fed upon bread and water.

After eight-and forty hours of famishing and darkness to the object of his affections, this gentlest of lovers visited her with every appearance of having effected his entrance clandestinely, and by means of bribery. At this interview he was loud against the tyranny and insolence of his own officers, and threatened, when he got them to Jamaica, to try them all by a court-martial. He roundly swore that, with respect to her, he was deprived of all power, told her of what she was accused, and showed her the order, made in the council of his officers, for her close imprisonment and her ransom, and which order specified the acts with which she was charged.

When all these misfortunes of his own creating had been sufficiently condoled upon, he became again the gentlest and most fervent of lovers. There was, on this occasion, no want of respect in his deportment. Very passionately did he plead, and very artfully too. He protested that he had sufficient influence to insure the safety of their mutual escape, and that the utmost of human happiness was still within their reach. He then touched a very thrilling chord in her feelings. He spoke no more of conquests, of glory, or of Indian paradises. He proposed that they should both forget that they had ever left Cardigan Bay. He stated, and truly stated, that his wealth was enormous; that he would turn all his vast property into money, and, travelling with her into Wales, rebuild the castle of Glenllyn, purchase up all the surrounding domain, and then live to the end of their days in the good old English baronial state of splendour.

It was a seducing picture, but the images of her husband and of her daughter, in Lynia's mind, stood before and darkened it. The thought of Morgan's own mild and too little energetic wife troubled not him. He acted and spoke as if she had never existed, and that she did so exist, was not, to the last, known by Donna Guzman.

Morgan distressed, agonized the object of his suit, but he was no nearer to the obtaining of his wishes. Several of these dungeon interviews took place, and with the same issue. At length he began to think that there was something real in virtue, and almost to deplore his own principles and his irreligion.

One-and-twenty days had Morgan now staid at Panama beyond the moment which prudence pointed out to him for his departure. The moral consequences to him, in his command over his wild troops, were disastrous. They imputed the delay to the right cause, but not rightly. They fancied that he was revelling

in the dalliance of a requited love, and their exasperation was extreme, and this bad feeling soon broke out into the ulcer of conspiracy

One of the loudest malcontents, a Captain François, a Norman sailor, and a regularly bred pirate, seduced more than a hundred of his own countrymen, with a few of the most rascally English, to seize the large ship, and the best of the small craft that lay in the Bay of Panama, and which had been taken by Morgan, as we have before stated.

They had arranged among themselves that they should arm these vessels well, seize the treasure of the army, and, putting to sea in the night, utterly abandon Morgan and his associates. When they had effected this, they were to secure one of the fertile islands in the Bay of Panama, construct a fort, and there preserve their treasure. They were then to cruize until the amount of their pillage had become enormous, and when they should be satisfied in this respect, and had acquired a ship to their liking, and had captured a pilot in whom they could trust, they were to effect their return to Europe through the straits of Magellan.

All this was so admirably and secretly carried forward, that they had already provided and concealed large quantities of provisions and of ammunition, and had even been so daring as to secure some of the dismounted cannon belonging to Panama.

Whilst Morgan was pushing forward his preparations for departure above ground, and his unsuccessful wooing below it, with equal vigour, the conspiracy was about to explode in full and triumphant operation. The night was far advanced, and our hero came up, chilled with damp, and moody with disappointment, from his lady love. He sate himself in his glorious saloon, and tried to find some refuge from himself in the wine-cup. He felt lonely, however, and then demanding what officer held the command that night of the principal guard at the palace, the head-quarters, was informed it was Captain Wills, the man who knew his duty, and did it.

The general ordered him to be sent for, and, as obedience was a part of his duty, the gallant captain very cheerfully sate himself with his commander-in-chief, and emulated him in the quick emptying of flagons.

"Well, Captain Wills," said the general, "we have been very successful, and our people are eager to get to Port Royal, to make themselves the greatest asses at the greatest possible expense."

"Your excellency speaks very truly; but I know my duty, and

therefore I shall not mention that they say people can make asses of themselves very easily by staying here."

"Alluding to me, of course, captain. Be frank—is it not so?"

"Knowing my duty, I am not going to call the commander-in-chief an ass at second-hand; but it is you that they mean, general, and nobody else."

"Ah, well, they don't understand these matters. They are thinking of our delay. Ungrateful dogs, if they have not faith in the man that has so long led them to victory and to conquest, they might trust in the council of war which we lately held. You want to get to Jamaica, too—eh, captain?"

"I—O I'm very well here. I have my two mistresses, though, of course, not being commander-in-chief, I cannot expect to have a whole nunnery to myself. My share of the plunder will be something considerable, my quarters are excellent, our mess superb. I know my duty, and do it. What should I have? Very well as I am, general; only wish it may last."

"Another goblet. This is excellent madeira: believe me, captain, you are a man after my own heart—thoroughly both soldier and sailor."

"Sailor for preference, all the world over, general; know my duty as both, and do it."

"And do it,—I have always said so. Now you are not one of those finical popinjays who are too proud to converse with the tarred-handed mariner, or the bluff musqueteer. Have they taken care of themselves in this general plundering?"

"Most orthodoxly, general. They are bolstered up in secreted gold. Hardly a man among them but walks lame from the pricking of jewels about his person. They wear them next their skin. You will get none of them to doff their skull-caps to you as you pass lest it should rain down pieces of eight and crusadoes upon their own pates. They are pestilent thieves, general, of a verity. They want to be off, that they may wear their clothes conveniently."

"I hope my officers deal not thus dishonestly?"

"Don't know. It is not my duty to peach. Queer things will happen though; but excuse me, general, I must tell no names, unless on a court-martial, and then it's my duty."

"Not a name, not a name, will I exact from your scrupulosity. Pray, tell me. It is natural for me to wish to know how I am served."

"There is canting Captain Odds Bob, the fifth monarchy man—I mention no names—returned last night from a jovial party of us, to seek, as he said, the Lord in prayer. So, being curious to know the manner of it, I stole after him, and found him placed,

not upon his knees, but upon his haunches, in a very secluded nook, assiduously picking out the brilliants from an ebony cross, and stowing them away all over his person."

"We will pull him to pieces in his turn, honest Captain Wills. We will use him like a clock under repair, and divide him piecemeal at the proper season."

"The other day I asked one of our colonels to lend me a tobacco-stopper, and he very innocently pulled from his poke an agnus dei of solid gold, and then swore a monstrous oath it had been an heirloom in his family since the time of paganism."

"That must have been my Welsh friend and countryman, Ap Gwydyr ap Owen ap Toryr ap, etc. We shall trouble him for his tobacco-stopper."

"We do not want for pulvilio and diamond-decorated snuff-boxes now in our army. All presents from friends in Jamaica or England. We are an amiable and much-beloved sort of warriors, certainly."

"Much beloved by our friends and relations, no doubt. Could you favour me with a pinch of snuff yourself?"

"I offer you one with pleasure, if your excellency will condescend to take it from my old Scotch horn."

"It has a flavour from your box—it smacks of honesty."

"I would humbly advise you, general, to muster the army to-morrow, and have a universal personal search. I would indeed."

"No, no; say not a word about it. These gentlemen will make for the army the safest and most careful carriers possible. We shall relieve them at the proper season, and thank them for their care of the general weal. I order you, on your duty, to keep this matter a secret. You are my best counsellor. But as to my delay, talk to me of that."

"I cannot censure my general; duty forbids. When I was a little boy at school, I remember a fable, or something of that sort, which puts me much in mind of your excellency."

"Let us have the fable, by all means."

"Once upon a time—didn't all fables use to begin, general, once upon a time?"

"Once upon a time."

"I thought so; well, once upon a time a very lean rat, with a very long tail, crept through a very small hole into a very large granary."

"Panama to wit."

"And when he got in, he fed so well and grew so fat, that he couldn't get out again by the same passage; so the master of the granary caught him, and wrung his nasty neck."

Morgan laughed heartily at this, and promised to take care of his rats, and of him, the captain, in particular, because his tale was not too long. And they then continued drinking for some time, until Captain Wills, emboldened by his wine, abruptly asked Morgan the name of the vixen that so befooled that tall man and good fellow, although a Jew, called Samson.

“Delilah, I suppose you mean; and what of her?”

“Nothing particular, general, but that she was a cunning Philistine.”

“Come, you have a meaning in this; to what does it tend?”

“That prating Gascon, Captain François, has been making his odious comparisons, and telling unfathomable lies about the passes having been stopped up, of horse and foot in ambuscade, and nations of wild Indians being spread over the face of the earth, whilst the story of Samson and Delilah was being sorrily imitated in the palace.”

“Has he said all this?”

“Openly.”

“And no friend of mine tweaked his nose?”

“Ah, general, there is already disunion enough amongst us. He is at the head of a powerful faction—and, to speak a plain truth, we felt that he had some cause for his chattering.”

Morgan became silent, and then communed with himself. This honest fellow is my friend, and I have been fascinated too long. How far this disaffection may have spread, I have now neither time nor opportunity of discovering. Indeed, Lynia, I have risked much for you. I must act suddenly, and will take this man's advice. I must be round with him. Then lifting up his voice, he said, “Captain Henry Wills, to your duty.”

The captain sprang from his seat, and, standing bolt upright, gave his general the military salute.

“Is this disaffection general?”

“The murmuring is, your excellency; the disaffection, I believe, is confined to the foreigners as yet.”

“As yet? Do you think the disaffection has been matured into acts?”

“Indeed, general, I cannot say. Captain François has an office of great trust. The western quarter of the city and port are a part of his command, and you know that he has the power in his own quarters to do as he wills. He says that the safety of this division was confided to him particularly by you.”

“He solicited it.”

“Did he? Then, general, I advise you to go and count the twelve apostles.”

“Ah, say you so?” said Morgan, rising abruptly. “Let us get

our cloaks, and go forth lovingly together. From this time we are brothers and friends. We will seek into this, and most privily. No more wine; let us leave the flagons as they are, and we will return and finish our sitting."

So, well disguised and well armed, and having all the passwords and countersigns of the night, they went forth on their observations, and coming to where the twelve apostles should have been, they found only three of them there, and the fourth under the operation of being removed. These twelve apostles were twelve heavy cannon, so named by the Spaniards, and which were mounted on a battery commanding the seaboard.

Morgan and the captain, concealing themselves in the shadows of the buildings as much as possible, watched and listened, and soon became acquainted with the whole plot. Morgan took immediately his measures. He, attended by Captain Wills, hovered about François, who was actively superintending the conspirators; and thus they went from place to place, and discovered the different spots where the ammunition and provisions had been concealed. They sometimes worked with the conspirators, for, in the partial darkness, and under the cloak of secrecy that all observed, there was but little risk of their being discovered. Moving thus with the crowd of men carrying burthens, Morgan watched his opportunity, and struck Captain François in the middle of the back with his poniard, the death-gift of Owen. The weapon passed completely through him, and he fell dead instantly, almost in the midst of his own people.

Morgan and Captain Wills merely stepped aside, whilst some of the soldiers, seeing François fall, came and surrounded him, and finding him dead, and distrusting each other, they all fled. Morgan, when he found the place clear, beckoned Wills to strip the body, which they did together, and found upon it a vast quantity of concealed plunder, consisting only of the most precious jewels.

Having secured this, Morgan and his associate returned to their wine within the hour, and there made themselves extremely merry. The general insisted upon Wills taking the jewels as his own especial reward; the which he did, after a little graceful hesitation. They then determined to keep this assassination a profound secret, and to act next morning according to circumstances, neither of them doubting but that the French conspiracy would be blown upon.

Morgan, at the captain's request, but which request Morgan himself suggested, having sealed up the jewellery, took charge of it, as a personal search would, if he still continued to possess them, have subjected the owner to a little unpleasantness.

About two in the morning, Captain Wills left his general very

much fuddled, being himself persuaded that he, the man who knew his duty and did it, was preternaturally sober, as he saw all things so clearly, and reasoned upon them so perspicuously.

When he was relieved, and was being put to bed by his servant, he exclaimed, or tried to do so, that Morgan "was the coolest, the most consummate, and the bravest general that ever existed, and generous withal. He had only one fault, from which he himself was entirely free. He could not bear his liquor like a man—he could not; but for that one failing, he would have been entirely, and at all points, a hero."

On the following morning, he who bore his liquor so well was excessively ill, and the weak-headed tippler was in high health, and exercising with coolness and judgment all the duties of his important office.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Morgan plays the Philanthropist—Grants a splendid Funeral to him to whom he had granted a Dagger—He prospers in his Wooing, and suddenly desists—Finally abandons his Suit and the City of Panama.

THE next morning saw the whole army in uproar. Several persons were eager to be the first to denounce François's conspiracy, for the conspirators feared each other, no one knowing who had killed him, each man among them suspecting his neighbour. The body was found partially stripped and plundered, and there was a general feeling of dismay everywhere prevalent.

Morgan assembled his whole army, and, forming them into a hollow square, he preached to them. Never did he appear more benignant. He at once pardoned all the conspirators, but took the occasion to lecture his hearers upon the folly and criminal nature of disaffection. He instanced the death of Captain François as an example that there could be no bond of union among people that revolted from legal authority. He passed a very high eulogium on the merits of the defunct, called him his dear friend, and only wished to know who was the actual assassin. Him, of course, he would punish with the utmost rigour. He recommended to them justice, mercy, and brotherly love, and concluded by ordering a splendid funeral for the captain.

Honest Captain Wills heard this harangue with aching head and blinking eyes, doubting the light of the day and the evidence of his own senses. Of one thing, however, he became gradually assured, that he should see his jewels no more. In this he was soon confirmed, for on trying once or twice to remind the general of their very singular carousal and its accompaniments, he was very obtuse about the matter, and always took it for granted that an officer who knew his duty, and did it so scrupulously

as Captain Wills, could not, by any possibility, have been off his post; and then the captain very justly concluded that therefore it was Morgan's pleasure that everything should be buried in oblivion, diamonds and all.

Whenever this martinet of a captain had, in after times, to speak of Morgan, he always designated him as a consummate hero, a consummate buccaneer, and a consummate rascal.

Peace and confidence being restored to the army, and no punishment inflicted, Morgan next took measures to secure himself from a repetition of a similar combination against his authority to that from which he had just escaped. He now became at once the soul of activity and the essence of suavity. He caused the stores and ammunition collected by Captain François to be transported to the landward side of the city, and there distributed for the use of the army. At first he intended to have sunk every vessel in the harbour, but, at the intercession of their Spanish owners, receiving for each as great a ransom as he could extort, he contented himself with unrigging and dismantling them, and placing all their stores and equipments under the custody of his soldiers.

At length the country had been clean swept of all the mules and beasts of burthen, and their numbers were found totally inadequate to convey to the coasts of the Atlantic the immense quantity of pillage collected. Thereupon our hero caused a rumour to have general circulation, that he was totally averse to any personal search for concealed treasure, under any circumstances.

The bait was greedily swallowed, and his army, almost to a man, loaded themselves with specie and the precious metals, and thus staggered forward cheerfully under burthens that no authority could have induced them to bear, and beneath a sun that made any load, however light, intolerable.

But even this artful arrangement was not sufficient to make up for the want of carriage. The orders were then promulgated that all plunder must be destroyed, excepting jewellery and that which consisted of the precious metals. Curious vases, rich silks, and the most exquisite embroidery, were ruthlessly committed to the flames. The silver flagons, the golden chalices, and all the ornaments of the churches and palaces that were of silver and gold, were beaten together, in order that they might occupy as little space as possible, and then made up into bales, and placed on the backs of the mules. Property to an immense amount was thus wantonly destroyed, for, in innumerable instances, the cost of workmanship had more than quintupled the value of the material of the article broken up.

But whilst the commander-in-chief was taking all these pre-

cautions to secure his retreat and his treasure, the very alarming news arrived at head-quarters, that Don Juan Perez de Guzman had at length shown some spirit, and, with the levies that he had made, had actually taken the town of Cruz, where he had entrenched himself, and was there resolved to cut off the buccaneers to a man, and at once recover the prisoners, the treasure, and his lost glory.

Nothing less, and a great deal more, was expected from the worthy president of Panama. But his worth consisted not in the wielding of the sword, any more than in keeping his appointments. It may be remembered that he sent Morgan a ring and a gasconade, in answer to which our hero had invited himself to Panama, in order to pay his respects to the president in person. Don Perez miserably failed in his part of the compact. However, it was reported that here he was again, and that most likely he would supply the moral to honest Captain Wills's fable of the rats, who, growing too fat, had their necks wrung in the granary.

Upon receiving these tidings, Rear-admiral Collier was despatched with the full half of the army, two hundred men, to Cruz, to clear the passage, and, if the road was obstructed, to proceed over as far as Chagre. He soon returned, not being able to see or hear of any enemy. The prisoners whom he made said it was true that the president had wished to raise an army, and that he had demanded succours from Carthagena and other Spanish cities; but not a soul would stir. These people added, that so dreaded were the buccaneers by the Spaniards, after the defeat of the vaunted Spanish cavalry before Panama, that their countrymen fled from each other when they happened to approach in strange places; both parties fearing that the other might be English. In fact, the consternation was so universal, that at that period, Morgan, with the few troops that he then had, might easily have conquered the whole of Spanish America.

This alarm proving unfounded, and everything being in marching order, and the various positions of the bodies of the army, and of the baggage, and of the treasure, being marked out, Morgan ordered that one day should be devoted to a rigid examination of the arms, and that each man should have with him the necessary ammunition, and another day allowed for total rest. On the third, they were to depart at daybreak.

The city was, by this time, half filled with prisoners. To them the dreadful proclamation came, that they had but two days to procure their ransoms. There was no exception permitted to this order. Every man, woman, and child had a price affixed to them, commensurate with their ascertained or their presumed quality.

That Morgan was most impartial in this measure may be proved

by the fact, that not one of the ladies whom the buccaneers had facetiously termed his nunnery was exempted, and that the price affixed to the Senoretta Lynia Guzman, the only daughter of the woman for whom he professed to be dying, was the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand pieces of eight.

This annunciation fell like a sentence of death upon the distracted Spaniards. Fathers, brothers, husbands, and wives, were written to, in language the most touching, imploring speedy relief. If not ransomed, they were informed that they would be carried away as slaves, and sold as such in the English, French, and Dutch plantations.

The monks were the agents on these occasions, and they had to journey so far as Carthagena, Maracaibo, Porto Bello, and the other cities on the Spanish Main, where those who had escaped from Panama had taken refuge. As the time would have been totally insufficient to bring all these ransoms to Panama before the departure of the army, Morgan ordered them to meet him at Cruz, the town nearly midway to Chagre, and the spot where the canoes and light craft had rendezvoused, on the river of the same name, in order to convey the troops and the treasure to the sea-coast.

On the day of the proclamation of the ransoms, our hero, with that duplicity which served him instead of wisdom, caused Lynia to be released from her dungeon, and replaced in her former luxurious apartment. He found time to visit her, and he made a great merit of this indulgence, protesting that he had procured it her at great hazard to himself. She was now terribly reduced in appearance, yet her great spirit had not forsaken her, and, with the exception of weakness, her health was still good.

She was very grateful to Morgan, for she believed that, all through, he had acted as her advocate and friend; and although she still resented his brutal attempt, there was a softness and a trustingness in her manner that revived Morgan's worst wishes and best hopes. The hypocrite promised to use all his influence for the reduction of the ransom put upon her, and even went so far as to deplore the sad necessity that existed, which compelled her to journey with the army so far as Cruz.

He saw her again in the evening, and though he found her pensive and languid, she seemed evidently pleased with his society. Morgan then repeated all his vows, and displayed all his blandishments. There was now no longer vehemence in her indignation, or expressed anger at his advances. Her virtue was firm as ever, but her tenderness was awakened, and her senses, if not captivated, enthralled. More than once she had addressed him by the dangerous epithet of "friend."

“We must soon part, Lynia; and, when away, will you not sometimes remember the companion of your youth, your young scholar, and your first lover: bear me gently in your thoughts; believe but one half of the ill you hear of me, and pardon me for the other.”

“Morgan, my friend, vain, and worse than vain, wicked too, must be my regrets; but I do regret that Providence has not marked an innocent path upon which both of us might have travelled on together through life.”

“I do, from my heart, thank you for that sentiment. O my beloved, on the march and in the camp, short will be the time, and few the opportunities, that I can command to be with you. Be then less sad—would that I could see you even cheerful on this, perhaps one of the last of our meetings.”

“Can I be cheerful, my friend, in captivity, surrounded by ruthless men, and, above all, ignorant of the fate of my cherished, my beautiful, my fond, sweet daughter! Were I assured of her safety, there would still be a bright corner in my heart, and a smile of real joy upon my countenance.”

“Say you so, peerless Lynia? Then let the heart be warm, and the countenance joyful—your beautiful daughter is safe.”

“Saints of heaven, support me! Know you this of your own knowledge?”

“Yes, she has been in my custody more than a month.”

“In your custody a month—I tremble, I sicken, I die!”

“And wherefore, Lynia?”

Then that weak lady rose up, and the mother glared forth from her eyes in the gaze of a tigress, and she seized the strong man before her, and shook him, yes, actually shook him, as she shrieked out, “Have you dared to be a monster?”

Morgan, with much calm stateliness, relieved himself from Lynia's grasp, and, bowing to her coldly, he said,

“Your daughter shall herself tell you what manner of monster I am;” and then he slowly retired.

The Donna Guzman fell upon her seat, entirely unnerved and struck down with the agony of suspense. All the faculties of her mind and all the senses of her body were undergoing a tension that was all but madness. The door opened, her daughter advanced towards her; health and joy were beaming on her countenance—was there innocence also? O God! the torture of the doubt. The mother had no power to rise; she had strength sufficient only to extend her arms, and with the speed of lightning her daughter rushed into them, and, for some time, hysterical laughs and sobs of affection were all that passed between them.

Then, on the part of Lynia, commenced the minute and painful inquiry, and as her maternal doubts were gradually converted into the conviction of her daughter's innocence, how triumphant then was the mother's gush of rapture! It was then that her heart became wholly Morgan's. Strange inconsistency of human nature, she gave him that love freely, for not seeking the love of her child.

When Lynia had drawn from the simplicity of her daughter all the particulars of her first interview with our hero, she was in enthusiastic admiration of the magnanimity of his forbearance, and the delicacy of his conduct. Her heart was melted into a flood of tenderness when she discovered that her child owed her safety only to the being her child; and when she reflected upon the license usual to men of Morgan's class, she could have knelt down and worshipped what was, in truth, but a very worthless idol.

The parent and child were no more separated that day, nor did Morgan intrude upon their privacy. That they both consumed the greater part of the night in making undeserved eulogiums on the man whom they conceived to be their benefactor, may easily be imagined, and that his name should be mentioned in their morning orisons was no more than natural.

When Morgan waited on the ladies next day, his heart was a little touched at the scene of happiness which he had created. He became in so good a humour, that he granted, at the intercession of the mother and daughter, four days more to the Spanish prisoners before he made his departure from the city, during which time many of them were enabled to procure their ransoms.

Lynia and her child were not among these fortunate persons. Still they were comparatively happy in the company of each other, and Morgan now nearly lived with them entirely, devoting to them every moment when freed from his official duties. The donna's gratitude to him was unbounded, and she was now but little anxious to conceal from him that love that she could no longer disguise from herself that she felt. Morgan understood all his advantages, and fully anticipated a final triumph.

Love-scenes but little accord with the turbulence of the actions which it is our duty to record. It was on the eve of the departure so often appointed, and so often postponed, from Panama, that Morgan had passed nearly the whole day with the ladies. The friar that was expected to arrive with their ransom had not made his appearance. Had he, it would have been very unlikely that Morgan should have yet let it be known. Lynia now knew that she must accompany the army to Cruz, and there await the return of her messengers. She imagined that, in her favour, the general

had already stretched his power to the utmost; so she was not only reconciled to her fate, but intensely grateful to Morgan. She even began to dread the moment that would separate them.

The daughter had retired, for there were many preparations to be made for the morrow's march. The time was dangerous, Morgan earnest yet gentle, respectful yet impassioned. Some few, all but innocent, caresses were permitted to him. He grew bold, and another struggle ensued, and though he protested it was but for an unmeaning freedom, she resisted—but resisted no longer with repelling scorn and hateful defiance—she begged for pity, for mercy.

“Permit me but once to strain you to my bosom; but one innocent paternal embrace.”

He stooped over her to enfold her in his arms, and as she cried out faintly, he uttered a sharp exclamation of pain, and, springing from her, he laid his hand upon his left breast, and the blood was seen to issue profusely through his fingers, and soon make his white satin vest one surface of crimson.

Morgan grew horribly pale, and trembled. Lynia became affectionate enough then. She placed him beside her, tore open his dress, and immediately began to stanch the blood that oozed fast from the wound. Morgan smiled bitterly at these attentions, and would not suffer her to call for any assistance.

Truly the wound was not deep, but of some extent. When the blood had been stopped by a bandage passed round his chest, Morgan became very much dejected, and exclaimed shudderingly, “Dead men strike surely.”

“What mean you, my friend?” said Lynia soothingly; “how could you wear this dagger so carelessly, and with an old sheath so ill fitting?”

“Peace, Lynia,” said Morgan solemnly, “and accuse no one. This is fate. The dead man's arm has reached me from the grave. I have been in all positions of the body, I have desperately struggled in mortal strife, and the sheath before never proved faithless. There is fate in the wound. Lynia Glenllyn, you are much beholden to Owen.”

“Ah, Owen ap Lywarch, the dear, honest, good youth! Talk to me of Owen, rather than of this trifling wound—a mere scratch to a warrior.”

“Never will I again make a promise to dying man or woman. And I have certain convictions about the shedding of blood. Of Owen ap Lywarch, well you know that he fled with me from Glenllyn.”

And then Morgan recapitulated the leading events of his friend's life, and how he died the conqueror of Chagre. Of

course there was no mention made of his last requests, or of anything that did not redound either to his, or to the narrator's credit.

Lynia had heard of, and, in common with the Spaniards, her adopted countrymen, had marvelled at Bradley's courage and his almost miraculous success. She shed a few tears to his memory, and attempted to lead the conversation to other topics. But Morgan was much dispirited, and continued auguring to himself some dreadful impending calamity. Notwithstanding his habit of self-dependence, and his denial of any controlling power over the actions of man, he was, on certain points, meanly superstitious; and the presumptuous being that disavowed a Deity trembled to his inmost soul at a strange or a bad omen.

His idle prejudices had saved him, however, the committing of one crime. During the rest of the interview his manner was subdued, and, though full of professions of friendship to the lady, he spoke no more of love. When he took his leave, Lynia entreated him, that when he again honoured her with a visit, he would take care to leave his dagger behind him.

The following morning was one of bustle and hurry. Parties of men were dispersed over the city, some undermining the fortifications, others spiking the guns and burning the carriages, and others driving away to places of safety the poor of the Panamians who were valueless in the matter of ransom. The army was then marshalled. The advanced guard took its station, then the first division. Between the first and second divisions were placed the treasure-laden mules and the male and female prisoners. A rear-guard closed the whole. The trumpets brayed, the drums rolled, and Morgan, well mounted upon a warlike charger, stood alone on a little mount, on the left wing of his army. He fired his pistol, and shouted forth, "March!"

At this word the trains were fired, and explosion after explosion louder than thunder rattled through the deserted street, and the crashing of falling buildings mingled with the reverberating echoes. Columns of white smoke curled upwards, and seemed to hang mournfully and fondly over the devoted place. The city of palaces was now a mass of shapeless ruins.

But sounds more mournful and touching arose from the centre of the army. There was the wail of women, and the loud curses of men. To the poor prisoners it was a moment of intense agony and despair. Behind them were their spoiled homes, and their once lofty and marble habitations heaps of unsightly rubbish. Before them was a journey that they knew not where would terminate, and they were at the mercy of lawless and blood-guilty men.

These poor wretches amounted to more than six hundred, men, women, and children; among these were many mothers with infants at their breasts, mothers brought up in the utmost luxury, and upon whom ready slaves had been accustomed to wait and attend to their most trifling wants. Horses and mules were much too precious for the conveyance of the treasure to be dedicated even to the most noble and the most delicate of the ladies, and the president's sister-in-law and her daughter were forced to toil on on foot.

When the last view of Panama was shut out from the prisoners as they passed the brow of a hill, a universal groan rose from the whole body, and the voice of lamentation did not soon cease. As they toiled onwards beneath the burning sun, their sorrows assumed various modes of expression; some preserved a sullen silence, some groaned at every step, and others literally watered the path with their tears. The infants at the milkless breasts of the exhausted mothers began to moan and cry, and the scene became one of utter misery.

On that march, many a rough freebooter for the first time acknowledged that he had a heart. Grim and bearded pirates, though themselves loaded with concealed treasures, would take the babies from the fainting mothers, and, mixing flour with water, endeavour to still the moans of the infants with this miserable substitute for milk. Very little hope had these poor travellers. They mistrusted their own countrymen, and many of them knew that the ransom set upon their heads was too exorbitant to be procured. Jamaica and the other slave islands arose before them, and cruel masters, chains, and the whip, terminated their dismal prospect.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Army arrive at Crux—The Tricks of the Priests—Their Detection and Punishment—The Parting of our Hero and the Lady—Morgan promulgates a general Search-warrant, and obeys it himself.

THERE was one among those led away captive who shared not in the general despondency, though she deeply felt her situation and the degradation of her husband's countrymen. Donna Lynia felt for, and fancied that she felt with, Morgan. Him she never suspected of deceit. She had compared him, not with any abstraction of virtue, but with those with whom he acted, and by whom he was surrounded, and she pronounced him to be godlike. Whilst she could gaze upon him, looking the noblest personification of glorious war, she fainted not by the way.

Morgan proceeded gaily and proudly, and superbly mounted, in a gorgeous dress, his polished steel corslet playing merrily

with those sunbeams that were bearing the forlorn wayfarers to the earth. He was attended by what would, even in these days of military pageantry, be termed a brilliant staff, and followed by a company of twenty horse, his body-guard, and the only cavalry of his army. These had been mounted during his stay at Panama, and would, of course, all be turned into fore and maintop men when they arrived at Chagre.

His military duties seemed now wholly to occupy our hero. Not once did he rein up his steed to speak solace to his lady love. Not once did he send to inquire if the way could be lightened to her and to her daughter. His superstition had conquered his passion, and he pronounced the shameful victory heroism.

At sunset Morgan encamped his army in the middle of a beautiful savannah, through which there meandered a brook of the sweetest and most refreshing water. The captives, men, women, and children, rushed to the water's edge, and, stooping down, lapped the stream with their tongues like cattle, so much had they been maddened by the parching thirst of that day's march. The troops were either hutted or slept under canvass, but the prisoners had no other canopy over them than the firmament, and they slept upon the bare ground, curtained by the night dews. A few of the noblest of the females, among whom were Lynia and her daughter, were accommodated with tents, but Morgan did not visit, or even send to inquire after them. The donna found for all this an excuse, and even attributed to him a virtue in the magnanimity of his forbearance. With his colonels and captains, Morgan indemnified himself for the loss of female society by passing a very merry evening, and afterwards enjoying a good night's rest.

At sunrise next day this distressing march was recommenced. The prisoners felt the fatigue and the heat much more than on the previous march, and at noon several women swooned and were left on the road for dead. Nothing was heard but groaning and wailing, and it was in vain that the trumpets sounded and the drums thundered, in order to drown these heart-rending cries. The young and vigorous only of the captives were able to keep up at the pace of march, whilst the less robust were urged forward with blows and the pike's point.

Yet there were many merciful among the buccaneers. The infants were carried as before, and the handsome among the women never wanted the supporting arm of a brave freebooter. Yet, as a body, they were urged forward with a terrible and an unrelenting cruelty, and there was very much of wanton and needless suffering inflicted.

Where were the Spaniards? Where the men whose wives and

children were thus ruthlessly thrust forward by so mean a number of "spoil-encumbered foes?" In the dangerous passes that we have described in the advance of the invaders, that scarcely admitted one mule, or three men marching abreast, in dark and dreary passes of miles in length, passes where every tree might conceal a foe, and every rock and hollow an ambuscade, there was found no Spanish musqueteer to take in safety his fatal aim; and not even an arrow from the swift-footed Indian whistled among the retreating desperadoes.

At length the whole mass arrived safely at the important town of Cruz. It was here that there was water-carriage to the fleet. The king of Spain's storehouses and magazines were found very convenient; the mules were unloaded and the treasure deposited in them, whilst the canoes and boats were being prepared for the transport of the whole expedition. It was here, also, that all the ransoms were to be paid, and the prisoners either to be liberated or carried as slaves to Jamaica.

The Panamians now believed that Morgan was in earnest, and began to flock to Cruz in order to intercede for those relatives and friends whom they could not ransom, and to produce the pieces of eight and crusadoes for those whom they could. The former had but very little effect upon the buccaneers, while the latter was exacted to the uttermost that they had indicated. The place had the appearance of a fair, or rather of a slave-market, and afforded a fine study for the passions to those who were interested in those matters.

Donna Guzman, the greatest prize, had first to undergo the most bitter disappointment. She had fully relied upon her brother-in-law, the president, and the other brothers of her husband, to procure her ransom, for, exorbitant as it was, she was well aware that the sum could have been easily and speedily realized. She did not much fear any hardship at the hands of Morgan, and had it not been for her daughter, she would perhaps have been more submissive to her fate than a virtuous woman ought to have been. Her indignation and exasperation at the conduct of her relatives were extreme, and all these excitements only tended to increase her affection for the man whom she so enthusiastically admired.

During Donna Guzman's stay at Cruz, Morgan again became attentive and warm, and the superstitious dread that his wound had caused him seemed to be fast disappearing before the beauty and fascinations of his mistress.

At last, the two ecclesiastics whom she had despatched to Don Perez Guzman and her kindred made their appearance with the most doleful countenances and well-affected sorrow. They stated

that they had been quite unable even to find any of her connections, though they protested that they had sweated water and blood, (their recorded expression,) in order to effect the redemption of her and her daughter. They had, however, some consolation in having been more successful with the faithful, their sense of religion having induced them to part with their last coin, in order to produce the necessary sum to release all the monks and friars. This excess of zeal on the part of their flocks a good deal surprised our hero, and his suspicions were still more awakened by the amount that they said they had collected, being very nearly that which was fixed to be paid for the mother and daughter, that is to say, seventy-five thousand pieces of eight.

Morgan, having secured the specie, still kept the portly crew of priests, saying facetiously, that he was anxious to retain so much religion among his rascals as long as he could, for what was to be found among the shaven pates was all that was possessed by the assembly. The worthy freebooters murmured a good deal at this, and heartily wished them all at the bottom of the sea, for they were very filthy in their persons, enormous eaters, and nothing but blows would keep them away from the female prisoners.

There were nearly seventy of these ecclesiastics, and there was never seen so little resignation and patience among a body of men whose principles were humility and submission to the divine will. They looked most anxiously at every new-comer, and would have intercepted every one who approached the town, had they been permitted.

Our hero had already extended his delay to the utmost limits of prudence, and on the day before they were to depart down the stream with the treasure and the unransomed captives, a slave arrived at Cruz upon a fleet horse. He brought letters to the general and to Donna Guzman. The one to Morgan was from his old correspondent, the redoubtable president. It was courteous and full of compliments, hoped that Morgan still wore the ring that he had formerly sent him, and apologized for not having been able to show him his hospitality. "But," the letter went on to say, "your excellency has made yourself quite at home, and I find my palace, disdaining henceforward to accommodate any person less renowned than yourself, has tumbled to pieces with regret at your departure. But nevertheless, most valiant general, it much grieves me that so gallant a cavalier should be wanting in good faith; for we have, at the certain ruin and beggary of ourselves, forwarded to you, by those holy and most devout fathers, Sebastian and Jerome, the royal ransom that you have demanded for my sister and her daughter." And

then, with many compliments, he concluded by wishing his excellency Morgan all manner of prosperity, after having read him a very severe and just lecture upon the laws of honour, of war, and of chivalry.

The letters to the Donna were to the like effect. It was singular that the Spaniards never doubted the good faith of the monks, but gave Morgan all the credit of the rascally transaction. Even the historian of this villany mentions it with hesitation, so great was the bigotry of the times. He says, indeed, "*C'était bien mal fait à ces pères, qui je n'ay pas voulu faire connaître, à cause de l'indignité de leur action, et de la vénération que j'ay pour leur ordre.*"

To a man of passions so violent as was Morgan, his rage and indignation may easily be conceived—or rather they were inconceivable, for in his first access of anger he had ordered them all to be put to death. This was, however, opposed by his army, not from any religious scruples, but because they held it to be unlucky to kill, in cold blood, either a cat or a priest. He caused the fathers, however, to be placed in a square of musketeers, taking care to inform the holy brethren that the fire-arms by which they were surrounded were all loaded, and he then compelled them to thrash each other with the cords that they wore about their waists, until some of them fainted, and it was only at the intercession of the ladies, whom they had wished to treat so villanously, that their tortures were suspended.

Suitable preparations were now made for the departure of the Guzmans; mules and attendants being provided for them, and every token of respect lavished upon them by Morgan and his associates. Our hero was anxious that they should depart, carrying with them the most favourable impressions of himself personally, and of his conduct generally. There was but little difficulty in this, for now the proud Lynia was much more enthralled by Morgan than was Morgan by herself. We must not, for a moment, presume that she would have sacrificed either her dignity or her virtue; but comparisons had been forced upon her, and her admiration for the conqueror had become enthusiastic.

The parting was impressive. They were alone. With a storm of conflicting feelings raging in her bosom, she knelt before him, and prayed to Heaven for his happiness long and fervently. She conjured him to leave his present course of life, to live henceforward to himself and to God, and to seek the conversation of serious and believing men. She thanked him over and over again for his generous treatment of herself and her daughter, and finally, invoking on him a thousand blessings, she embraced him, kissed him on his forehead, and was led by him to her

mule, dissolved in tears. And thus they parted, never again either to see or even to hear of each other.

These occurrences made a deep impression upon Henry Morgan, and when the lady was out of sight, he was heard to swear a terrible oath, that "if ever he turned godly, it would be for that woman's sake." That her influence over him was great may be inferred, since, at her entreaties, he permitted the monks, who had so dreadfully incensed him, to depute two of their body to proceed to their friends and their communicants in order to raise the ransom for them truly, and which was to be brought to Chagre.

The necessary means of water-carriage having now arrived, all the booty was embarked, with the immense quantities of rice, maize, and buccanned beef, that had been procured at Panama. The unransomed prisoners, including the seventy priests, who were tied two and two, and treated with many indignities, were also put on board, together with five hundred valuable negro slaves, who were very merry at the idea of changing masters. Everything now being ready, the whole army, with all its baggage, took leave of Cruz on the fifth of March 1670.

The parting presented another scene of great affliction to the many unredeemed Spaniards, and even those who were ransomed had their joys mingled with bitterness. The former felt persuaded that they were going into slavery to severe and strange masters, in unknown and barbarous places, and the latter had to mourn over the fate of relatives and friends, upon whom they feared that they should never again look. But the army, which we shall soon have to call the fleet, were too much used to such occurrences to do anything else than to hurry over the leave-takings, which was, perhaps, the best thing that could be done.

When prisoners, slaves, and treasures, had been embarked, with a sufficient number of armen men to guard and keep them in order, there was then found not sufficient room in the vessels for the accommodation of the rest of the expedition, so they were compelled to march leisurely along the banks of the river.

After three days' march they arrived at the pleasantly situated little town of Barbacoas, and here, to the surprise of everybody, they found that the two emissaries of the priests had already arrived with the stipulated ransom of their brothers. This gave Morgan and the army infinite joy, as the priests were very unpleasant company, and they must have been abandoned at Chagre, being a description of cattle not vendible in any slave-market in the world.

At this place one of the most laughable and memorable events, with which Morgan had ever been connected in his most eventful

life, occurred. Our hero, taking to his private counsel his secretary John Peeke, his second in command Vice-Admiral Collier, his colonels who were Englishmen, and one or two captains in whom he could confide, among which there was not numbered Captain Wills, (he being much too honest,) acted thus :

He mustered his whole army on a pleasant plain outside the town, and, forming them into a hollow square, ordered them to pile their arms in the centre of the space which they enclosed. The piled arms he immediately surrounded with his body-guard, and then coming in the midst of the square upon horseback, armed to the teeth, both offensively and defensively, he made them, at its commencement, a very pleasant speech. They found themselves designated as the bravest and the best of men—nay, the most obedient and exactly disciplined. “You are,” he continued, “my brothers, on the point of returning home, covered with glory, and laden with riches”—most of the men groaned at this; “let us then add one other virtue to all those shining ones which we possess—honesty—let us, my dear friends, be honest to each other. I will now read to you the article to which we have all sworn—or at least subscribed, and our word is our bond, and our pledge a security more safe than the oaths sworn by kings upon the gospel.”

Morgan then read, with a voice like that of a herald's trumpet, the articles by which they were all bound, and when he came to that which required every man to be sworn that he had concealed nothing, and that he must undergo a search if required, he read it over three times, and then paused.

The astonished and convicted men and officers looked first at each other, and then at their piled arms. They groaned, they murmured, they shouted; but Morgan, perfectly unmoved, bade them keep their ranks and listen.

“My friends, my good friends, do not suppose that I mean to attribute a dishonest motive to any one amongst you. That man who may happen to have the greatest weight of booty about his person, I shall esteem as my best friend, and the best friend of the army. Shall we not all admire that man's carefulness, forethought, and self-denial, in taking upon himself, for the good of all, the labour of bearing for us so much of the common stock, which would else have been lost to us for the want of the means of conveyance? You all remember how many overburthened mules perished by the way; honour and glory, then, be to those who have saved for us any portion of our hard and gloriously-earned wealth!”

At this oration there was scarcely a man in the ranks who did not find that he had been playing the ass in acting the part of the

mule, but they were still more confounded when they heard the general proceed thus :

“I know well that our laws require us to take an oath as to our honesty; but we will waive this as being injurious to our honour. We will substitute for it a general personal search. It is no indignity; I, your commander-in-chief, will be the first to submit to it, and all my principal officers will follow my example. When we shall all have been scrutinized, before a man of us moves off this plain, the baggage of every one of us, from the highest to the lowest, shall be searched by men elected by yourselves from yourselves for that purpose. Come, my lads, take it in good part, for I swear to you by G—d that it shall be done, even if I be compelled to shoot you down by dozens, even as you stand there unarmed, and the first man that breaks his ranks shall be pistoled.”

This was talking to some purpose. Each man, suspecting that his neighbour might have been more lucky than himself, became in some sort reconciled to what he could not prevent. At length broad grins began to supplant the scowls of mutiny, and good humour returned, with huzzas to their impartial chief. We would not have it understood that this better feeling was general—there were many selfish and avaricious rascals who cursed Morgan in their hearts; but it was the feeling of the majority, and that, in a society constituted like theirs, was sufficient.

Fifty black slaves, grinning from ear to ear, and in a state of absolute nudity, in order that they might conceal nothing, each bearing a large wicker basket, were marched into the square. Every company then elected from its body him whom they deemed the most honest as an investigator, but no searcher was allowed to scrutinize the men by whom he had been appointed. Captain Henry Wills, as being noted for his plain dealing, as a matter of course was one of the first chosen, and upon him the lot fell to begin the business by searching the commander-in-chief.

Morgan accordingly dismounted, and was stripped to his shirt, his pockets turned inside out, and his clothes shaken; but the weather being very warm, the operation was not so unpleasant as it might have been. As the man who “knew his duty, and did it,” was assisting the general into his clothes again, he could not help whispering into his ear that certain diamonds, rubies, and pearls, taken from Captain François, had strangely disappeared from the common stock, to which gentle hint Morgan deigned no other reply than a vacant stare.

The general was found immaculate, on which there was a shout of applause, but the applauders either knew not, or had forgotten, that he had sent off all his baggage and the bureau of the army

three days before, and that it was now safely deposited on board the flag-ship lying at the port of Chagre.

The stripping to the shirt was dispensed with, with respect to the other superior officers; nor would it have been put in force on Morgan, had he not insisted upon it for the sake of example, and been conscious that he had no personal deformity to be exposed. However, the search was rigorous with the rest of the officers, and some jewellery was recovered, which had really been secreted, or perhaps placed to be found, in order to give a colour of justice and impartiality to the proceedings.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Search-warrant fully executed—Does not prove satisfactory to the Gentlemen most concerned—Dangerous Symptoms of Mutiny, and some Speeches.

WHEN the searchers, accompanied by Morgan and all those who had passed the ordeal, came to the subalterns and the rank and file, there was a scene of high merriment, which our hero much increased by coarse jokes, and by making a low bowing, and thanking every rogue in the name of the army, whenever he shelled out gloriously and abundantly. The baskets filled apace, the army shouted at every fresh handful of gold and parcel of precious stones that were brought to light from excessively dark and strange places. All these gentry, not being encumbered with shirts, were examined *in naturalibus*, and they yielded a most excellent harvest.

The prisoners in the barges and canoes, who witnessed all this from a distance, could hardly be restrained, the ladies especially, from joining in the apparent festivities, in which the laughter was so general, and the company performed such grotesque antics, in a state of all but nudity.

The affair closed at last, but the men were not dismissed from their ranks until all their baggage was thoroughly ransacked, and, last of all, the charges were drawn from the muskets and pistols, in order that no brilliants or other precious stones might be carried away in their barrels.

It was only a man like Morgan who could have successfully carried through this bold measure, and in doing it he ran fearful risks. Excellently as it passed off, when the men were dismissed from their quarters, they formed into knots and groups more or less dissatisfied. The act was canvassed in all manner of humours, and at least one half of them became very nearly mutinous. The French, who mustered strong in this expedition, were especially clamorous, and, could they have found supporters, would have seized Morgan, and come to the most disagreeable extremi-

ties. At length, it was agreed to wait the division of the spoil, which it was understood would take place at Chagre, and then and there take their measures accordingly.

At length, with all "the pomp and circumstance of *successful* war," Morgan and his victorious army entered Chagre. Very great were the rejoicings on both sides,—the new-comers, that they now saw a chance for some repose after their immense toils and privations, and the garrison that had been left in charge of the fortress, because they would get something fit for human beings to eat, for, for many weeks, they had been living upon nothing but Indian corn, having wantonly wasted the country, and consumed in excess and debauchery, in a few weeks, what would have lasted, with common prudence, comfortably for months. All parties were very joyous at the expectation of sharing so much booty among them.

It was on this occasion that Morgan executed his master-piece. He began operations by *fêteing*, not only the officers, but the most influential among the private men; and at his table, and in familiar conversation, endeavoured gradually to lower their exalted expectations. Whilst he was thus courting popularity on the one hand, he affected more than ordinary military state on the other; continually reminding his men that they were all members of a regularly commissioned army, and the liege subjects of his gracious majesty Charles the Second. He affected to enrol the services of every man, in order that they might be mentioned in England, and there was scarcely a man among them who was not amused with the hopes of some kind of promotion.

However, the important affair of the division could not be long delayed, and the amount of the pillage was estimated at four hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred pounds sterling,—a sum, the smallness of which immediately threw all the aspirants for large bounties into the utmost consternation. The meanest among them had hoped to share from at least eight hundred to one thousand pounds apiece, and the rest in proportion. There was but very little jewellery forthcoming, excepting that which had been produced by the memorable Barbacoasian search, and all this was principally purchased by Morgan himself, at about the tenth part of its marketable value. If any one wished to appropriate to himself any splendid ornament, our hero contrived that the most startling price should be set upon it, and thus every one but himself and his junta was driven from the market.

The division was at length made, and nothing but the strong hand of power, and a false promise of a further dividend, were able to put down the mutiny. All but Morgan's particular friends

swore that the sharing was most rascally, and the fury and threats of the disappointed were dreadful. The least that could be done was to seize his person, and the making him disgorge his shamefully acquired wealth; but the great majority of the malcontents were for knocking him on the head at once, and thus finally adjusting the matter in dispute. Those who merely wished him to furnish a balance-sheet of all the treasure that they had placed in his hands were looked upon as chicken-hearted poltroons.

Whilst the discontented were forming the most noble and vigorous resolutions, without putting even the weakest of them into practice, Morgan was silently and rapidly taking his measures. The disaffected were not true to each other, and he was duly informed of all that took place in their most secret meetings. He still promised more shares, and gained time by all the arts of cajolery, or awed into silence those who were not to be appeased by words, by the weight of military authority. They, however, still returned to the chorus of the old song, the great booty they had made, and Morgan still echoed it with the same words, "Wait till the accounts be finally adjusted, and see what you will get."

In the mean time the general victualled most of his ships, and sent his unredeemed prisoners to the island of St. Catherine, or, as the English called it, Providence. He sent, however, a few of them as ambassadors to Carthagena and Portobello, in order to treat with the Spanish authorities for the ransom of the town and the fortress of Chagre. But he had completely drained the country of specie, and they were unable or unwilling to offer him a single piastre.

One little event occurred that showed Morgan's heart was not wholly occupied by the safest means of cheating his fellow adventurers. He ordered the cathedral, under the nave of which he had deposited all that remained of his friend Owen, to be reserved for destruction the last. At the dead of night, with every symptom of grief, and the deepest respect, he had the grave re-opened, and the dagger that he had received from his dying friend returned into the coffin.

The motives that impelled Morgan to this restitution are difficult to be surmised. Perhaps his promises weighed heavily on his heart; perhaps he expected to find other and new Lynias hereafter; perhaps he expected to return to the old one. One thing is most certain, that in doing this he was actuated by the grossest superstition. He himself narrowly superintended the demolition of the church, and he saw it so effectually accomplished, that, though one stone might be still found upon another, he had made

the ruin so complete, and, if we may use the expression, he had built it up so compactly and firmly, that it would have cost more labour and expense to have removed it, than to have erected the cathedral anew. It was thus that he constructed a perdurable mausoleum to his friend. The place has never been disturbed to this day, and the spot is still shown as a monument of the ruthless devastation of the old buccaneers. It is there that moulder the remains of the peasant Welsh lad, the harper's son, and the brave conqueror of the place that contains his tomb.

The dilemma in which Morgan, by his avarice and rapacity, had placed himself, grew more dangerous and embarrassing every day. Nearly the whole of the expedition friendly to Morgan had now retired on board their respective ships, the place on shore being used only by the discontented. Morgan's camp had many followers, who came to prey on the folly of the adventurers. Still the armament lingered, and Morgan was occupied, nearly every day, all day long, in receiving deputations and remonstrances, not always couched in the most respectful language, imploring a fresh search of men and ships, and a renewed distribution of the booty.

The French adventurers, to whom were joined most of the foreigners attached to the expedition, had now formed themselves into a distinct and decidedly a hostile party, and some very serious explosion was hourly expected. Morgan doubled his personal guards, and now never appeared except when surrounded with armed men, his partisans.

It was on the evening of the eleventh of March that delegates from the discontented had met on board the French ship, *La Dedaigieuse*. Her captain, one Jacques Pélaton, presided. The meeting was opened with a sufficient degree of temperance and form, but the violence of the passions of the speakers soon rendered it a scene of turbulence and confusion. Instead of arguing, they imprecated; instead of proposing remedial measures, they uttered only vows of vengeance.

"But," cried out Jacques Pélaton continually, "what is to be done? My friends, let us come to the point."

"I placed in the villain's hand a crucifix worth ten thousand piastres," cried one; "what has become of it?"

"There was the diamond aigrette taken from the lining of Jean Trousseau's doublet, at the search of Barbacoasa; where is it?"

"The perfidious rascal intends presenting it to his beautiful wife," said a third.

"I cannot utter his detestably barbarous Welsh name," said a fourth, "without shivering with horror."

Many wondered how they should be able to meet their cre-

ditors, their friends the tavern-keepers, and the ladies, when they should return with a pittance so miserable, that it would scarcely afford them a three days' carouse. All were in despair, all were mad. It must be remembered that this meeting consisted wholly of officers. How fierce, then, must have been the brutal passions of the much less rewarded private men?

One man, a thought more reasonable than the others, got up and said, "that, to proceed regularly, it was necessary to produce some proofs of the admiral's malversation." The shouting at the word proof was tremendous. "Proofs! proofs!" re-echoed through the ship in every possible tone of scorn, contempt, and wonder. The seeker of proofs had nearly lost his life for his temerity.

At length, a surgeon, a man of some ability, and, considering all things, of a great deal of moderation, having obtained silence, thus addressed his angry companions:—

"Brothers, I am myself, to my heart's core, a Frenchman, and, like yourselves, have been cheated and fooled by this Englishman, whom we have been so weak, at the expense of dangers, toils, wounds, the loss of health, and the death of many of our dear companions—so miserably weak, I say, as to enable to make a most splendid fortune. Judge ye, then, if I do not hate him with all the cordiality of the most inveterate hater among you. But, in order to do things successfully," continued he, "let us do nothing rash. Proofs of this bad man's perfidy are demanded. In reply, we might ask where is the plunder of the richest city on the face of the earth? Where the ransom of thousands of opulent prisoners? Where the spoils of so many ships taken in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? Morgan, surrounded by his armed guards and his partisans, will answer you by producing accounts and balances made up by himself and those sharing with him in this horrible robbery, and with promises of a future dividend when we arrive at Jamaica; and if this answer should prove to you but little satisfactory, he will refer you to the provost-marshal and the gibbet, and honour you by legally hanging you, seeing that we are all serving under commissions, granted by the king of England."

"Le scélérat! le perfide! Down with the English flag! The black banner for ever! *Vive le pavillon noir!*" were the cries that responded to this inflammatory harangue. When order was a little restored, the surgeon resumed:

"You see, brethren, by direct application, the sort of proofs that you will obtain. I will give you others much more convincing. You must all of you have remarked how uneasy and restless the general appeared after the full success of the expedi-

tion. He was then no longer the merry, jocular, popular leader that won all our hearts when we had all our labours and our dangers before us. Why was he thus melancholy and reserved? What had this man to wish for? He was attended like a prince, and feasted and lodged like an emperor. Women and wine courted him. With the refinement of epicurism, he appropriated a whole nunnery to himself, and, not contented with this harem, more than sufficient for the Grand Turk, he revelled in the charms of that paragon of beauty, Donna Guzman, and of those of her scarcely less beautiful daughter."

Groans and malicious jokes, mingled with deep execrations, were heard from all parts.

"But, with all these appliances of happiness, Morgan appeared to be the most miserable dog in the army. Why, why was this? He was plotting to rob and to deceive us. The remains of a little conscience still troubled him. Marked you not how earnestly he was ever whispering to a few of his confidants, and to us, with whom, before the victory, he had always been hail fellow well met, how distant and reserved all on a sudden he became, and that even the mention of the word booty threw him into a fit of the spleen, and produced a volley of vulgar English cursing and swearing.

"Weigh these matters well, my comrades, and remember, even at the farce of the search—may all who instigated it be eternally plunged into purgatory, for I lost more than a thousand pounds by it."

"And I twice as much!" "And I five hundred!" and a confusion of similar exclamations interrupted the speaker for some time.

"In that very search, I say, did you not note that Captain Wills, honest Captain Wills—damn such honesty!—and he, whispered together. They were laughing at us, my friends,—they were jeering at us—they were insulting us—shall we remain unsatisfied? shall we go unrevenged?"

The doctor's audience were worked up to madness. *Eau de vie* had much assisted his eloquence. They drew their swords, slashed the beams of the cabin, wishing that they had been English heads, and made vigorous and scientific passes and thrusts at the vacant air, exclaiming, "*Meurs, assassin—meurs, scélérat—meurs, chien de traître—meurs, détestable Morgan!*"

"Peace, my friends, peace, for a little while," resumed the doctor; "these things, after all, it may be said, are merely matters of suspicion. Hear still further. One day, not having reliance upon his English surgeons, he sent for me in order to dress the wounds of one of his principal confidants. Whilst I was assi-

duously following my avocation, the traitor said to the patient in English, which he supposed that I did not understand, 'Look up, my friend! Courage, bear a good heart. You have assisted me to conquer; haste and get well, that you may assist me to profit by the victory.' Was not that, my friends, saying, in good French, as the event has wofully confirmed to us, 'You have assisted me to take a great booty, you must assist me to carry it off?'

"Yes, yes, these are proofs plain as day," was the unanimous answer.

"But this it not all," continued the orator. "You all know that Morgan affected a great deal of state, and, even when so many of our poor fellows were forced to trudge it on foot from Cruz to Chagre, there was our magnificent commander's pleasure-barge lying idly and unoccupied on the river, and it was towed down to the fleet perfectly empty."

"Shame, shame, shame!"

"Once, whilst we remained at Cruz, as I was looking for a medicinal plant that I much wanted for a remedy, I wandered near the banks of the river; I perceived Morgan alone, stooping down in his pleasure-boat, and hiding something in a corner, but what that was the distance prevented me from discerning. His anxious manner, and his often looking up to see if he were watched, made me judge that he was concealing something of vast consequence. At length he perceived me, and came to me, very much confused. Some time after, he asked me, with a studied indifference, what I was doing in that particular place, and if I had been there long. As he was thus questioning me, I perceived the plant for which I was seeking, and for all answer I plucked it, and presented it to him, and descanted upon its healing qualities. He appeared to be satisfied, but again recurred to the subject, and commenced an unconnected and desultory conversation, mingled with many artful questions. He also made me many violent protestations of friendship, and proffered me all manner of services."

"The hypocrite! But our surgeon was too sharp for him."

"No, my friends, sharp I was not, only honest and straightforward, yet sensible enough to understand that there must have been some strong motive that could have induced so proud and fierce a general to unbend himself to such a familiarity with a person so humble as myself; and I became still more suspicious when I found that he had forsaken his path, merely for the sake of cajoling me. This dancing attendance upon me by my commander-in-chief, my sense of politeness would not permit me to suffer. At last, he perceived his folly and his mistake, and, more embarrassed than ever, he took leave of me."

“But the pleasure-boat? The pleasure-boat?”

“Undoubtedly, whilst we were marching to Barbarcoas, the very choicest of the jewellery was concealed there; for he was much too wise to carry it about his person; the more especially as he intended to get up the miserable performance of the search. You well know that the most valuable pillage was always brought to Morgan, always excepting the trifles that we intended, ourselves, to carry. Where is it? Thousands of precious articles delivered to him privately have not appeared in the catalogues. Every man can testify to that. He tells you that they have been mislaid and lost. Nonsense; they were concealed in some secure place in the barge—he never lost sight of this boat, never let any one enter it but himself, and when it arrived at Chagre, he had it immediately hoisted on board of his own ship. It is there that our treasures are amassed.”

This account of the boat caused many reflections, and it was remarked, that, unguarded as it generally appeared to be, it might easily have been examined clandestinely.

“Ay, there was his great art—not to excite suspicion. But think not, brothers, that I was so dead to your interests and my own, not to inquire further into this affair. So soon as Morgan was fairly housed, I stole aboard the barge by myself, taking with me my probe and a gimlet. Not a place but I searched, not a plank but I probed, not a rib of the vessel that I did not bore with the gimlet. All useless. The hiding-place had been too cunningly contrived. The deceit of that man is impenetrable. But the greater his art, the greater must be the strength of our resolution, and the plain force of our actions. We must also be secret. A committee of five will be sufficient, but every man here must pledge himself, by the most solemn oaths, to perform, unquestioned, the orders that he may receive. I do not hesitate to tell you that some dark, secret, and dreadful deeds must be done. All of us, the committee included, will cast lots to know upon whom the task has fallen. Those who understand me must be silent—those who do not will be enlightened at the proper period.”

Not one was there who did not understand the bloody proposition. It was assassination! This proposal was received with acclamation, and the oaths were administered and taken amidst the exhibition of every extravagance. Some wept; some pricked the veins of their arms with daggers, and mixing the blood with brandy, drank off the nauseous draught to Morgan's eternal perdition. Many stripped off their clothes, and showed the scars of their deep and unprofitable wounds. All vowed vengeance, and every one thirsted to be made the instrument. And there were

some gentler emotions amidst this storm of wild passions. Comrades slain in battle, or destroyed by the climate, were wept long and plaintively. It was then remembered how kind, and good, and brave, they had been. And they had all, all perished, to fatten and aggrandize one monstrous robber. Their shades were solemnly invoked to assist them in their revenge.

At length, the council of five retired into the inner cabin in order to direct all these evil energies to the accomplishment of their wishes, and to make their deadly hate of Morgan and his confidants take a deadly form.

It was quite time that our hero thought of his departure.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Morgan's Uneasiness increases—Prepares to steal away—Effects his Purpose—The miserable End of most of the Adventurers—Morgan's Reception at Jamaica—His Prospects darken.

AND so Henry Morgan, the conqueror of Panama, and the hero of so many well-fought fields and ocean fights, grew weary of all things, and very sick at heart. He distrusted all men, and, of all men, himself the most. Gradually, his visions of an independent sovereignty grew more faint, and then distorted, and at last distasteful. For very many years he had done with religion, and yet, in the very sunshine of his prosperity, he trembled at he knew not what, and grew sick with fear he knew not wherefore. At times he repented him of the magnanimity he had displayed towards Donna Lynia, and was sometimes so outrageously fitful, that he was on the point of again returning to Panama, and braving every danger for the satisfaction of his iniquitous passion.

It is not our office to make moral reflections. If the strange and terrible events that we have related do not suggest them, and most wholesome ones too, to the reader, we, and forty essayists on the same subject, might preach in vain. Morgan was pre-eminently prosperous, yet miserable; wise and successful in all his undertakings—and yet a fool. With the blind despair in which the drowning man casts about his limbs for succour, so did Henry Morgan's soul toss hither and thither for repose at least; the word happiness had long been to him the sign of anguish.

To increase his mental perturbation, every hour the discontent among his forces grew more loud, and those of the French nation would have now, he feared, mutinied openly had they dared. The miserable pittance that fell to the lot of each man was a source to him of heartburning, and now it was openly

asserted, even to Morgan's own face, that he and his council of superior officers had secretly appropriated to themselves the greatest proportion of the booty.

Morgan at length threatened the discontented with death, and thus it was apparent that his real power was gone, since he now condescended to threaten. A month ago, had a man dared to murmur, Morgan would have pistolled him, with his own hand, on the spot. From the moment that he had been thus bearded, he resigned all idea of holding St. Catherine's. Morgan, conscious of the justice of his men's reproaches, yet resented them bitterly. He conceived it to be a part of their duty, and that it was due to his own dignity, that they should suffer themselves to be cheated with their eyes open, and to be thankful for it.

In this state of affairs, Morgan privately called to him Rear-admiral Collier, Captains Richard Norman, Thomas Harrison, and Robert Dolander, and adding to these Colonel Bledry Morgan, and his faithful secretary Mr. John Peeke, he plainly told them, that he considered the rest of his officers and men had, by their treason and mutinous conduct towards himself, forfeited all their shares of the plunder to him and to them there assembled. But the prudent, he said, was not always the just manner of proceeding; for, although he sought to deprive them of the little they now possessed, yet he doubted whether it would be safe to attempt to do it. His council unanimously thought that it would not.

Then Morgan proceeded to remark, as to their rebellious demand for a fresh and vigorous search of every vessel, and a new distribution of the plunder, that it was beneath his dignity and theirs to submit to it; for, he very aptly observed, would not the very search be tantamount to the calling of their virtue, their sense of justice, and their honour, in question?

The gentlemen concerned saw the full force of these observations.

"Then," continued our hero, "as we have the primest ships, it is our duty to ourselves, and mercy to the misguided men of our insubordinate fleet, to make ready for sea privately, and the day after to-morrow, at daylight, we will take our departure for Jamaica, and report our proceedings, formally, to the lieutenant-governor. Mr. Secretary Peeke, have the goodness to draw up an official report of this council, and of the motives that induced me to call it. Had these men been but faithful to me and true to themselves, I would have made most of them princes in this New World, and the worst among them should have been the founder of a family, and a lord on the earth. They have been disobedient, and must, therefore, remain slaves, and the worst of slaves, poor ones."

Having thus delivered himself of some of his superfluous magnanimity, he entered into conference with his council as to the best method of securing on board their respective ships every article of the most value, and in the mean time Mr. Peeke produced the following document :

“ On the 24th of March 1670, at head-quarters in the ruins of the castle of Chagre. In a council assembled by the command of Admiral and General Morgan, it was unanimously resolved that, seeing the disorder and tendency to mutiny which had crept into the fleet, the French people thereof being particularly disaffected, it is the opinion of the undersigned that in order to prevent disaster and the bringing of disgrace upon the arms of his gracious majesty, whose commissioned soldiers and faithful subjects we are, that the well-affected English do immediately separate themselves from the foreigners, buccaneers, and mere adventurers, and repair forthwith to his excellency Sir Thomas Modiford, Governor of Jamaica, and High Admiral in these seas, and report to his excellency all and every of our proceedings, in order that they may be submitted to his most gracious majesty for the royal approval.

“ Signed by the members of the council.

“ JOHN PEEKE, Secretary.”

In the mean time, a silent but extraordinary activity was going forward in Morgan's vessel and in the ships of his confederates, whilst the rest of the fleet were losing all prudence and wasting their health and time in the most shameless debauchery, the means for which were most ample. Hundreds of beautiful and abandoned women had assembled at Chagre from all parts of the country, and from distances that might seem incredible. Provisions and intoxicating liquors of every known description flowed in abundance, and nothing was heard throughout the ruins of the place but shouts of revelry and the riot of intoxication.

On the 26th of March the drums beat to arms at daylight, and the whole fleet was ordered to muster for review and service on the remains of the grand square. Excepting those of Morgan's faction, but few assembled, the rest being either incapacitated from the debaucheries of the previous night to attend the muster, or openly setting their admiral's authority at defiance.

Morgan made the best of this opportunity, denouncing all the absentees as mutineers and traitors, at the same time solemnly dissolving all connection with them. After this, with his partisans, he went over the fortifications and carefully spiked most of the guns, throwing them over the rocks into the sea afterwards, only reserving to himself such ordnance as could be of ser-

vice on board his ships, into which he had them secretly transported. All the carriages he burned. The most valuable of the stores also he transported on board, and sedulously destroyed all the rest, together with all the provisions that could be discovered. He then set fire to those parts of the castle that were combustible, and mined the walls with gunpowder, and thus shattered them. In fact, he made a perfect ruin of the fortifications, whilst the rest of his companions were idling in the town beneath, and solacing themselves that for once they had escaped their share of an irksome military duty.

These gentlemen made themselves, that morning, extremely merry at the various thunder-bursts of the explosions, and the towering flames of the castle amused them infinitely. They called for more wine, and bade their Indian women renew the dance. All, with them, that morning, was joy.

In the mean time, Morgan, with his captains and their adherents, went very quietly on board of their treasure-laden ships, and to the astonished eyes of the confederated adventurers on shore, five of the finest and largest vessels of the fleet were seen under a press of canvas, sailing forth majestically from the harbour. Thus departed Henry Morgan, the conqueror of Panama! He stole away, like one vanquished, from the scene of his conquests. The council of five had been too tardy.

Loud, bitterly loud was the torrent of useless execration that was hurled after him by the cheated buccaneers. They shook their courtesans from their embraces, flung away the untasted wine-cups, and cried through the streets for revenge, shouting "To arms! to arms! up anchor! pursue! make sail!" Vain cries! vain resolution! They had lost the golden moments.

They forthwith chose a new commander; but their ships were unvictualled and unsupplied with ammunition. Morgan had destroyed everything necessary to them. Instead of reconquering their booty, and gratifying their vengeance, it was needful to employ all their energies, that they might not miserably perish on a foreign and most hostile shore. Then the spirit of confusion came upon them. Even their mutual wrongs were now insufficient to bind them together for their mutual safety. They became totally disorganized, and ship opposed to ship, and man to man. Every one looked only to his own safety, and each vessel strove to get the first ready to depart from the fatal shores.

These ships did not break out into open hostility one against the other, but they stole each other's stores, and every night something was plundered. The adventurers now feared the return of the Spaniards. They had no longer any resource but in their ships, for the place had been completely dismantled by

their retreating general. So at last, one by one, these vessels, miserably deficient in all necessities, sneaked out from the mouth of the river like defeated cowards.

Most of them perished. Some were never more heard of, others were wrecked, others fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and on the crews of which a few of their own cruelties were retaliated—nay, exceeded. The wretched remnant that reached Jamaica were too poor and too abject to procure anything like justice. Their claims were laughed at. Were they not all robbers alike?

Though Morgan's departure from Chagre looked less like a triumph than a flight, his entrance into Port Royal Harbour was a magnificent spectacle. He came there a victor. The military, the vice-regal court, all the wealth and talent, all the bravery and the beauty of the island, came to hail him as he stepped on shore. Henry Morgan, the conqueror, was thrice welcome, for he brought with him not barren laurels only. He and his favoured few bore with them inestimable wealth.

For some days there was over the whole island a general festivity. Then, when the noise of gratulation had passed away, men began to ask Morgan for their friends, and he answered "they come," yet they came not. And when it was told them that some of the missing had died in arms, valiantly, there was a shadow of consolation in the tidings; but of the others, who conquered and died not—where are they? And Morgan and his companions had still the same answer, "They come."

The prospect began rapidly to darken around the rich and prosperous victor. With his specie and his jewels, his rich stuffs of gold, and the plunder of gorgeous altar-pieces, he brought to Jamaica a fever so violent and so contagious, that it was called "the plague." Few escaped the awful visitation, and multitudes died. Among its victims were some of the noblest and the best in the island, and there perished no one more noble and better than the beautiful Lady Modiford, the wife of the bosom of him who launched forth that bolt of destruction upon the unhappy Spaniards—Henry Morgan. In those days there were still pious men in Jamaica, and these fancied that they saw, in all this, God's retribution. Most other people thought so also whilst the plague raged.

Morgan was far from happy. There had been a tender friendship between Lady Modiford and his young and gentle wife. Morgan looked upon the vehemence of her sorrow as upbraiding him. He became irritated and unjust. His ambition had been excited widely, and he had been deeply disappointed. Though he had determined to fill the voids of his heart by avarice, and

sink all his aspirations in the accumulation of vast riches, he could not avoid confessing to himself that this would never satisfy his soul's craving. Something too must be added for the misery of hopeless grief. Though he disdained what he deemed the effeminacy of sorrow, sorrow was revenged upon him. Despite of himself, the shadow of his friend Bradley would walk pertinaciously by his side in his solitude, and the tones of his voice appear to mingle with the voices of others in the social circle or the official debate.

And was there no remorse in the breast of this hard man for an unbroken career of sin, for a defiance of Providence, or for deep, blood-red, and heaven-denounced crimes? Not yet, He had made up a system of morality of his own, and sinned on blindly, and, he firmly believed, with impunity.

But a still darker shade was now cast upon Morgan's destiny. A fast-sailing tender had brought out a rumour that both Morgan and his abettor Sir Charles Modiford had been disavowed in all their actions by Charles the Second;—that that monarch was exasperated against them; and for their manifold crimes, all their wealth would be confiscated, and the block expiate the false governor's, the rope the cruel pirate's, offences.

Then how coldly men began to look upon the spoil-encumbered conqueror of Panama! The most courageous dared to revile him openly—behind his back. However, his friend Sir Thomas behaved nobly. He never attempted the least disavowal of his participation in the Spanish invasion, but concerted with Morgan the best means of avoiding, or at least of tempering, the coming blow.

During all this anxiety our hero was busily engaged in disposing of his immense wealth to the best advantage, and so that it might be the least accessible to the hand of power—his enemies said, the hand of justice. He greatly increased his estates in Jamaica, vesting all his purchases in the hands of trustees for the use of his wife, and after her, failing of heirs, of his father and brothers, whom he supposed, though he knew it not, still to be alive. He remitted to London various sums, and then calmly awaited for the approaching storm.

Morgan had, by this time, been so completely formed by circumstances, that the usual solaces of domestic life were not available to him. His wife is represented to have been the most beautiful female on the island, very highly accomplished, and extremely gentle in her manners. But it seems that she wanted the capacious mind, and the more vigorous character, which might excite in her husband a thorough sympathy. He preferred to suffer apart. Treating her always with respect, and bestowing

on her as much tenderness as his nature was capable of feeling, he neither trusted her with his secrets, nor consulted with her on his plans. On her part, she loved him, but feared him more.

CHAPTER XL.

Morgan and Modiford compare Notes—They make a very dismal Tune—Morgan inclines to Rebellion—Modiford temporises, and is at last trapped.

WHILST people's minds were thus distracted with doubt, and expecting changes, Sir Thomas Modiford showed in his manner neither dismay nor trouble. He was generally beloved, and the extreme paleness and haggardness of his looks were ascribed, and justly, to his unfeigned grief for the recent loss of his consort.

About this time our hero had acquired an inveterate habit of drinking deeply. It never appeared to intoxicate him, and though the ravages that it produced upon his health were apparent, the progress of those ravages was slow. He was sitting one day under a tent in his pleasure-grounds, with two negro boys fanning away the mosquitoes, whilst a full-grown black was keeping the tent fully saturated with water, which produced a very refreshing coolness beneath, by the means of evaporation. The table before Morgan was laden with luscious fruits, and supplied with a large variety of the most exquisite wines. There were all the materials of enjoyment around him. With the exception of his attendants he was alone, and he drank with the savage earnestness that betrayed less of the epicurism of the *bon vivant* than the desperation of one seeking to escape from thought.

Sir Thomas Modiford approached him unattended. The greeting between the friends was cordial and yet solemn. The deep mourning dress of the governor contrasted strongly with the rich and somewhat over-gay cavalier apparel of the adventurer. Sir Thomas sate himself in silence opposite to Morgan at the small table; and disregarding vase, glass, and silver tankard that were thrust towards him, began devouring unconsciously the fruits that he found before him.

The blacks stood fixed with silent awe on seeing a personage so important, one holding the power of death in his hand, so close to them, and they would have thus stood much longer, had not their master roared out the word "Scamp!" and they vanished in a moment.

"I am sorry," commenced Morgan, "to see your excellency thus sad, and more sorry still to see that you refuse the best antidote to sadness. This madeira is not only ripe but cool. A draught from that tankard, and, take an old sailor's word for it,

you will see things in another and a more cheerful light. Come, your excellency, freshen your haouse, as we say on shipboard."

"Well, admiral, I will qualify your advice, and mingle some of the wine with your coldest water. But I see none on your table."

"Ay—I am not partial to strangers. But if your excellency will spoil good drink—what, ho, there!"

"Nay, admiral—as I would be alone with you, for once I will be so unreasonable as to do you reason, as you call it. And of a verity, this wine is of the genuine sort."

"Try another pull, Sir Thomas—try, for the sake of our long friendship. I will do you reason—confusion to our enemies!"

"I pledge you—enough."

"Do you not feel better, Sir Thomas?"

"Not a whit, in that I am bad. I see my dangers more plainly, I feel them more acutely."

"And could face them more valiantly."

"Admiral Morgan, I never yet required the wine-cup to enable me to face anything that an honourable man may face. And, by my faith, there is just now enough for us both."

"Does your excellency allude to the rumours that are afloat? They will blow away. You are too necessary for this island to be displaced, and whilst you are safe so am I."

"What saith that of which you wot not of? 'Put not your faith in princes.' Still less confide in your own merits. The master of the Flying Fish, the last arrival from England, is my fast friend. I have served the man. I must say, Morgan, with all your faults, you seamen are never ungrateful."

"Thank you from my heart," said Morgan, grasping the governor's hand most unceremoniously and energetically; "may I miss stays in my last tack, if I shall not believe every word master Dobson says. He's a thorough seaman, and can't lie to his benefactor. I will freight the Flying Fish myself."

"Listen but to the perversity of fate. Whilst we were doing our utmost to distress Spain, even in the midst of our most strenuous endeavours, on the 18th of July our king concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with that country at Madrid, and the instruments were exchanged at St. James's on the 20th of the following October."

Morgan at this whistled out shrilly a very doleful sea-tune, and when he found it afforded him but small relief, he exclaimed, with a terrible oath, "So, whilst they were kissing the Spaniards in Europe as friends, I was in America cutting their throats as enemies; always under your commission, however, my good governor."

"And I will stand by my act, and by you too, admiral."

"I knew as much, Sir Thomas, and may I walk the plank blindfolded, if, soul or body, I ever flinch from you. Have you told me the worst?"

"By no means. There are two Andalusian beauties at court; Spanish coin circulates, Spanish fashions are in vogue, and honest governors, with their brave admirals, are in disgrace."

"Well, I anticipated much of this. What next?"

"My successor has been appointed, for a certainty. And honest Dobson says the rumour was very current in London that you and I are to be sent over to England as prisoners, to answer with our lives for having well served our ungrateful prince."

"Like enough, like enough. But we must be very lubbers, Sir Thomas, if we allow old Rowley to work our dead reckoning for us. I tempt no man. In the grand course of our lives, you and I, Sir Thomas, are actuated by very different principles. And yet you have changed sides. I have known you a zealous Roundhead, a hearty Cromwellian, and I believe you are now a loyal cavalier."

"I was always an Englishman."

"A Welshman I. But what matters? You are still governor. The military and naval resources of the island are still at your disposal. Providence, or, as the Dons call it, the Island of St. Catherine's, is held at this moment by some of my rascals. It only rests with an amiable but too scrupulous friend of mine, whether he be a prisoner in the Tower, or Thomas the First, emperor of whatever you choose to call your dominions, with a foolish, faithful, middle-aged man as the admiral of his fleets and general of his armies. I tempt no man, Sir Thomas Modiford, but I can't help thinking that it must be a very pleasant thing to be able to go to war on your own account, to say nothing of the occasional recreation of hanging at the yard-arm batches of rascally pirates."

"In the first place, Morgan, I am not formed to make conquests."

"Who wants you? that's my department. You govern, and I'll conquer. Your imperial majesty's dominions ought not to have narrower limits than Cape Horn to the south, and the Isthmus of Darien to the north. If I cannot convince you, listen to the axe, 'tis a sharp reasoner."

"You mean well, Henry Morgan, but I could not exist under the name of traitor."

"You would not be a traitor if you succeeded. Those only are traitors who are unsuccessful. Be your own providence, and soon you will be enabled to enact your own laws of treason. Treason, then, is nothing but failure. And now I bethink me, the father of our jolly dark king had his head chopped off for

committing high treason against himself, that is, for wanting success. Do not you, Sir Thomas Modiford, fall under the same premunire?"

"The devil is certainly pleading with your tongue, Morgan. I renounce your plan, but I will not forget it. I still feel that I am an Englishman. Act for yourself. I will not betray you."

"No, I will cling to your fortunes, although I am a fool for it. Were poor, honest, brave Bradley living, or my dark and beautiful Amazon, three months should not elapse before the world saw a new national flag upon the ocean, and the world should soon be taught to respect it also. Have you heard who is appointed to succeed you in the government?"

"One Sir Thomas Lynch."

"May all evil things most heartily damn him! Fill your tankard, Sir Thomas; here's to his utter confusion!"

"I will drink to his confusion certainly, but not to his damnation. Are you satisfied, my friend?"

"Partly. The draught was long and lusty. It is good to take counsel over our wine. I do not advocate ardent spirits for such a purpose; but wine consoles, soothes, and clarifies."

"I do not find it so, my jovial friend. It seems to have made me inclined to rashness, and never was the exercise of a cool judgment more required. How are we to act?"

"I understand that never before was dissipation so rampant at court, and the king's wants more urgent. Let us bribe the fountain of honour."

"It is not badly advised in the main, but we have been more than just to him already—absolutely generous. Within the last four years he has received more than forty thousand pounds of our money. No, if he supposes that we are full, he will squeeze us still, or perhaps let out our life's blood in order to confiscate our estates."

"Sir Thomas, unwilling as I am to part with my hard-earned and honestly-acquired wealth, I would sacrifice it all for your safety, and rely upon your gratitude for the means of acquiring more. It seems that you will neither bribe nor—hum—we may as well out with it—rebel. What may it please you to do then?"

"Absolutely nothing yet. In the mean time let us cultivate all means of popularity. Morgan, merely suppose that the gallant inhabitants of Jamaica refused to permit me to depart—suppose even that they prevented it by force."

"It is a glorious thought, Sir Thomas; we will act up to it."

"We will: let us say no more. God forbid that we should meditate treason!"

"In other words, fail of success. Another tankard, Sir Thomas."

"O no, admiral, we have decided. I need no more of your counsel."

Thus saying, Sir Thomas Modiford departed to his palanquin, which awaited him at the gate, and left Morgan to take more of his own peculiar counsel.

Both the governor and the admiral fully acted up to their resolutions. The fever had had its course, and the little popularity that Morgan had lost returned with the health of the island. Sir Thomas had almost created by his exertions solely the prosperity of Jamaica. He had not only governed the inhabitants, but taught them. They seemed willing to rally round him to a man.

In the mean time, things went on but slowly at the court of St. James's. Three more ships arrived, each bringing worse news, but no governor. It was ascertained that the Spanish ambassador was ceaseless in his importunities for vengeance on Modiford and Morgan, and neither of the latter had then a friend near the king. Spanish influence was then triumphant.

At length, in the beginning of the year 1671, the new governor, Sir Thomas Lynch, arrived. His orders were most earnest and imperative to protect the Spanish interest, to disband all privateers, and in order to induce the pirates and buccaneers to leave off their plundering cruizes to offer them liberally grants of land, and to tempt them by high bounty and large pay to enter on board of the royal ships. He was to leave nothing undone to put an end to all manner of illegal warfare.

But the new governor came also armed with full powers to send over to England, as prisoners, Sir Thomas Modiford and Henry Morgan, to answer charges that would affect their lives. This was the most difficult thing that could have been enjoined him. Both of the arraigned were beloved to a degree that could not have been anticipated, Sir Thomas especially. When their disgrace became known, they were positively idolized. It was then fully acknowledged that they had made Jamaica the prosperous colony it then was. Indeed, it rested but with them to make, at least for a time, the island independent of the mother country.

Sir Thomas submitted to his deposition respectfully, and even counselled his friends to show allegiance to their king in their obedience to Sir Thomas Lynch. The latter was, however, soon made aware of the popular feeling, and dared not promulgate his order for arresting either of those whom the king demanded as victims.

Lynch so well kept his secret that both Morgan and Modiford began to surmise that they had escaped the worst, the more especially as the new governor showed them great favour and consideration. Indeed there seemed to be an extraordinary

friendship between the past and the present ruler, each striving to outvie the other in testimonies of respect and affection. Modiford acted in good faith, but Henry Morgan was not so trusting. He vainly cautioned his friend to be on his guard.

The unlucky day at last dawned. A splendid man of war had just arrived from England. This vessel anchored, as usual, at Port Royal. Sir Thomas Lynch gave the captain his instructions, and then told Modiford and Morgan that they were invited to dine on board the frigate, and requested them as a favour to accompany him to the banquet. Sir Thomas Modiford cheerfully and trustingly consented. Our friend Morgan declined the suspicious honour. He had certain misgivings and some awkward reminiscences of a splendid entertainment that he had formerly given to the captain and officers of a French frigate, on which occasion he had very coolly changed his guests into prisoners and their ship into a prize, as we have before fully related.

Morgan trudged home, surmising very unpleasant things, and shut himself up with his counsellors, his bottles and tankards. In the mean time the governors walked lovingly arm-in-arm to the man-of-war's pinnace, which waited for them in grand naval style, to the landing-place at Kingston. The gentlemen embarked, the oars fell into the water with a magnificent splash, and off darted the superb boat along the large lagoon.

Lynch then, with his hand on his heart and the ready tear in his eye, told Modiford that he was a prisoner, that his orders were strict to send him home, and that Morgan was to accompany him. Modiford betrayed no emotion, and seemed to comply very readily, and whilst he was thinking of the island of St. Catherine's and a descent on the Spanish Main, he warmly complimented Sir Thomas Lynch on the handsome and delicate manner in which he had intimated to him his disagreeable destination.

"However, Sir Thomas Lynch," continued Modiford, in a merry tone of voice, "don't let this spoil our dinner; you will dine with us as arranged, of course?"

"Why, yes," said Lynch, hesitatingly, "if you wish it; and could you not send to Admiral Morgan? How much more pleasant his presence would make the party!"

A momentary flash of indignation warmed the brow of Modiford, but he coldly replied, that "he felt assured, since the gallant admiral had refused the invitation of a reigning, he would not accede to that of a deposed, governor."

The dinner was mirthful, and the prisoner seemed to be the happiest man of the party. He chose his time well, and then requested that he might be sent home in a merchant vessel, giving

his parole to make no attempt to escape. Sir Thomas Lynch, who did not feel himself too much at ease under the part which he had acted, gave his consent, and thus placed a soothing plaster upon his conscience.

Morgan was not so easily caught. The governor thought to carry affairs with a high hand with him, so he called a council, and then sent him an order, signed by the governor and council, to repair on board the ship of war as prisoner. This our hero flatly refused to do, sending word that he was ready to obey his majesty, and to go and throw himself at the foot of his throne and plead his own cause, but that he knew his Majesty's mind better than they, for that his Majesty never meant to put so faithful a servant as himself to loss and inconvenience, and that he required time to settle his affairs.

So popular was Morgan, and so weak was the new governor, that no notice was taken of this contumacy, and he actually staid three months unmolested winding up his affairs, at the same time boasting that he would choose his own ship and his own time for his voyage to England as a state prisoner, and had almost carried his purpose into effect. The more humble Sir Thomas Modiford sailed two days after his arrest.

CHAPTER XLI.

Lynch traps Morgan at last—He is conveyed with but little State, as a state Prisoner, to the Tower of London—Meets his Father, and hears of old Friends.

DURING the time that our hero held the constituted authorities in defiance, his mind was in a state of the most bewildering tumult. Every day brought its project, and every night, over his customary carousings, saw it abandoned. He knew that he had but to lift up his daring right hand, and he would be again the leader of hosts, who were ready to know no friend but such as he should deign to protect. He could also easily have excited a rebellion in the island, or have escaped from it with the principal part of his immense wealth. But the vigorous plans of the day were always undermined by the indulgences of the evening. Indeed, when he was in that state which, though not sobriety, could not be called drunkenness, his designs were wild and ferocious. The news had just arrived in Jamaica of the daring and successful villany of Colonel Blood, who, after burglariously robbing the Tower of the imperial crown and sceptre, was not only pardoned, but received into favour by the weak Charles. This was no small incentive to Morgan to adopt the most violent courses.

In the mean time, Governor Lynch, being much exasperated by the continued contumacy of Admiral Morgan, and finding that

it not only lowered him in the estimation of the inhabitants of the island, but might be reported to his disadvantage in England, called together another council, where at a private sitting it was resolved to surprise Morgan at his house, and convey him, by force, on board of a man-of-war then lying at Port Royal. This extreme measure was effected at the dead of night, and Morgan was taken from his bed, and before he had fully recovered the use of his faculties, for he was labouring under the effects of a more than usual debauch, he found himself a state prisoner on board of his majesty's ship the *Elephant*.

The admiral was treated not with respect merely, but with great deference, by those in whose custody he had been placed; and could he have forgotten his former high estate, and the situation of his wife, whom he loved well, if not romantically, he would have had little to complain of. He very soon became a favourite with the captain and all the officers, who were always importuning him to recount his various and his wonderful exploits. He arrived after the absence of half a human life, towards the close of the year 1671, in England, and no sooner had the ship cast anchor in the Downs than a fly-boat came alongside of her, with orders to convey Morgan immediately to the Tower.

From the moment that he was on board this boat, all demonstrations of respect towards him ceased. His fame had not then reached the common ear of England. He whose name had been dreaded all through the New World, and whose power had been so unlimited, was now looked upon merely as a mean robber and a malefactor. Without ceremony he was landed at the Traitor's Gate in the Tower, and marshalled into his solitary room.

The most bitter humiliation to Morgan was the utter neglect that he experienced. His arrival made no sensation. So little was he then thought of, that the meagre records of the day took no notice of his arrival, nor has Hume or any historian made mention of the conqueror of Panama, and the terror of the Spanish monarchy. The times seem to have been a continued infatuation of dissoluteness. Nothing but the grossest pleasures were thought of at court, and, just then, almost all the people were courtly.

For three long and weary years did our hero lie, unnoticed, in prison. Of course he petitioned continually to be heard in his defence, but every one seemed to have consigned him to utter oblivion. Doubtlessly, his immense wealth had escaped the knowledge of those who might easily, through the means of legal appearances, have confiscated very much of it. Neglect, in this respect, was his best friend.

These three years were certainly the most miserable of Morgan's life. We will not employ any hackneyed comparisons about the

caged eagle, or the fettered lion; for nothing brute or nothing human could equal the agony of his impatience.

Towards the end of the second year of Morgan's confinement, the consuming monotony of his life was disturbed by the following affecting incident. On the 6th of November 1674, one of the warders of the Tower announced to the prisoner that a very ancient countryman had obtained permission to see and to speak with him, and that he now demanded the interview.

Morgan was now himself an old man: if not so in years, he was emphatically so in appearance, in sufferings, and in a broken constitution. His hair was grizzled and thin, his beard long and neglected, and his countenance yellow and dry, and most frightfully wrinkled. The last part to be quenched about a man, his eye, still burned brilliantly with a restless and fevered expression.

Morgan said to the warder, "Why torment me? What boots it to bring those stricken in years together, or is it generous to make infirmity gaze upon infirmity? I care not to look upon old men."

"But, admiral," said the sturdy man-at-arms, "the old man is foot-worn—he has travelled far—he is, too, of thine own country—and his Welsh is as powerful in the nostrils as a leek."

Then Morgan's heart misgave him. He was humbled with shame for his long neglect of his family—he had never asked, "My father, is he yet alive?" He had been a prosperous warrior, he had reaped great glory, and had amassed much wealth—but he had hardened his soul, and death had been so familiarized to him, that he had taken to himself the habit of concluding that he only of all his early companions could live on; and so he muffled up his face with his cloak, and then with a smothered voice bade the warder introduce the visitor.

And then a man, venerably old, clad in a loose and coarse woollen robe, and leaning upon a long staff, which he grasped nearly in the middle, tottered into the apartment, and stood before Morgan. Father and son had met. Morgan, slowly uncovering his face, gazed upon the patriarch in silence, and that long long gaze the man of nearly a hundred years returned intently, and at length, groaning bitterly, he shook his head with an air of such utter despondency, that it drew tears into the eyes of the stern warder.

Henry Morgan was himself no longer young, but the expression of his features was proud and hard, and would have been lofty too, had it not been marked with a good deal of scorn.

"Knowest thou him who stands before thee?" said the old man.

"No—I know you not—yes—you should be Gaffer Morgan—you are my father."

This was spoken coldly, though the words came from a troubled bosom.

"And is this all that thou hast to say, ungracious boy?" said the father, sternly.

"Father—I cannot say that we are 'well met;' then why, sir, meet at all? Mine is not the act."

"I came to look upon thee, Henry Morgan, once more before I die. Peradventure to bless thee—hadst thou deserved it—nay, nay—even hadst thou desired it."

"O, my father, I deserve it not in your sense, nor do I desire it in mine."

"Then it is true, those horrors that I have heard of thee are true. Thou hast hardened thy heart in iniquity, thou hast cast off God and cast away thyself! Misery, misery, and woe! Henry Morgan, they have put thee in printed books—they have made paltry songs upon thee—yes, beggarly vagrants have sung them at the porch of my innocent house—they have dishonoured thee and me, and thy brethren and their children. But is this true that they say of thee—hast thou been a pirate?"

"I have been lawless among the lawless—no more."

"It is too much. Hast thou murdered?"

"I have slain in just retaliation."

"Unremorseful boy! 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

"I have been his instrument then. He willed it."

Old Morgan had now seated himself, and, with his features working with agony, looked upon him whom he considered as his lost and most reprobate son. After some period of silence on both sides, the father resumed, and with trembling and most touching accents questioned our hero upon all the points of his most eventful life. At first Morgan answered him sullenly, and in a manner as brief as possible, though by no means in a style of bravado. He had his own peculiar method of telling his story; all that was too abhorrent he concealed, and for those incidents of his life which were too notorious to be passed over in silence, he had the gloze of glory; and the most heroic courage and the most consummate conduct gave a specious dignity to actions in themselves horribly cruel and basely unjust.

As he warmed in his relation and grew eloquent, the responding hectic appeared upon the old man's faded cheek, and he shook his head disapprovingly, whilst his aged heart exulted, and continually exclaimed, "A glorious boy, but a bad—a glorious boy;" till at length the "bad" was wholly forgotten, and his desperate son stood before him only as the "glorious."

It then became Morgan's turn to make inquiries. The old harper had passed away, and had long been dead when his son

Owen died in his conquered castle of Chagre. The castle of Glenllyn was now more a ruin than ever, and old Morgan hoped that his newly found son would come and bury him in the family grave at Penabock amongst his ancestors.

In his limited knowledge of the world, the elder Morgan supposed that his son, being a prisoner, must consequently have been poor even to the penury of want, and that he was fed as well as lodged at the expense of his most gracious majesty of dissipated and clement memory. Now they had been together scarcely an hour before the old feelings, such as should always exist between father and son, were fully revived.

There was some inquiring on the part of the patriarch, in order to ascertain if his truculent son still held fast to the Pelagian principles of faith. Our hero's answers proved most satisfactory, for there was no great difference in the dogmas of a man who believed himself to be his own providence, and one who confided all his hopes of heaven in his own personal merits, casting aside all other intervention or intercession.

This interview, which commenced under such disagreeable auspices, had assumed not only a pleasant but a tender complexion. Yet there seemed to be something in the old man's mind that troubled him exceedingly, of which he wished to disburthen himself gracefully. That he stood in awe of his son he evidently felt.

"And of course," said our hero, "good old Penabock stands as firmly, and doubtless you, father, and my brothers, have much increased the estate."

"Yes, it is a brave place, and by our honest industry we have added to it some fields."

"I am most happy to hear it. I now remember me of a foolish request of poor Owen—he made it when dying. You have not ploughed up the green before the old farm-house?"

"Not yet, son Henry, but we look to do it next fall."

"It must by no manner of means be done. I forbid it. Why, father, it was our playground. Could my brothers ever have consented to it? No, no, whilst our family hold the land let it be held sacred."

"Whilst indeed! Ah, Henry, the land is ours no longer. We hold it now, as it were, but as tenants."

"You utterly surprise and dismay me! Surely you have not been overwhelmed with poverty, and I so rich. I have been very inconsiderate, basely so."

"You rich, my son! Well, I will just tell you all about it. Six months ago we heard that the king had caught you and clapped you up here. Trust me that from time to time we had fine tidings

of you; sometimes we believed you were our own Henry, more often that the bloody pirate was some other person. At length our neighbour, Squire Trevillyan, a good man on the whole, but grasping, having visited London, returned and told us that of a surety the imprisoned pirate was our Henry Morgan. Whereupon we debated the matter daily—and we consulted with all our friends; and every one said that you might not be so bad as reported, and that, bad or good, we should assist you. It was proposed that I should come hither and see you, and then return—but I felt too old for two such journeys. My only reply was, “Save him, and only let me see him before I die.” Nothing could be done, we were told, without much money. Some hundreds here to his majesty’s mistress, and some hundreds there to the court favourites, and your release might be certain. So at last we agreed to mortgage the old family acres, and here, son Henry, is the money. Use it, for you know better than I; but let not our family be disgraced, nor people tread with scorn upon my grave, as the Morgan whose eldest son died a felon on the gibbet.”

“And all this you did for me? Most excellent father, most excellent brothers, this is, indeed, beyond repayment!”

“Come back to the land—give it your labour to till it, and pay off this mortgage, and all your debts are paid.”

Morgan was much moved by this instance, of affection. He found that his family had raised the sum of £3,700 upon the family estate, all of which was contained in the stout leathern bag which was placed in Morgan’s hands by his father.

Our hero ruminated for some time, and then wrote and carefully sealed and directed a letter to one of the richest merchants of London. He then told his father to take the bag and the letter as directed, and that that gentleman would instruct him how best to employ the money. He then promised his father, immediately that he procured his release, to visit Penabock. After much more that was kindly and affecting had passed, the old man, having given his son his blessing heartily, departed to the merchant, in order, as he thought, to procure Morgan’s pardon.

The merchant, having taken the money and read the letter, very hospitably and honourably entertained old Morgan, and the next morning informed him that it was imperatively necessary that he should journey forthwith to his home in Wales, and that he would furnish him with a trusty attendant to see him safe, with a particularly weighty strong box, that he must take great care of, to Penabock; that this step was necessary to his son’s safety, and that all would soon be well; but that he was on no account to fatigue himself on his journey, and that all his expenses were paid beforehand, and that he might expect very soon

to see Morgan among his family, if all these injunctions were strictly attended to.

After an easy journey, the old man arrived at the farm-house, and then all his sons and grandsons being assembled together with some of their nearest relations, the mysterious box was opened, and found to contain not only the bag of £3,700 devoted to Henry Morgan's release, but another bag containing exactly the same sum, and a letter to them all, in the which our hero, after expressing his gratitude and affection, went on to state that at present it was to his interest to appear to be poor, yet, nevertheless, he was actually enormously rich;—he begged that the estate should be immediately released from the mortgage, and the sum that he had sent to be applied to increase it, for the good of all, as opportunity might offer;—that he himself was well content to wait the turn of events; but, happen what might, he would never suffer the fortune that he had so hardly acquired to go and enrich the parasites of a dissolute court. He particularly requested that the playground should not be tilled, and gave them all great hope that before the year expired he would be with them.

This letter, which Morgan had written on the eve previous to his father departing from London, spread joy among them all, and proved to them undeniably that Morgan was neither pirate nor buccaneer, and had never been other than a just and upright man, and a gallant and merciful commander.

The few remaining days of old Morgan were serenely happy, living, as he lived, in the expectation of again blessing his son before he died. No more ballads were either sold or sung, for many miles round, about the bloody buccaneer. It would have been a dangerous attempt to have done so after Morgan had so well justified himself, with the unimpeachable evidence in the strong-box. Shortly afterwards the old patriarch passed away unconsciously and smiling, and, notwithstanding his heresy, he died the death of the righteous.

Morgan duly mourned, that is, very moderately, the death of his father, in the Tower, and never after was able to find the opportunity of visiting alive, according to his promise, the place of his nativity.

CHAPTER XLII.

Better Prospects dawn upon Morgan—He acquires a sort of Fashion, and gives *Soirées gourmandes* in the Tower—Becomes patronized by the fair Sex, and soon after gains the Good-will of the King, and then comes to much Honour and Glory.

HENRY MORGAN had now steeled himself against all manner of emotions, excepting those that administered to his personal pride or his sensual pleasures. As he had but small means for the in-

dulgence of the former, he endeavoured to indemnify himself by an excess in the latter. Being amply supplied with money, he lived luxuriously, and from being attenuated grew heavy and bloated.

By the judicious application of the contents of his purse he procured many interviews with his fellow prisoner, Sir Thomas Modiford; and Sir Thomas, being well connected with many of the aristocracy, many a jovial entertainment took place in Morgan's apartment, at which several of the leading spirits and wits of the time assisted. These and other matters at length began to make our worthy fellow prisoners talked of at court, and then one fine lady began to ask another what manner of man may this Morgan be, who has sacked so many towns, and done worse to so many women; for all that was brutal, in a comparatively speaking brutal age, was charged against him. He was always called the pirate or the bold buccaneer.

But other causes were operating in favour of our hero. Sir Thomas Lynch's government in Jamaica was very unpopular. Hardly a ship arrived in England that did not contain a complaint against him, a memorial in favour of Sir Thomas Modiford and their admiral Morgan, and a petition that they might be again restored to them.

At last the king began to show some little attention to this affair, and became inclined to hear what the prisoners had to say in their defence, in opposition to the Duke of York, who, for reasons that it is foreign to our purpose to state, was inimical both to Modiford and Morgan. We will merely state that the duke had received large sums of money from the African Company, and was therefore strenuous in upholding their unjust monopoly against all who had the trading interests of the West Indian islands at heart.

How long king Charles's good intentions would have taken to have ripened into actions, it is very difficult to surmise, had it not been for a freak of one of his mistresses. Lady Castlemaine, having heard much at a supper of the terrible pirate, determined to see him. The means were soon at her disposal. Disguised as a young cavalier, she went with some of her gay associates, and in that character partook of one of Morgan's luxurious suppers. Whether she went to find a lover, or only to satisfy her curiosity, we cannot say; she was certainly pleased with the manners of the buccaneer, but we should suppose that he was much too *passé* to please the fastidious taste of the lady in any more tender capacity than a friend. However, she saw him several times, as well privately as in the company of others, and soon became warmly interested in his favour.

Everything was now in a fair way for accomplishing Morgan's

release. Lady Castlemaine had but to stimulate her royal lover's indolence by a few fits of the spleen, and a little insolence, and things were immediately put in train. But as Sir Thomas Modiford had been the principal, he was first called upon for his justification. It was complete and triumphant. He had never exceeded his authority, or used it in any manner that was not highly conducive to the best interests and welfare of his majesty's subjects. It appeared that he had been a true patriot, as well as a most able politician.

The Spanish ambassador curled his mustachios with his forefinger in stupid amazement, and went to his lodgings and wrote home to his most Catholic Majesty two quires of despatches, which were afterwards dispersed among the pastrycooks in London, they having been very judiciously intercepted, and afterwards economically sold for waste paper. Sir Thomas Modiford was honourably acquitted, and invited to court.

But if Sir Thomas's defence was triumphant, Morgan's was glorious. Even had the governor been mistaken in his policy, the admiral had but done his duty in making it effectual. But Morgan had provided himself with two official documents that fully bore him harmless, however great Sir Thomas Modiford's delinquency might have been. As they are but short, we will recite them. The first was produced soon after Morgan's return to Jamaica, It is as follows :

"At a council held at St. Jago de la Vega, the 31st of May, 1671. Present, his excellency Sir Thomas Modiford, Governor; Lieut.-Col. John Cope; Lieut.-Col. Robert Brinollos; Lieut.-Col. William Ivy; Major Charles Whitfield; Major Anthony Collier; and Captain Henry Molesworth.

"Admiral Henry Morgan gave the governor and council a relation of a voyage to Panama, who gave him many thanks for the execution of his late commission, and approved very well of his acting.

"This is a true copy of the record.

"CHARLES ATKINSON, Clerk of the Council."

The other, Morgan had the prudence to procure soon after his incarceration in the Tower. It is to the following effect, being a deposition of John Peeke, gentleman, aged thirty years or thereabouts, taken before the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Lynch, Knight, Governor of Jamaica, this third day of April 1672.

"The deponent saith that he was secretary to Admiral Henry Morgan all the Panama voyage, and that he wrote all his letters, and saw those that were sent to the said admiral from Sir Thomas

Modiford, or any other person in Jamaica. That he was present when the two Spaniards Marcas de Cuba and Lucas Perez were sworn on board the Satisfaction, and that, upon their deposition, it was resolved by the commanders that they would attain Panama, and that Sir Thomas Modiford had knowledge of the design by a ship that was sent on purpose, and that Col. Bledry Morgan came to the fleet in a sloop that departed from Jamaica ten days after the arrival of the said ship, and that Sir Thomas Modiford, in his letter which he sent by the sloop, gave no countermand at all. And this deponent further saith, that he delivered a true copy of Admiral Morgan's journal, (1) which was delivered to the council on the 31st of May, for which they gave him thanks, and ordered it to be recorded. And this deponent further remembers that the sloop which came to them and brought Sir Thomas Modiford's letter, in answer to those which were sent upon the advice which they gave of their resolutions for Panama, arrived three days before we marched for the city, and further this deponent saith not.

“JOHN PEEKE.

“Sworn this 3rd day of April 1672, “Coram Tho. LYNCH.”

We may here remind the reader that, on all sides, the merits or the demerits of the question were entirely overlooked. Sir Thomas Modiford might have been fully justified in declaring authorized war against the Spaniards, and Morgan was bound to carry it on vigorously. The crime with which they should have been charged was not the war, but the manner in which it was waged. The cold-blooded murders, the impalements, the torturings, and the other atrocities, were the criminal acts with which they should have been both accused; Morgan as the direct perpetrator, and Sir Thomas Modiford as an accessory before the fact, because the latter well knew Morgan's manner of managing these affairs; and as the expedition had no pay, and were to look for their remuneration in plunder alone, the governor of Jamaica was well aware by what horrible means this plunder would be extracted.

The king himself, who heard Morgan's defence before the privy council, was so struck by his manliness, won by his eloquence, and convinced by his documents and reasonings, that he pardoned him at once, and bade him attend at the levee the next day. Morgan, dressed in the elaborate and rich costume of the time, appeared in full court, at which his majesty was pleased to knight him, and add to the honour very many gracious expressions of approbation and friendship. He soon became the rage, and his company was courted by all those who aspired to distinction.

(1) Referring to the former document.

The king also affected him so much, that he would often lean upon his arm in a familiar way.

We find that on the 20th Oct. 1674, Sir Henry Morgan, with Sir Thomas Modiford, is dining with Lord Berkley, and that the far-famed Evelyn is one of the party. The conversation naturally turned upon Sir Henry's exploits in the New World. We record this merely to show, upon undoubted evidence, the society in which our hero then moved.

But Morgan had neither forgotten his love for his wife, nor his hatred to Sir Thomas Lynch. He was also a little too old to enter fully into all the dissipations of the most dissipated court that ever existed. However, whilst he remained in London, he used all his exertions to damage the reputation of the governor of Jamaica, to ridicule his person, and to impugn his wisdom. At length, aided by the continued representations of the inhabitants, Morgan at length procured the recall of Lynch, and his final dismissal from his government, and his own appointment as lieutenant-general and lieutenant-governor of Jamaica. The kidnapped apprentice, or rather white slave, had now, from the lowest state, reached an elevation not certainly unparalleled in the history of man, but one that may well be called wonderful, and one that should teach the unfortunate never to despair.

But the most singular part of these transactions is that Lynch became unpopular to the Jamaicaians because he vigorously put down buccaneering, whilst he was sent home prisoner to answer the complaint of the Spanish ambassador "for maintaining pirates in those parts, to the great loss of the king of Spain's subjects." Truly the good man was in a very curious dilemma. Morgan, the wholesale butcher and torturer of the Spaniards, must have chuckled amazingly at this, and become more than ever fortified in his impious opinion that man is his own providence.

However, burning with impatience, Sir Henry hastened to Jamaica, with his new commission, to expel his old enemy with ignominy from his government. He arrived amidst a perfect hurricane of congratulations from the inhabitants, but he found Sir Thomas Lynch was in some sort made up of the same cast-iron materials as himself. He would not resign. Morgan, being appointed lieutenant-governor only, until the arrival of the new governor and captain-general, Lord Vaughan, Lynch determined to exercise the full authority until he should think fit to depart.

Morgan would soon have settled this affair according to his good old custom, the strong hand, had not the Earl of Carlisle interfered, whose family our readers must remember had the grant of all this archipelago, the earls of that family being then hereditary captain-generals of the whole. The earl, however,

when he knew the circumstances, ordered Lynch home immediately, and thus left Sir Henry Morgan actual ruler of the island, although his title was but that of lieutenant-governor.

For a few months this successful buccaneer ruled his territory with an undivided authority, and very much increased his already great popularity. The free-traders, and all those who liked roving, began to look less care-worn; and sharp-built vessels, more remarkable for their qualities of sailing than those of burthen, at once rose to a considerable premium. The Jamaicaians now trusted that the good times would soon return, when they might safely trade with all the world in their own ships, and at the same time purchase the ships and cargoes of all other nations at half their value, after they had been taken by that amiable fraternity, "the brothers of the coast."

All these fine hopes were crushed by the arrival of Lord Vaughan as governor, in March 1675. Sir Thomas Modiford accompanied his lordship, and was made chief justice of the island. But so strange are the vicissitudes that attend man, that Sir Henry Morgan, in addition to his office of lieutenant-governor, was made a judge of the Admiralty, and almost immediately afterwards was called upon to hang a great many of his old associates, the which he did with all manner of dignity and *sang froid*. This proceeding was taken very ill by all the fraternity.

It was thus that the first occasion arose. Immediately on Lord Vaughan's arrival, he sent orders to all the seafaring men at all the ports, and on all the coasts, that they should not dare to commit any hostilities against the Spaniards; but they, seeing these orders counter-signed by Morgan, took them in a completely opposite sense, and got hanged for their mistake, having ventured to land and do a little Panama business in Cuba.

It may very well be believed that Lord Vaughan's government was so unpopular, that even the popularity of our hero began to decline. Lord Vaughan, in revenge, put the whole island under martial law, and the assembly did their best to annoy him. His lordship, however, set them at defiance, and made all possible haste to get rich. But, altogether, the inhabitants so much worried him, that one fine day he took himself off to England, leaving Sir Henry Morgan in the full exercise of the government.

We will dismiss Lord Vaughan at once, as his future life has no connection with Morgan. When his lordship went home without leave to get new and greater powers from the king, in order to coerce the refractory Jamaicaians, he had enough to do to prevent being sent prisoner to the Tower. But Charles was equally incensed with the governed and the governor. The latter he dismissed, and appointed the Earl of Carlisle over the former,

with even greater powers than the expelled governor had demanded.

By this time Sir Henry Morgan had become what is now called a tory. He hated discussion, and had a sovereign contempt for the rabble. He sided now always with the governors against the assembly, and being himself full governor, of course it could no longer be supposed that he would divide against himself. So, to rule his subjects easily, and make his reign peaceful, he too put the island under martial law, and then built two splendid fortresses, Fort Rupert and Fort Carlisle, and some very showy and expensive lines at James's Fort, all of which he well knew the assembly would have to pay for, although, had they been allowed to sit, they would have voted against their erection.

We have now but little to say on the domestic life of our hero. He was fully occupied in maintaining his dignity, and with his quarrels with the little parliament of Jamaica, watching over his immense estates, and now and then hanging a batch of buccaneers. He was very hospitable, and though the governor was hated, the man was adored. His gentle wife played her part with grace and self-possession, and all would have been prosperous with Sir Henry, had it not been for his confirmed asthma and increasing debility. The wine-cup had done that for his hand that no danger could have effected with his heart; it shook continually. However the reformed freebooter was now governor of an island much more consequential than Baratavia, but we doubt, notwithstanding Sancho Panza's annoyances, whether Morgan was half so happy as that paragon of squires.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Jamaica, and her Squabbles with her Governors—Morgan persecutes Piracy—Is again made Governor, and rules with a high Hand—Leads a very sad Life, and takes a Taste of his old Trade.

IN May 1678, the Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle arrived at Port Royal as governor of Jamaica, and captain-general of the Caribbean seas. He was accompanied by doctor, afterwards Sir Hans Sloane, as his principal physician. The earl was received very gorgeously by the military and the officials, but rather coldly by some and almost gloomily by others of the influential gentry of the island, as it was well known he came armed with new powers, and with a most tyrannical alteration of the constitution of the island granted them by king James I.

The subject of the dispute was the power of making laws at home for those abroad, and the levying of taxes without the consent of the assembly—the same grievances that embroiled us with the Americans. It must be said that the little parliament o

Jamaica fought their battle manfully. There was nothing but remonstrances upon remonstrances, the governor taxing them with disloyalty, they the governor with tyranny and oppression. The appeals to, and the commands from, the court at St. James's were incessant, and the king was fully intent to stretch his prerogative to the utmost.

In the midst of all this political war, Sir Thomas Modiford, now grown an old man, began visibly to decline, and even the worldliness of Sir Henry gave way to some natural feelings of anxiety for the safety of his oldest and now only friend. They had always acted and had almost always thought together.

The life of Sir Thomas had been an eminently useful one. He had learned the arts of a planter and a sugar-refiner at Barbadoes, and imported all his knowledge into Jamaica. During his long government, and under his auspices, the latter colony had first assumed the form of a civilized society, and had ultimately attained to the highest state of prosperity. Sir Thomas Modiford had lived to see all this acknowledged, and was one of the very few great men who have been so fortunate as not to experience public ingratitude for vast public services.

Sir Thomas Modiford at length sickened, sank, and gradually died. Morgan was with him at the last moment. The scene did not apparently much affect him; but it remained with him, and became, in a manner, portrayed upon his heart, so wan, so helpless did the once mighty mind show upon the shrunken features. There was much similarity between the constitutions of the two friends, and not so much dissimilarity between their ages. Did our Cambrian hero then fear death? Certainly that kind of death. Man appeared then no longer to be his own providence. He might die when he pleased, but not live. Morgan retired from that deathbed a sadder, but not a better man.

Sir Thomas Modiford expired on the 2nd of December 1679, and his obsequies were very splendid, and attended by every one of consequence on the island. Though he had lately been a high-privilege man, and opposed in party to the majority of the islanders, he was universally beloved, and his seceding from the popular party was looked upon merely as the dotage of declining years. So it is, was, and ever will be. The young are all for improvement, the middle-aged for the *statu quo*, and the old for falling back a little upon antiquity.

Sir Thomas Modiford's only son, a youth always of a weakly constitution, shortly after his father's death followed him to the grave.

In the mean time the disputes between the assembly and the governor continued with unabated vigour, till at last the place was actually, politically, and topically too hot to hold him. We

must say that in some things these Jamaica merchants were a little unreasonable; for when they benefited by the proceedings of the freebooters, they interfered between the culprits and the hands of justice when they were caught, and afterwards, when they brought in vast quantities of indigo, and other colonial produce, which they had plundered from the Spaniards, and undersold these said merchants in their own markets, they accused their governor to their king of aiding and abetting the pirates.

The differences were more and more increased, and a certain person, attended by numerous witnesses, repaired to London to make good a volume of charges against the Earl of Carlisle. The earl, finding this, and also that the air of the island did not agree with him, without leave granted or asked, with his young countess, returned to England in a merchant ship, and arrived in October at Plymouth, leaving our friend Sir Henry Morgan deputy governor, not doubting to defeat all the machinations of his enemies at Charles's court. He fancied his interest to be so great with the king, that he made no doubt of returning triumphantly to his government, with fresh powers, and men of post and importance to back them.

To his mortification, Lord Carlisle was much blamed for coming home; and although the earl cleared himself of what was laid to his charge, yet his majesty did not think fit to allow him again to return to his government.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Morgan's Combat with the Pirate Everson and his Comrades—Its unfortunate Issue to those Gentlemen—Some sage Remarks thereupon.

AND now commenced Sir Henry Morgan's second reign. The buccaneer lorded it magnificently. He commenced his rule in a very singular manner. There lay peaceably at anchor in Cow Bay a man that Morgan in early life would have hailed as a brother. This man was still a brother of the coast, though no longer a brother of Morgan. In fact, he was a gay dog of a pirate, a most notorious rascal no doubt, and thus a much better pirate. This maker of war on his own account was a merry Dutchman, of the name of Everson, and had with him a sloop and a barkalonga, containing together about one hundred and twenty men, well armed, and very desperate fellows either on shore or afloat, at the table or at the long gun.

The day after Sir Henry had received the customary addresses on his installation, as he was *tête-à-tête* with his wife, he yawned excessively. Her ladyship attempted the playful with the great

man; but though she piped unto him he would not dance, and thus showed less docility than the bear. As no one dared to show him the cudgel, the case was a hopeless one.

"What is the matter with you, my Henry?"

"Don't be troublesome, your ladyship."

"Is your excellency serious?"

"Very. Everything grows serious. The official dinner yesterday was too cold, the wines too hot, the attendants got drunk too soon, and most of my guests would not get drunk at all. There is no pleasure in life."

"I am not yet dead, Sir Henry."

"Hah! no doubt there is much pleasure in you—when you choose to please."

"I would please now, if I knew how."

"With all humility and respect, Lady Morgan, pray attempt it—I say it under correction, as a married man should do—hold your tongue."

The lady looked at him attentively for two minutes. There was no contempt, but a great deal of pity, in her countenance. She then languidly sank down on the softest of couches; two beautiful Mulatto maidens fanned her into a luxurious coolness, and, taking up a volume of plays, she read or seemed to read.

Sir Henry, also fanned by two negroes, smoked away furiously, drinking at short intervals huge draughts of punch. The guard of honour was standing within sight of his verandah, and more remotely was heard the clangor of the military band of the regiment at evening parade. Everything around him breathed peace and harmony and beauty. His wife, still young, had those matchless and soft charms that the creole race of females only possess. The symmetry of her person was actually divine. She was the *houri* personified that Mahomet dreamt of, but never saw. The man must have been all but insane who could veil from his eyes such a peerless beauty by the filthy smoke of tobacco.

After half an hour's silence, Sir Henry laid down his pipe, and exclaimed with a tone of genuine anguish, "Me miserable!" The black attendants opened their eyes until the whites of them appeared prodigious, in mute astonishment that the lieutenant-governor and captain-general of Jamaica, with the largest estate and the most beautiful wife on the island, could be otherwise than superlatively happy.

"Tell me, Henry, what is it that ails you?"

"I am so solitary." Sir Henry shuddered slightly as he spoke.

"You can command all the society of the island. Shall I send for company?"

"May the yellow fiends of this island seize them! No, madam. And yet forgive me, tiny pretty Annie, if I am harsh. There seems to be a dull crimson mist about everything."

"Let me look at your eyes, Henry; no doubt but that they are blood-shot—the network or retina seems charged with blood. Dear Henry, you excite yourself too much. Pray, see Doctor Sloane."

"The network of blood is not in the eyeballs but in my brain. Were I fanciful, I should say that it is a network that has caught my soul. Too much excitement! no, no; excitement is precisely what I want. I see, hear, taste, and feel, as in a trance. I am a numbness. O for the days of my active youth!"

"Plunge heart and soul into business, Henry; even quarrel—do anything but drink—do anything but despair."

"Send me the officer on guard."

A young gentleman, related to a noble family in England, made his appearance. He was gentlemanly and graceful, but seemed to have lived too rapidly.

"Sir Edward Mostreen," said the governor, "is there any news stirring? I am more dull than the memory of a last night's carouse."

"I hear of nothing particular, your excellency. The whole island seems peaceful and happy under your auspicious government."

"Has my proclamation been duly made against vice and debauchery, gambling and piracy?"

"O yes, Sir Henry," said the young knight, with a suspicious smile.

"Very well then. Give my orders to the commanding officer that he relieves you—and then come here, and we'll make a night of it. French hazard and rum punch—and mind, sir, bring with you some news, and two or three roysterers. We'll sup like the Cæsars."

"Henry Morgan," said his fair wife, "you promised to accompany me this evening to the ball given by the Speaker's lady, on the event of your re-accession to the government, and perhaps Sir Edward might prefer the company of the ladies, with yours, to your company without them."

"It is well thought of, Lady Morgan. We will be with you before midnight."

And that evening Sir Henry thirsted for sensations. He and his companions played high, and drank as only men can drink in the West Indies. But all this was of no avail. The madeira stupified, but did not excite, and the alternations of the dice brought to Morgan neither anxiety nor triumph. His companions

longed to be at the ball, and they whispered to each other that his excellency the worthy governor was decidedly flat.

Sir Henry Morgan had the box in his hand, had called, been taken, and was about to throw, when, with his arm extended, to the utter amazement of his guests, he began to tell them of some of his exploits in the storming of Porto Bello. He broke into the middle of his narration, in a manner that one would have supposed that he had regularly commenced it. His outstretched arm, with the box still in his hand, was now used in action to enforce the emphasis of his story, and the dice fell unheeded on the floor.

The gentlemen pronounced him, *sotto voce*, prodigiously drunk; but his story was connected and clear, though told in a desponding and deeply melancholy tone of voice.

"Happy were those days then, gentlemen. How healthfully the blood bounded through my veins! Every drop of it had a distinct soul. I lived a thousand men's lives at once. O for those happy days! they never, never, *never* can return! I mind me now, how myself and Jumping Jacob, merry Jacob Everson, met seven Spaniards hand to hand—seven, gentlemen, as I am a sinful drinker. Jumping Jacob had his joke as ready as his cutlass—no better fellow ever lived than Jacob Everson—a thought or so too cruel—he knew as well as the best surgeon where lay every nerve of the human frame; he would make your Spaniard squeak—if there were any hidden treasures, he was the man—an arch torturer was Jumping Jacob. Did it with such a pleasant countenance—good-naturedly, as it were. Well, Jacob and I were like brothers."

"Brothers, your excellency!"

"And why not? More than once he has turned the point of the sword that would have turned me into dust; and just so much have I done for him. No doubt, by this time, he is hung; poor Jacob Everson!"

"I rather think not, your excellency," said one of his companions.

"Well, well, he'll die a violent death wherever he is. Methinks that could I but have one more rally with Jacob, I should fairly rid me of this spleen."

The four officers looked dubiously the one upon the other. They knew not the precise state of mind of the governor, nor whether he was wandering in his intellects, or bantering them. Sir Henry was known to possess a shrewd and a cruel wit, and that there was that about him which made him extremely dangerous.

At length, Sir Edward, who was much in favour, said, "I

believe that Jacob Everson is not so far off as your excellency supposes. He is a child of cunning, that same Jacob; he knows that you are again in power, and is anxious to be early to pay his respects to you."

"By the heresy of my ancestor," exclaimed Sir Henry, starting up, and throwing away his languid air in an instant, "this is strange! Your meaning, sir, quickly."

"It is merely that your brother—I beg pardon—that this Everson is lying at anchor very peaceably in Cow Bay, and that the authorities, not having yet heard your excellency's pleasure on the subject, know not whether to treat him as friend or foe."

"They do not, do they?" and Sir Henry rubbed his hands with great glee. "They will be authorities but for a short time. What force has he?"

"Somewhat about one hundred and thirty men, contained in a well-armed sloop of war, and a very swift barkalonga. He is quite at his ease, I assure you, Sir Henry."

"And why was not I made acquainted with this before?" said the governor, in a reproachful tone.

"The advices did but arrive this day at noon, and as you had ordered that you were not to be disturbed upon small matters until office hours to-morrow, the messenger was directed to wait till then," was the reply.

"Small matters! Call you these small matters? The insolent incendiary! the bloody-minded buccaneer! to come and beard us under our very nose, in the first moments of our government. Here's an unprincipled pirate for ye! Nevertheless, I thank ye, Jacob. You have done me good, much good; I feel twenty years of my youth restored to me. I won't hang him, no—for the sake of our old friendship—I'll honour the rascal, and cut his throat with my own hand. I have said it, gentlemen—I, the governor. I prithee keep our counsel. Go you to the speaker's ball—I'll meet you within the hour."

His old energy seemed to have returned to our hero—a sudden and vast change was seen in all his appearance. His mien was again upright, and his eye cheerful. On the instant, it being about nine o'clock in the evening, he went to the ships of war lying in Port Royal, and selected from thence fifty of the best men, whom he embarked with a sufficiency of naval officers, in his own splendid yacht cutter, a remarkably fast-sailing vessel of about two hundred tons, and armed with twelve long six-pounders. Morgan then laid strict orders upon the naval commanding officer to lay an embargo on the port, and to suffer nothing to sail from it—not even a negro's canoe. Row-boats kept guard all night.

Having made his arrangements, the governor shortly afterwards appeared at the ball. Never before had he been seen to so much advantage. His cheerfulness was remarkable, and his courtesy and kindness to all most endearing. No lady there looked upon him that night as an old man; no gentleman as a weak one. The four officers who had, not two hours before, seen him maudlin in his cups, were thunderstruck at this sudden metamorphosis. He all through that night bore himself bravely and gallantly, as a ruler over English ladies and gentlemen should do.

He was most observant in all kind attentions to his gentle wife, and, as the party began to separate at about three in the morning, he courteously escorted her to her palanquin of state, and intimating to her that, feeling hot and feverish, he would stop that night, or rather morning, in his yacht, he bade her cheerfully and lovingly good night. His barge awaited him, and he was soon pacing the deck of his beautiful craft in solitude, and amidst the softened splendour of the moonbeams.

That night happiness rolled back upon Henry Morgan like a flood; the past was with him again. He was on his loved element. The implements of war were around him. Everything that met his eye displayed the means of power, energy, and activity. The bright brass ordnance, the shot ranged in the combings of the hatchway, the tall and tapering mast, so slender and yet so strong, and, above all, the stout and hardy forms coiled up in the shadows of the forecastle, made his inmost heart vibrate with ecstasy, and it was with difficulty he could forbear shouting in the excess of his delight. The foremost man in that portion of the world was enraptured at the thoughts of doing the mere butcher-work of a subordinate officer of the navy.

As our hero thus revelled in his own thoughts, the baneful superstition of his earlier days came over him, that his prosperity was connected with the shedding of human blood. "Yes," he meditated, "this outpouring of human life will strengthen my sinews, reinvigorate my blood, and again build up unto strength my worn and dilapidated frame. What else have I to desire but health?—all the rest is mine; honour, glory, distinction, wealth, and beauty. All, all mine—health only is wanted, and a greater capability of enjoying that which I possess. I am once more Henry Morgan, master of my own fate, and, though the governor's blood stagnates, the warrior's shall leap healthfully and joyously through my veins."

Full of these delicious imaginings, Sir Henry retired to rest, leaving word for the cutter to sweep out of the harbour at daylight, if the land-wind should be insufficient, and that he

should be called when the vessel had got outside of the Keys. Not a soul on board of the yacht then knew of their destination.

Morgan enjoyed a sleep more refreshing and invigorating than had fallen to his lot for many years. At about nine in the morning he arose, and found his gallant vessel lying to, outside the shoals, and a staggering sea-breeze blowing from the eastward.

The word was then given for Cow Bay, and on the first of February the yacht appeared off the anchorage. The men were ordered not to show themselves, and no colours were displayed, but the rakish craft looked too suspicious not to alarm the two pirate vessels, which were lying at anchor, with most of their men on shore.

The yacht took some time to beat into the bay, and in the mean time those of the buccaneers who were on shore hastened on board their respective vessels. The pirates knew the governor's cutter, and at first they flattered themselves, as no colours were hoisted, and but few seamen appeared, that she was about to speak them as friends, Sir Henry wishing to renew some of his old acquaintanceships. Jumping Jacob was in great doubt himself. He did not suppose that the governor intended him the honour of a visit, but he was inclined to think that the cutter might have brought him some overtures for a secret cruise on their joint accounts, or at least a friendly warning to him to be off in time. Simple Jacob remembered the blood that Morgan and he had shed, and the wine that they had drunk together. Still he made every preparation that a skilful and a brave seaman ought, to meet any emergency.

In the mean time the cutter continued quietly beating up, until she was to windward of the sloop, and then, suddenly hoisting her colours, and pouring in her broadside, Morgan called on his men to board, himself leading the way. The pirates returned the broadside, with their guns muzzle to muzzle with those of their opponents. For some time there was no flinching. Man fought with man, and the combat became too close and personal for the use of fire-arms. Jacob hewed about him right manfully, whilst Sir Henry seemed to slay right and left as in sport. Of course, many of his old companions were opposed to him. They could not comprehend it at all. They might have resisted more obstinately, but it looked as it were unnatural to put out their strength against their old friend and commander.

"What, Morgan!" said the merry Dutchman; "dog fight dog?"

"A murrain on your insolence!" roared out the ex-buccaneer.

"Oh! Mister Governor! And won't I enlighten your excellency?"

And with a good will he set about making eyelet-holes in his body. They fought savagely, and soon almost singly, for the pirates being sorely pressed right and left, many of them leaped into the canoes alongside, or precipitated themselves into the water, and made for the shore. The rest surrendered.

At the very moment when the sloop was won, Morgan passed his stout and straight blade through the body of Jacob Everson. The pirate dropped upon his knees, and would have fallen prone on the deck, had he not been supported by the blade that transfixed him. He looked into Morgan's face with the palor of death on his countenance, and a quaint smile struggling with the last agony that made his lips quiver.

"Et tu, Brute!" he distinctly said. Jacob had been a great quoter from the play-books.

"Had we but a parson here!" said a naval officer, looking down upon the dying wretch compassionately. "It is dreadful for a man to go into eternity, quoting from the devil's prayer-book."

"He dies well," said Morgan, coldly.

"Thank you, my old commander. My pain is slight, but my blood is suffocating me. Why, Morgan, do you thus serve your old friend?"

"I have done a friend's duty by you—saved you from being hung."

"And—will you—hang—all—my—poor fellows? Have mercy—poor—devils!" The blood was now streaming from his mouth and nostrils.

"Farewell, Jacob!" said Morgan, drawing his rapier from out the pirate's body. The blood rushed through the wound, and he died immediately.

"Cleanse that," said Morgan, handing the sword to the officer. "Stay on board the prize, and put all the prisoners in irons!"

Leaving the prize to be secured, Morgan hastened on board his yacht, and made all sail for the barkalonga, firing into her so long as she was within range. Four men were knocked off the fore-topsail yard, and were seen to perish in the sea, and much damage was done to her hull, but she finally escaped, being very superior in sailing to the governor's yacht. This failure incensed Morgan extremely; and in the very worst of humours he returned to the gubernatorial palace at St. Jago de la Vega.

For this gratuitous exploit, Sir Henry got much blame. People said that it showed such an innate ferocity, and a tiger-like thirst of blood, that, with all his honours and all his prosperity, he was still, at heart, nothing better than a sanguinary pirate. The officers of the navy were indignant at his conduct, and they everywhere boldly asserted, that, had they been employed, the

success would have been more complete, and that the barkalonga would not have been suffered to escape. Deducting from these animadversions all that arises from malice, it cannot be denied that this eccentric expedition was unworthy the high station of Sir Henry Morgan, and that it displayed his character in no favourable view.

But the world knew not what was going on in the inner man. With his years his infirmities increased, and his mind suffered still more than his body. He made up for his want of faith by a superfluity of superstition. He had bounded all his hopes within the narrow horizon of this world, and, narrow as it is, it was closing rapidly around him, and darkening as it closed. Though he obstinately refused his belief to an eternity hereafter, he confidently trusted to omens, signs, and charms for the present time. He boasted of having a great mind uninfluenced by prejudice, and yet believed in the luckiness of perpetrating a great wickedness.

As to the prisoners, they were fifty-and-five of the finest-looking men that ever pointed a gun, all English, and there was scarcely a man among them who had not fought with and for Sir Henry Morgan. They were all put on board the Snake sloop of war, and sent to Carthagenia in irons, and delivered over by Captain Hayward to the tender mercies of the Spaniards. The poor fellows could not understand this at all. They were distributed to the different towns which, under Morgan, they had assisted to plunder, and there hung with every species of derision and ignominy. They deserved to die, but when they considered who it was that had sent them to death, they were as much puzzled as any rational creatures that ever were hung.

This last desperate act of Morgan had made a deep and a distressing impression on his wife. Henceforward she regarded him with a fear, the symptoms of which she could not always repress. She no longer essayed to win him to those peaceful habits and gentle pleasures that throw sunshine on the downward path of life. Until he died, she always fancied that the word bandit was written upon his brow in characters of blood.

Morgan, however, seemed really to have derived fresh vigour and health from his recent blood-shedding. He proved this by achieving with the assembly a point that had been the opprobrium of every governor who had preceded him. He managed to pass a revenue bill for himself and the civil and military expenses of the island for seven years. He thus made his position not only comfortable but magnificent, and had made for his successors a golden path, in which they would joyfully continue.

There was not much of the jurist in Sir Henry's composition, and he was much disgusted by the predilection that the legisla-

ture of Jamaica were continually displaying for making laws. Having now passed his money-bill for seven years, he wished not to be annoyed and commented upon by the oratory of a parcel of men upon whom he looked with sovereign contempt. Therefore, early in the first session, he passed a sweeping enactment, that "all the laws of England should be in full force in Jamaica;" and then, telling them they could have nothing more to desire, he dissolved them at once.

In the mean time, as we have before stated, the Earl of Carlisle had not been able to conciliate the king, and was not allowed to proceed to his government again, there to repose on the bed of roses which Sir Henry Morgan had prepared for him. Our hero was therefore permitted to enjoy two years unmolested of almost despotic authority. He ruled well, and the colony flourished.

CHAPTER XLV.

Our Hero now on the Decline in every Sense—Is displaced from his Government, and disgraced, and finds his Constitution fast breaking up—Begins to think of a Parson.

THOUGH all abroad was prosperous, in his own home Morgan stretched his constitution to the utmost in every sensual indulgence. It was in vain that his gentle lady occasionally, and that Doctor Sloane continually, warned him that he was precipitating himself rapidly into the grave. He thirsted, he did all but weep, for excitement. His mornings were horrible to him, and it was not till one or two o'clock in the afternoon that he could dispel the red mist that he fancied surrounded him. At this period he must have been a most miserable man, and the very political ease that he had procured, and the peaceful prosperity of his government, were great accessions to his mental and physical maladies. A rebellion, or any invasion, or both at once, would have been blessings to him.

Though Morgan had neither avowed nor concealed enemies in Jamaica, there was a bitter and active foe always working against him in England; that governor whom he had formerly superseded, Sir Thomas Lynch. This man was either fanatically or hypocritically loyal; though the motives may be so widely different, the display and the success of the display are always the same. This Lynch was unceasingly toadying all the members of the privy council, and with them doing the utmost to disparage every public act of Sir Henry Morgan.

Sir Henry's sweeping enactment of equalizing the king's subjects in the colonies with the king's subjects at home made a very good pretence for cavil. King Charles and his courtiers

were indignant at such presumption, and the monarch thus expressed his displeasure :—

“By the King’s most Excellent Majesty, and the Lords of His Majesty’s Privy Council.

“Whereas, by the power given unto Charles Earl of Carlisle, and in his absence to the commander-in-chief thereof for that time being, dated the 13th of November, in the 32nd year of his majesty’s reign, his majesty has been graciously pleased to authorize and empower the governor, council, and assembly of the said island to constitute and ordain laws which are to be in force until his majesty’s pleasure be signified to the contrary; an act has been passed at the assembly held in the island on the 28th October 1681, entitled “An act declaring the laws of England in force;” his majesty is pleased to signify his disapprobation and disallowance of the same; and accordingly, his majesty’s pleasure thereupon expressed, the said law is hereupon repealed.”

Now Sir Henry Morgan, who was a most loyal man when it suited him, had not the remotest intention of displeasing the king. He sought only his own tranquillity in getting this most just, but to Charles most obnoxious, act passed. However, it was the fulcrum used by Sir Thomas Lynch to displace him; and Sir Henry, the next year, instead of seeing the Earl of Carlisle return, or being himself confirmed in his government, found the hated Sir Thomas despatched to supersede him—nay, more, even to disgrace him.

Morgan was immediately removed from the council, and declared incapable of ever again taking his place at that honourable board, and incapacitated from a seat in the assembly, being at the same time displaced from all his other offices and commands. His wife’s young brother, Captain Charles Morgan, was removed from the command of the principal fort in the island, and Colonel William Grey, Morgan’s intimate friend and boon companion, was deprived of his commission and disgraced.

As if all this were not enough, in opening the assembly, Sir Thomas Lynch talked of the late governor and his measure most bitterly. He told them that they must entirely submit all their concerns to his majesty’s sacred will, and watchfully strike out every clause offensive to his prerogative in the late revenue-bill passed by their disgraced ex-governor. “You must send,” said he, “a most seasonable and diffident petition to his majesty, in which you must acknowledge your submission and duty, and profess that gratitude due to so great a benefactor, to so exact a prince as our king. Thus likewise you will make such prudent and humble application to the lords of the privy council at home,

that I may say, without hyperbole or presumption, you will render them so favourable to you that they will become advocates for us, and kind to us as guardian angels."

Bolingbroke, Rochester, etc., guardian angels!

The sycophant then proceeds to idolize king Charles as a god, and to tell the assembly that they should worship him for allowing their laws to be in force until he could disallow them, thus suspending for a period "the use of that power with which he is directly endowed from heaven as a divine and inalienable right." He then orders them to vote money—money immediately, and money abundantly, and to be thankful to his majesty, who has the right to take *all*, that he will be satisfied with having *much* only; "for money," he says, "is the reason and balance of things; can there be motives, can there be life or government, without money?"

"And now for the law that your late governor so rashly, and, peradventure, traitorously passed, that the laws of England shall be in force in this colony. This law, you find, is annulled by the king's order, which your speaker has just read, nor does his majesty deign to give his reasons for it. For my part, I cannot comprehend why some have so violently affected it, since we are all English, and nobody has denied us any native right."

The governor was here interrupted by some disaffected cries of "Habeas Corpus! Habeas Corpus!" at which he was outrageously wroth, but which passion he soon overcame, and thus proceeded:

"We ought to bless God for so good a prince, who, like a wise and tender parent, in this matter only denied us what would hurt us. Remember that England had good laws in Henry the Seventh's time, yet some too many then; (how much more now!) for it is 170 years ago, that, as Lord Bacon says, by their number they turn law and justice into wormwood and rapine." The old gentleman was not altogether wrong there.

"Some consideration like this made a discreet Frenchman say, 'that France was obliged to the king more for contracting their laws than for enlarging their dominions,' which makes me fancy that laws to young colonies are like physic to the body, wherein not only the quality, but the nature and due proportion of it, should be considered.

"It is enough for you, that though our laws be not strong barriers to bad governors, yet they are certain rules to good ones, and be assured, according to your behaviour so will you experience me. I must therefore say, that if you are desirous to express your gratitude for his majesty's grace and his ministers' favours to us, you must do it actually and tangibly in your money votes,

and unstintedly too, I can tell you, and be humbly loyal and loyally humble in your words also. As, under correction, I wish you to enjoy the advantages of free discussion, I shall leave the method and condition of it wholly to yourselves, for I would not, by advice or direction, lessen your merit, or anticipate any act of your duty. However, take this with you, you must increase Sir Henry Morgan's revenue-bill, not up to the deserts of our princely prince, the which would be an impossibility, but up to what is looked for from your gratitude, as well as for my honour and dignity as your governor."

After this, many thought that Sir Henry Morgan would have had recourse to some act of violence against his old and bitter enemy. But Sir Thomas Lynch was, in himself, personally an object of pity. When he thus lectured the assembly, he had lost the use of all his limbs, excepting the right arm, by paralysis, and was infirm almost to dissolution. Whatever vengeance Sir Henry might have meditated for him, he escaped soon, and from all the world's malice also, for not long after he died.

Then governor succeeded governor in rapid succession, and years passed on, but still Morgan laboured under the disgrace and disabilities procured for him by Lynch. At length the Duke of Albemarle arrived, in 1687, with a commission from James II. and orders that the suspension against Morgan and his friends should still continue.

If Sir Thomas Lynch had scourged the island and the assembly with rods, the Duke tortured them with scorpions. None but papists found encouragement, and absolute power was the only doctrine permitted. Indeed, he carried his authority so far, that, disregarding the privilege of debate, he held a member of the assembly in £4000 to bail for having used the words "*salus populi suprema lex*," indicted him afterwards, and imprisoned and fined him £600 for the act. He next displaced all the judges and officers on the island, giving their posts to indigent papists, and took the recognizances of Col. Molesworth, the last governor, in £100,000, to appear and answer false charges against him in England.

But nine months were sufficient to destroy this tyrant. He could not drink the punch and the madeira used in the island, with the same impunity that he had swilled claret in London.

Of Sir Henry Morgan we have now but little to say, and that little is very sad. Debarred from all public employment, he revelled in habitual licentiousness approaching to insanity, one half of his time, and was the victim of a weakness nearly approaching to fatuity the other. Occasionally he displayed flashes of his former genius, and an energy in the transient efforts at reform,

that reminded those about him of what he once had been. As yet he had been spared the agonies of remorse. He had still to go through that last and worst chapter of life.

In the year 1688 it was evident that his system was undermined, and that the whole economy of his frame was breaking up. He had become tremulous in his members, and distressingly asthmatic.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Morgan's fluctuating Health—His Fears of Death—His visionary Hopes—His last Illness—Variety of Doctors, and the curious Treatment to which he submitted—The Negro's Revenge, and the proximate Cause of our Hero's miserable Death.

SIR HENRY MORGAN, with his lady, had been for some months living in comparative seclusion at Monmouth, in the parish of St. Thomas. Lady Morgan was a true and a pious Christian. Her religion was, of a verity, seated in her heart. It is most true that she could not give a reason for "the faith that was in her," nor did she ever desire it. She felt, and she adored. In his moments of bitterness of spirit, and when the past would stand up in dreadful and accusing shapes before our hero, he would exclaim most piteously to his wife,

"Dear Amine, what is peace? I have never known it. Pleasure, triumph, rapture, have all been mine; but you, pardon me, with no ideas beyond your household, seem always serene;—has my life been one great mistake?"

"I much fear, Henry, that it has. I would say to you, learn to pray."

"Ah! but after what fashion? Like the canting covenanter, the idolatrous papist, or the time-serving episcopalian?"

"I know nothing of religious disputes, but I am sure that disputing and religion are not one. I would say to you, pray like the covenanter without his canting, like the papist without his idolatry, and like the episcopalian without his time-serving—pray with them and for them all."

"To what end—wretched me—to what end? And yet one would do well to be on the safe side. Supposing all that the priests tell us be true, should I, Henry Morgan, once the wild buccaneer, have a chance of being saved?"

"What precious words are these! O my beloved, surely, if you repent."

"Repent! no, no, I cannot. It was glorious, by Heaven, it was glorious! Every deed was well and manfully done—every battle nobly fought, even to the smallest skirmish. Had I to do it again, again I would do it, eagerly, joyfully."

"But the torturing old men and women!—O Henry!"

"Retaliation, madam, retaliation! Who taught us all this? The Spaniards. Thousands of innocent guileless Mexicans, and thousands upon these, could they rise from their ashes, would justify me, and shout out to the very skies that I had well done."

"Pardon me, my husband, but this is sophistry. Your victims were not the perpetrators of these horrors upon the Mexicans."

"Their sons, or their sons' sons, madam. What says your own law about the sins of the father being visited on their children even to the third or fourth generation."

"Would that you could justify all your deeds from that blessed authority. Do not take it in part, study it as a whole, and rely on me, that there are still many years of the purest happiness in store for you. You are yet but in your middle age."

"You flatterer," said Morgan, looking upon her kindly, and much pleased; but immediately afterwards he continued, with great bitterness, "You very, very flatterer. Is this laborious breathing the sign of a long life? this dreadful hallucination every morning of the red mist a warrant for threescore years and ten? and this emaciated form, these haggard features, are they securities for healthy old age?"

"You are not yet eight-and-forty. Temperance for the body and religion for the mind, if ever you loved me, try them. Re-establish yourself, and let us go to your own Wales, my Wales as well as yours, and rebuild Glenllyn Castle. Your brothers still live, and are blessed with numerous families."

"It is a pretty picture, and worth trying to realize. We must begin with the doctor and the parson—the doctor is easily selected—but the parson—there's the difficulty—ha, ha, ha! it is ridiculous in the extreme, laughable, that I should be sending for a parson. However, let us begin with Albemarle's confessor. Our governor duke has brought popery into fashion here, and I understand it is now everything in England. We will have him, by all means."

"Not in this temper, Henry Morgan."

"In any temper you please, Lady Morgan."

"In humility and a christian spirit."

"I am all obedience."

The good doctor Hans Sloane, afterwards knighted, had come to Jamaica a second time, with the Duke of Albemarle, to be his family physician, and to botanize in the then new region of Jamaica. Sir Henry, with a small viper, a few worms, some moths and butterflies artistically impaled, and a handful of dried weeds, repaired to the doctor's, and on account of his offerings was most graciously received. Morgan, having given him a decent time in which to exhaust his raptures on his new acqui-

sitions, among which there being a Soursop hawk moth, the largest in the island, he was very eloquent, our hero began to speak of his constitutional ailments. The doctor's manner immediately changed, and in language and tones which showed the greatest interest, and no small degree of pity, he inquired of his patient the detail of his symptoms and his feelings.

"May I inquire your age, Sir Henry?"

"Forty-five," said our hero boldly. "Who ever owns to more?"

"Hum—my dear Sir Henry—upon my honour you look fifty at least—that is, professionally speaking."

"Living too freely, doctor, nothing else. You see how lean I am."

"Truly there is room for improvement."

"And this sallow complexion—had you known me some fifteen or twenty years back. This climate plays the devil with us, doctor."

"No so, my good Sir Henry; it is you who play the devil in the climate. Do you know that what should be the whites of your eyes are yellow as a guinea?"

"No, I don't know; I have been such a goblin lately, that I have really feared to look into a glass for many months. Though still afloat, I am broken up, doctor. Solid food I cannot eat. I rise every morning with a dizziness in my head, and everything seems to me to be enveloped in a red fog, until I am relieved by sickness. I am subject to a continual dysentery, and towards night my asthma is terrible—though that is relieved by a bottle or so of madeira."

"You have described to me some very alarming symptoms, but the worst of them is '*the bottle or so*' of madeira."

"Ah, you doctors half kill a man with abstinence, and then call it health. Bad as I now am, I always grow better with the second bottle, and get quite well with the third—but it won't last, doctor, it won't last."

"I should be much surprised if it did. And I perceive that, thin as you are, you have an awkward protuberance before you—you are decidedly dropsical, Sir Henry Morgan."

"I know it. Would that the fire in my brain would dry up the water in my belly! The night, doctor, there is the torment! The dreadful nights—the only argument that ever had weight with me that man has a soul distinct from his body, is the tortures of my nights. Bodily sufferings I might laugh at, but those——"

"These are sad disclosures, my good friend, but do not despair. Calm your nerves by a cheerful yet quiet religious tone of mind. Hope you for everything, and I will not despair."

"This very morning Lady Morgan was talking of going with

me to Wales, and rebuilding an old castle on the spot of my nativity ;” and then with painful eagerness, and panting to be contradicted, he continued, “my dear doctor, was not this very absurd?”

“Not at all, Sir Henry, not at all. Show now but a little of the courage of your former life, and all may yet be well.”

Very much heartened, Morgan promised everything, and, to make a happy beginning, went home to his lady, and took her for his religious instructor, the effects of which we will hereafter describe.

For the sake of the curious in medical matters, we will give Sir Hans Sloane’s own account of the treatment that he followed in order to cure a hard-drinking buccaneer, with a good many dark deeds upon his conscience, of a complication of disorders. We will preserve the good knight’s venerable orthography.

“I was afraid of a beginning dropsie, and advised him to an easie vomit of oxymel. scill. with the help of a feather and thin water-gruel, fearing vin. emet. might disorder him too much, by putting him into a looseness or too great evacuation. After that I gave him some madeira wine in which the roots of gentian, tops of centaury, etc., had been infused, with which vomit, it working easily, and the bitter wine taken every morning for some days, he recovered his stomach, and continued very well for a considerable time.”

Lady Morgan nobly co-operated with the doctor. She insisted, in the first place, upon rigid temperance, and a scrupulous adhesion to all the physician’s directions. She would enter with him into no doctrinal points, nor into any controversy about a hereafter. She begged him to take it for granted, if it were only for the happiness it secures us in this life.

“If we should be mistaken, shall we not be as well off as the unbeliever?” she would mildly ask, and then continue in a gentle rapture, “Think, Henry, only think of the ineffable bliss of the alternative. It must be so—it is a feeling, a principle of our existence, to be assured of it. We desire it as we do life; take it away from it in one form, and we shall create it to ourselves in another. You, in your silly superstitions, prove that you want something apart from and beyond this life.”

And so the stern pirate became gentle, and said that he believed, and fancied that he had repented. The vision of Castle Glenllyn rebuilt in more than its pristinè magnificence became more distinct, and he was fast approximating to something, for the first time in his life, like rational happiness.

But circumstances arrayed themselves against him; he struggled with them a little, but they conquered. By nature and by

habit Sir Henry Morgan was a tyrant, a placable one truly, but a tyrant still, and those who are the most restless under tyranny are the tyrants themselves. As our hero was enjoying his renovated health, living in temperance, and fast acquiring serenity of mind, he was forced from his retirement by exciting public events. The ducal governor was driving the assembly to open rebellion by oppression and violence; one of its members was found murdered in the streets, after having, in the house, protested against some of the duke's usurpations, and another member was sought for to be publicly whipped for having made some personal remarks upon the governor. This was too much—and even Lady Morgan consented that Sir Henry should attend the public and private meetings to which these transactions gave rise.

With abundance of cautions, injunctions, and cheerfully yielded promises of extreme temperance, Morgan went, spoke, grew animated, excited; a supper followed, and ended with our hero being left under the table in a complete state of intoxication. That night he went not home, and the next, and the next, and the next, his threshold was a stranger to his step. The debate by day, and the debauch by night, continued, until his constitution could bear no more; and he was then carried to his home, and to his deploring wife, in a state of absolute danger.

Sir Hans Sloane must now go on with the story.

“Not being able to abstain from company, he sat up late, drinking too much, whereby he not only had a return of his first symptoms, but complained of ——”

In fact, he was in so much danger, that the next eminent physician in the island, Dr. Rose, was called in. After a long consultation, they ordered him an electuary of cassia, oil of juniper, cremor. tart., etc., etc., and the continuance of the former medicines.

Under this treatment, our hero was doing tolerably well, but he ruined all by his impatience, and a sense of shame for his last relapse made him foolishly averse to the soothing and tender consolations of his exemplary wife. The stirring events passing at the time, and in which he was unable to participate, irritated him almost to madness, and his cough and difficulty of breathing increased. He then called in another doctor, who talked profoundly of Hippocrates, and pronounced the treatment of his former physicians, and the patient's disease, to be one and the same thing—wind; and that he had nothing the matter with him but a respectable tympany. Sir Henry got worse under the new treatment, and grew very furious.

Sir Hans Sloane, having a real friendship for our hero, and

thinking that he might yet be saved, and taking no notice of the insult of his dismissal with Dr. Rose, made his appearance beside his hammock, and in the kindest manner possible very soon convinced him of the ignorance of his new doctor.

“We then gave him,” writes Dr. Sloane, “all manner of diuretics we could find in Jamaica, linseed and juniper berries infused in Rhenish wine, Milliped ppd. in powder, juniper water, advised him to eat juniper berries, used oil of scorpion, with ung. dialth. outwardly, by which means he recovered again.”

We preserve this as a curious treatment of dropsy—the centipedes and scorpions forming so remarkable and so detestable an ingredient. We should think them rather dear medicines, and very much doubt if they can be now found in our pharmacopœia. Sir Henry must have had a wonderful stamina when we reflect on, not what he got through, but what got—however, we must not talk too medically.

We now approach the last sad scene. Sir Henry had had his two warnings, but they were insufficient. Neither the doses of centipedes, nor of scorpions, could now deter him from madeira, brandy, and rum punch. He repelled all remonstrance, disdained all advice. He indulged in his excesses with the impetuosity of madness, and he was only arrested in this course by a return of his dropsy. It now became so bad, that it was a burthen to him. Dr. Sloane had now made himself distasteful to him, on account of his continually urging upon him the absolute necessity of temperance.

“On this alarm he sent for four other physicians, who pronounced that he had no dropsy, because his legs were not swollen: the reason of which was,” says Dr. Sloane, “because he lay in a hammock with his legs up, and very little exercise. They advised him to a cataplasm of vervain of this country, etc., for his swelled belly, and would have given him a vomit next morning, but that it was an unlucky day, as indeed it had, in all likelihood, been to him, if he had taken it, for he fell naturally, by only the cataplasm, into a very dangerous dysentery, which had almost carried him off. So the thoughts of this proceeding were put off.”

Morgan now fell into a dreadful despondency, sending away all his doctors, and refusing medical advice entirely. His gentle wife again approached him, and, after a time, succeeded in partially tranquillizing his mind. As he took scarcely any sustenance, and none of the faculty approached him, by the means of his iron constitution he might still have rallied, had not a garrulous old black beldame of a nurse talked about Obeahism within his hearing.

This, at first, made but little impression on him, but it sank in his mind, and he made her repeat, again and again, her accounts of its efficacy; nor would he suffer Lady Morgan to drive the ancient witch from his bedside.

Morgan was a little surprised to hear that Hecattykick, whom he had before so dreadfully punished for his cheater, had been for some time established at Kingston, in the double capacity of Obiman and physician, and that among the ignorant, high and low, his reputation and practice were extensive. It was some time before Morgan became reconciled to send for the learned Doctor Hecattykick, for he well knew the revengeful nature of the offended blacks, and he very prudently hesitated to place his life in the hands of one whom he had so harshly treated. However, as he rallied a little in health, so he did in courage, and the fatal step was at length taken.

Doctor Quashie Hecattykick made his appearance. He was in a court dress-coat of light green velvet profusely trimmed with silver, and a good deal worn; his waistcoat was of silk, the groundwork of which could not be discovered, it was so much plastered with embroidery of the most glaring description. It was edged with broad gold lace, and its flaps descended considerably on the negro's crooked thighs. His continuations were of scarlet, very much soiled, over which, and nearly meeting the flaps of his waistcoat, were drawn a pair of flesh-coloured silk stockings, much darned, yet not so much as to prevent sundry patches of the black shanks beneath being visible. His shoes were enormous, because his feet were so, and the buckles enormous, to keep in character with the shoes. He had round his neck a lace cravat, but it was so dirty that the nature of its texture could not be discerned. The whole was crowned with a full-bottomed flowing wig or peruke, profusely covered with flour, which ridiculously contrasted with the little of his jet-black face that was visible. The smallest conceivable three-cornered cocked hat was placed under his left arm, and there was the black leathern hanger by which he should have carried his sword; but, alas for Doctor Quashie's pride, although undoubtedly a free nigger, it had been taken from his side by the parish constable, and broken over his head. But his principal glory consisted in his immense gold-headed cane, which he carried so pompously before him. It was much stouter and longer than that used by the governor's own physician. As Doctor Quashie entered, he cushioned the top of it on his broad flat nose.

Loud was the cry of admiration from the black attendants. They coveted to be ill, that they might be cured by a physician

so magnificent. His very appearance did Sir Henry Morgan good, for, weak as he was, he indulged in a very long and refreshing fit of laughter. This did not in the least discompose Doctor Hecattykick. After due solemnity, he pronounced that his patient laboured under two visitations; he was obeahed "by some damned black nigger," and he was breeding ants in his inside, both of which he confidently promised to remove, and therefore demanded a double fee. The cunning rascal had enjoined secrecy on his dupe, and stipulated for the absence of Lady Morgan, and all white persons whatever, during his visits. Of course he was munificently paid beforehand.

What the rascal did about the obeism no one knew,—probably nothing; but what he did to Sir Henry was apparent enough, and that poor man must have then had his intellects much prostrated, or he would not have suffered all the beastly indignities to which his perishing body was submitted.

We cannot record the disgusting operations to which he was subjected. By the tortures that they brought upon him, the Spaniards whom he had racked and burned alive were fully avenged. The last, however, settled the matter. The black doctor came with two assistants as black as himself, with one pail filled with cold water, and another with an unctuous bluish clay. With this clay and water they coated the unhappy Morgan to the thickness of half an inch over his whole body, the clay being next to the skin. There were only his eyes, nose, and mouth, left unplastered. He was then thrown into his net hammock, with no other covering than the clay, and the two blacks were left with him all night to keep the clay moist by continually sprinkling it with water from a large hair-brush. "This treatment," Sir Hans Sloane very naïvely remarks, "augmented his cough." We should think it did.

This was given out by Doctor Quashie Hecattykick as the infallible process by which the cure would be all but instantaneous. No admittance was to be allowed to any one until nine o'clock next morning, when the whole household were to see their master eating rumpsteak and pepper-pot, and drinking sangaree, for breakfast. All this the sable people fully believed, and some of the fools among the whites.

Sir Henry Morgan passed a long night in bitter torments. His breathing became so affected that he could not speak, and the cold agonized all his limbs, and struck through his vitals. If he could have risen, he would have slain, or attempted to slay, the two demons who carefully kept him moist. It would be impossible to describe that night of agony, and too painful if possible.

About seven in the morning Doctor Hecattykick came to pay his

patient his last visit. He was evidently accoutred for travelling. No wig, no cane; he was now respectably dressed like a free negro. There was a merry devilry in his countenance that was quite hideous. Sir Henry lay motionless, and, but for his short low breathings, apparently lifeless. He was never more acutely alive in his mental faculties.

“Hab him life yet, dah! pirate body him die hard, Massa Cesar, ah! Annibal, you black niggers, him not dead yet—tink him sabbey what we say, Cesar? How you feel, massa gubernor that was, eh? Hearee to his dam teeth, grit, grit, grit—you ’member, sar, floggin’ poor black body ’board Satisfaction, eh!—poor Quashie very hot then, gubernor too cold now, eh!—you no speakee—dere—tweak your dam ugly nose. Massa Sir Henry, you lub your doctor, eh! gib him gold watch for lub. Here, Cesar, gubernor, you ’member, you yellow colour debbel, give me plaster of brimstone and salt, hey—poor nigger raw back—how you like, sar, your nice cold coatee ob clean blue clay? One pay toder—damme! no floggee no nigger no more—soon go die, debbel ob pirate—da, da, go to hell—get warm dere—Annibal, searchee—searchee.”

And so the three thieves plundered the apartment of all the portable valuables, and found a great quantity of ready money also. This done, they each practised various indignities upon the helpless yet perfectly sensible Sir Henry Morgan, and, as they left, informed the servants that he was in a sweet and refreshing sleep, and that he was not to be disturbed till ten o’clock, at which time the doctor would return to witness his perfect recovery.

Neither the black doctor, Quashee Hecattykick, nor his two assistants, were ever more heard of in Jamaica.

At ten o’clock, wife, friends, and household, entered Morgan’s apartment. They found him not only all but dead, but nearly buried, for he was shrouded in clay. The confusion and lamentation were great. The robbery was discovered at the same time, and the intended assassination fully comprehended.

It may appear incredible that, by the means of warm baths and restoratives judiciously administered, Morgan should have been so far recovered, as to detail accurately all the proceedings of the blacks. But it was evident to all that his hours were numbered, and that he was fast sinking.

And then the lawyers came about him for his signature, and there was consternation, and weeping, and wailing, around him. But revenge upon his black doctor seemed wholly to occupy his thoughts, even to such a degree as to deaden his perceptions to his acute sufferings. To every inquiry as to his mind or body,

he did but groan some dreadful imprecation of revenge, or some impatient question as to the means taken to apprehend his insulting assassins. His was the awful deathbed of the wicked man.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Morgan's miserable Death—He is made to die in communion with the Catholic Church, without being conscious of it—Some Account of the rest of our Personages—and a Summary of our Hero's Character.

WE do not lay much stress upon the scenes presented to us in the dying hours either of the just or the unjust. The frail frame is too much shattered not to totter, and, as it were, tremble in agony and fright at the solemn moment that is approaching, to make it an insensible and corrupting clod. The soul has but little to do with the expression of the body's natural sufferings. The divine emanation, which has already half-winged its flight to its future destiny, must be supposed to be but little interested, or but little conscious of what is passing in the frail and perishing vessel which it has just left, or is leaving. It is the body only that groans and quivers and shrieks; the immortal essence has other, and, to us, inscrutable, sensations to undergo;—may they be less terrible to the best of us, than the dying agony of mortality is to the worst!

The deathbeds of the upright, the just, and the innocent, have been terrible, and those of the most hardened villains careless, sometimes peaceful, sometimes even joyous. They prove nothing but a complexity of fibres and nerves more or less susceptible to the impulses of pain, terror, and sickening apprehension. We have premised this, in order to convince our readers that we wish not to make an *ad captandum* display of religion, in recording the last minutes of our sinful hero. We would rather that it operated as a moral lesson, and as a warning to those apt to indulge in sensuality. It is the unstrung and shattered nerves of the man with which we have to do. His soul is with its Creator. In the depths of His awful omniscience alone can there be judgment. Let no mortal pronounce upon the immortal destiny of his fellow man.

Morgan's parting scene was the most terrific that can be conceived. His imagination was all upon this earth. His ravings were most coherent; his insanity was not insane. Whilst Death, with his skeleton wings, hovered brooding over the despairing wretch's pillow, and was throwing a darkness around the chamber, Morgan was exhausting himself with imprecations, and thirsting for more human blood. When the paroxysm of fury had exhausted itself by its own violence, then would come over

him the cold intolerable sinking panic of the soul; he would weep like a child, and affirm that the room was filled with the forms and faces of the long-since murdered. Then how childishly the man, once strong in battle and stern in slaughter, trembled! His hammock vibrated and swung to and fro with convulsive shudderings. But few dared look upon him in those moments.

The cry of those around was, "What is to be done?" Some of the blacks recommended that, in mercy, he should be smothered with the pillows. They meant charitably.

The Duke of Albemarle, learning that Sir Henry Morgan was *in articulis mortis*, sent to him his Jesuit confessor. The Roman Catholic religion covets converts, and deathbed ones especially—there is no chance that *they* will apostatize. It would be something worthy to boast of, the conversion of a man so renowned as Morgan. So the priest, with all his mummary, not forgetting that which was necessary for extreme unction, with two robed attendants, marched pompously into the apartment, just at the moment that the hallucination was on Morgan that the very apartment was filled with ecclesiastics whom he had tortured and murdered.

"More of them, more!" raved Morgan; "but these newcomers have, as yet, no blood upon their vestments. How did they escape! I am but vilely served of late. Where is Emerson?—where my exquisite torturer, Brackentwist? Hypocritical canting dogs these—they have concealed much treasure doubtless—the nippers—the thumbs-crews—singe their faces with burning palm-leaves—I am not obeyed! Ah me! I am obeyed no more! I say to ye, shaven pates, that you shall go free, not a hair of your heads shall be touched; only bring to me that scorpion, that blackest of scorpions, Hecattykick."

The ecclesiastics shuddered, yet still proceeded with the forms of their religion as methodically as if the expiring man were sensible of all that passed around him. He, wretched sinner, was acting in far other and less holy scenes. From his now faint and interrupted ravings, it appeared that he was acting over some of the most terrible scenes of his past life—nor were there wanting a few bursts of ghastly triumph. The two spectacles, of the dying man impenitent, and the absolving priests, made a dreadful association, and an impious mockery of religion.

All this had long been too much for Lady Morgan to bear. She had retired to her apartment, with some of her friends and a minister of the established church. They prayed together fervently, and although the sacerdotal pomp was less than that exhibited in the room of death, we do not think that these heart-offerings were less acceptable to the awful Dispenser of mercy.

Everything connected with the last offices of religion, according to the ritual of the Romish church, was regularly performed before and upon the unconscious Morgan. During the last part of the ceremony the wildest horror had seized upon the dying one—his limbs stiffened, his eyes rolled, and projected from their sockets fearfully, and his hair became erect. Something unnameably, inconceivably terrible must have been glaring upon his distempered vision. He was now all but too weak to speak. He had confessed, according to the Jesuits' construction of confession, which was somewhat in this way.

"Have you been guilty," says the catechist, "of murder?"

The sick man groans. "He has confessed to it as well as he is able," resumes the priest.

"Of violation?"

"Fire the larboard broadside," shouts the dying buccaneer.

"Ah! as I understand it, under extenuating circumstances. He seems repentant, Father Jacobus. Do you repent truly of this wickedness?"

"Bear down upon her—bear down upon her, and fire the other broadside—double shotted!"

"I really don't understand it; but this sinner must be saved. Do you repent, Sir Henry Morgan? Calm yourself, my son, and answer me collectedly and temperately."

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," said Morgan; and then, after a pause, he continued, "We laid her alongside gallantly."

"Yes, he is sincere—but he mingles his confession sadly with the jargon of his former wicked life. Now I tremble to ask him—have you, my son, committed sacrilege?"

"Chuck me that monk into the fire—and secure me that nun—she is marvellously well-favoured."

The three priests looked upon each other—and shook their heads despondently.

"He raves," said the Jesuit. "We must wait for a lucid interval."

And so they waited. And as Morgan said all manner of things, they soon found that which answered their purpose, for what happened to be contrary to it was pronounced to be madness.

The last instant was drawing nigh. Morgan had confessed, had been absolved, had partaken of the sacrament, and had received extreme unction, and was thus, according to all forms, a good Catholic.

"He is departing; give me the crucifix," said the principal Jesuit.

The holy symbol was held up before the fading eyes of Morgan. It was of gold, and inlaid with precious stones. It rallied up the last flash of life within him. With his dying breath, he exclaimed,

“Glorious plunder! Cast it into the lot.”

He clutched it, and, in the effort of flinging from him the effigy of his crucified Redeemer, the sinner died.

It has been widely believed that the Jesuits of that period had no faith in their religion as a faith, but only as an engine of political aggrandizement for their order. It may have been so; but the conduct of the priests at witnessing Morgan's dying action evinced at least all the symptoms of sincerity. Simultaneously, and without communicating with each other, they knelt and prayed for the endangered soul of the departed—they prayed long and fervently.

At the threshold of the chamber of death the priests were met by the choristers, and carrying back with them the host, and the whole body singing a requiem to the departed, awe-stricken, they went their ways.

It was officially announced the next day that Sir Henry Morgan had been received into the bosom of the holy Catholic church, and that he had died a pious communicant of that faith. As the announcement was to serve a great political purpose, and in accordance with the views and policy of the bigot James II., we must not be surprised that the hesitating Jesuits at the side of the dying and unconscious man were the unhesitating instruments of propagating that which, if not a direct falsehood, was nearly akin to one.

If empty pageantry and lip-honour could have benefited Morgan, he had not died too soon. Every bell in the island tolled at the news of his death. The funeral was the most gorgeous upon record in the island, and attended by the governor, and all the authorities, civil, naval, and military. He was buried according to the rites of the Catholic church, and the Duke of Albemarle and all the House of Assembly went into mourning for him for three weeks.

We are not going to descant upon the grief of his disconsolate wife, because she was not grieved, nor was she disconsolate. After her first impression of terror had subsided, she felt relieved by the dissolution of her husband. If any very painful emotion assailed her, it was fear for his future state; but whilst she acknowledged the justice of the Almighty, she had an unlimited confidence in his exhaustless mercy. The world was before her, spreading out for her acceptance all that it possessed of enjoyment, and hope for her had not yet begun to moult her gayest and most beautiful feathers. She was still young, and was never more beautiful. Morgan did her that justice in death that he had refused to her living. His will contained a high and just eulogium of her many virtues, and it rewarded them with the

one-half of the entirety of his property, which was placed unrestrictedly at her disposal.

Of course, the fascinating widow became the most assiduously-sought match in the West Indies. She soon married again, and repaired to England with her husband, a young gentleman of ancient family, and of her father's kindred, though of a different name. She lived long and happily afterwards, but was never heard to mention or even distantly to allude to her first husband till the day of her death, and then she joined his name with her last prayer.

Of the after life of Lynia Guzman we know nothing—it is a most doubtful question whether she died of love for Morgan, or of ennui of her husband. We left her unpleasantly situated, certainly, and she deserved a much better fate.

Morgan's various colonels, captains, and other associates, mentioned in this most impartial biography, we must divide into two classes—those who shared with him in the Panama plunder, and those who were swindled out of it. Though they both became notorious, their notoriety took different directions; the one class became notoriously rich, and died as planters, merchants, and shipowners; the other notorious rascals, and were hung in various places as pirates, freebooters, and brothers of the coast.

Master John Peeke, the admiral's secretary and love confidant, found the clamminess of his fingers serviceable to his interests, since of so much gold, and so many diamonds, of which he had the handling, a very tolerable portion stuck to his hands, and he became gloriously rich. The tropical climates not very well agreeing with his health, he returned home, and then he found, a good deal to his astonishment, that he had so much improved in “all good graces that do grace a gentleman,”—all his friends told him so—that he might have had, not only the lady who rejected him formerly with so much scorn, but her three sisters also, and all her unmarried relations to boot—and some of the married ones. In fact, every one now appreciated him. Panama had polished him excessively. However, as he grew appreciated, he grew fastidious. So, in turn, he cut his old acquaintance, went to court, and told monstrous stories of his military prowess on the Isthmus of Darien, and lived just long enough to perfect his reputation as a notorious liar, and to see the last of his fortune gloriously expended in pursuits that he did not relish, and in follies that he despised.

We have stated that Morgan disposed of one half of his fortune to his deserving wife; the other half was bequeathed to his two brothers and to their children, with no other stipulation than that they were to preserve, until the time of his death, a favourite and

ferocious Cuba bloodhound, to which the buccaneer had been extremely attached when living. This bloodhound, which was the detestation and the dread of every one but his master, was named Yap, and the will ordered that he should be furnished with every indulgence and luxury that could be desired by a dog of taste. Notwithstanding his antibilious temperament, he was a dog of sense, and showed much more discrimination, in the last illness of his master, than most of his master's friends.

As this dog was a dog of nice honour, and much too punctilious on points of offence, it was found absolutely necessary to chain him; he was so prone to the duello, with man or beast. Sir Henry Morgan loved him dearly, and it was rumoured that either Yap or his progenitor, and his master, had often gone man-hunting together in foreign parts. That Yap had hunted negroes in the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, and most successfully too, is very certain.

Now this Yap had been chained under his master's hammock, and had shown every symptom of rage and indignation at the appearance of the black physician; and during the night of Sir Henry's last agonies his chain had been hardly strong enough to hold him from taking immediate vengeance upon his master's inhuman torturers. The dog's restlessness and howlings were, however, unheeded, as it was supposed that they proceeded from his natural antipathy to the negro race, which he had been taught to run down, and not to his natural superiority in sagacity to the white sons of humanity; besides which, no one dared remove him from the presence of his beloved master without his special permission.

The two Morgans, having converted all Sir Henry's bequest into money, returned to Wales, and very soon altered the face of the country round about Penabock. The old farm-house and the green before it were preserved, but a baronial family mansion was built, suitable to the domain, that now extended for miles. The Morgans now took the rank and assumed the importance of 'squires, and their children intermarried with the most opulent and the oldest of the resident gentry of the county.

The castle of Glenlynn became more of a ruin every year, but there was a respect shown to it that prevented its being either rebuilt or utterly demolished. Indeed, the site on which it stood was too near the sea-shore for all the comforts of a modern residence, as those comforts began to be understood, and people had left off constructing fortalices, and took to building mansions. So the pile was left to decay in its own solitary grandeur.

Wealth brought retainers and labourers, and in the space of three years Penabock, which had been only a farm-house, with

the necessary outbuildings, became a moderately-sized village, and Morgan-house, now the family residence, looked down upon it from a neighbouring eminence, in conscious majesty.

Yap was not forgotten. Every attempt was made to conciliate the irascible dog-legatee; but he had all the insolence and intractability of a rich heir. He was altogether too pugnacious to be domesticated, with high or low, man or beast. The Morgans had tried in vain. They had then devolved his curship to their huntsmen, then to their shepherd—their farrier had had his turn, but as they were strictly enjoined to use no violence, Yap was just as fickle and as untamed as ever. The dog had his likings and his antipathies, and in time began to know all his neighbours, and to live with them on tolerably good terms. This was effected by many a good, wholesome, and secret cudgelling, that was carefully concealed from the Morgans.

Yap, at last, being pronounced a reclaimed and a reformed hound, had built for him a splendid kennel in the Morgans' park, big enough for a cottage, and abounding with all manner of dog-luxuries. It contained two apartments and a fore-court, and in one of the rooms there was not only always the sweetest of fresh straw, but some warm and woolly sheep-skins provided for his accommodation. His fore-court contained a stone trough sunk in the ground, always full of the most limpid water. He was treated as the dog of the defunct conqueror of Panama deserved.

However, Yap had a wild way of hunting on his own account at night, worrying the rams and killing the ewes and lambs merely for sport, for he was now too well-bred to eat his mutton raw. This voracious habit compelled his trustees—we do not presume to call them his masters—to accommodate him every night with a brass collar and a steel chain,—the very handsomest that could be procured—but they were collar and chain still. This, at last, gave Yap the domestic habit of sleeping at home. He became a respectable individual.

Things had been in this happy and flourishing state at Penabock about two years and a half, when that incident happened which must close our veritable history, as it disposed of the last of the remaining persons who have enacted a part in its previous occurrences.

Doctor Quashee Hecattykick, in giving way to the dictates of his revenge, had ruined his business as a physician. He dared no longer practise either obeism or medical manslaughter in any of the West India islands, at least in any of those belonging to the English. This, for the present, gave him but little uneasiness, as he had made a very respectable booty from Sir Henry Morgan when

he escaped. Always taking care to carry about his person his deed of manumission and his personal description, he went from one place to another, playing the gentleman, according to his notion of it—which was spending his money in all manner of excesses; at last, he was forced to work his way to England in a brig, in a no higher station than that of cook and swab-wringer.

Arrived in England, he disdained the sea and all its dirty associations, and attempted to live by obeism and medical poison in England. But the English had better superstitions of their own, which the black did not understand, and much worse and more impudent quacks. Not a charm was he permitted to dissolve, not a plaster permitted to lay. So he wandered about the streets beggar and ballad-singer. Sometimes he played second to a monkey on the back of a dromedary, and too often got only monkey's fare—more kicks than halfpence.

After many vicissitudes, Hecattykick strolled through the country singing his ballads, and, upon the whole, making a very profitable harvest. Though in the sea-ports, and in London, the aspect of the negro race was common enough, for at this time it was the fashion of the court ladies to be attended by black pages, in the country towns and the villages Hecattykick was a monster and a curiosity. But he had a merry way with him, and was no doubt a very clever specimen of that race which afterwards were typed in the modern Jim Crows.

The ballad that Hecattykick liked best to sing, and which brought him most pence, was his own composition, and called "The devil's got his own or the bloody buccaneer." It was of some four and twenty verses, printed in a large round type, and headed with a very cut-throat-looking portrait of Sir Henry Morgan. The last verses, from which the merits of the whole may be inferred, ran thus:—

"Him cheat him friend ob him last guinea,
Him kill both friar and priest—O dear!
Him cut de troat ob piccaninny,
Bloody, bloody buccaneer!

"Him knock de church down, burn de organ,
Him rabbish all de nuns—O dear!
So now de debbel be sure ob Morgan,
Bloody, bloody buccaneer!

"Him salt de back ob berry fine negro,
Fine negro pay him off—O dear!
Him tweak him nose when sick he grow,
Bloody, bloody buccaneer!"

This long ballad was sung to a very lugubrious tune with merry variations, which merriment abounded in the last verse, and he

made a point of telling his auditors and purchasers, that he himself was "de berry fine negro" mentioned in the ditty.

But the berry fine negro had not so fine a destiny. Alas for poor Quashee! he travelled into Wales, where any disrespectful mention of a Morgan was not very well relished. He could not comprehend why he so often got kicked—of a truth, he was kicked from one place to another, until he was fairly kicked into Penabock, having acquired nothing but bumps and bruises since he left Bristol. It was the last place in the world in which he should have lifted up his voice and sung.

We have mentioned, that the Morgans had been before much annoyed by itinerants of this description. Quashee arrived in the evening, and no sooner was one of his songs purchased, than he was driven out of the place by sticks and stones. He did not want for money, but it was here of no use to him. His hunger he appeased, for he was too well-trained a vagrant not to have his wallet always supplied; but he was weary and footsore, and much cast down, having never before been so inhospitably treated. It was in the middle of autumn, and the night was cold. The chilling mists from the mountains searched through him, and curdled upon his heart. The moon was at full, and shining with unclouded brightness, although the cold fog rolled down the hills and crept along the ground. It was the *hunter's* moon that was mocking, with its cold brightness, this wretched child of the sun. He moved a breathing ague.

He approached the spacious park of the brothers of the man whom, if he had not murdered, had hastened his end. He opened the gate, and soon arrived at Yap's princely abode. The hound had scented him long before, and was lying crouched, with his nostrils extended, waiting for his victim. He snuffed up the air tainted with negro blood with savage delight—he was too eager to bark.

Quashie approached, making sad reflections, upon the inhumanity of the white man, who thus luxuriously lodged a cur, and refused shelter to a black brother. He looked over Yap's forecourt, and saw the crouched blood-hound, with his glaring eyeballs. The black saw that he was chained, which afforded him some satisfaction; and a glimpse at his warm sheepskins and his abundant straw determined him to dispossess or share with the animal his comfortable bed-room.

Quashie commenced proceedings by coaxing, but with miraculous ill success; scraps of meat and bread thrown from his wallet were disdained; he next tried provocation in order to rouse Yap from his lair, that he might ascertain the length of his chain. He swore at him; he was so cruel as to howl at him the ballad

upon his old master. It would not do. At last, Quashie hurled at him a large stone, which, striking him heavily on the nose, had the desired effect. The bloodhound, with all his white teeth glistening in the moonbeams, sprang to the full length of his stretched chain into the centre of the enclosure, grinding his teeth, and uttering a subdued sort of howl.

“Debbels ob debbels! Morgan no far away—here be dam Yap.”

Quashee knew the dog at once, for who, living at Kingston, with Morgan, had not known his terrible Cuba bloodhound?

Quashie drew his knife, and prepared for action, as his hate to the destroyer and hunter of his race was deadly.

Quashie commenced operations very cautiously. He provided himself with heavy stones, and flung them at the dog's head, before he endeavoured to climb the enclosure. The dog avoided the missiles with admirable tact, now leaping hither and thither, and, at every plunge, straining his chain to the utmost.

There was a silent spectator to this combat. It was Henry Morgan, the eldest son of our hero's eldest brother. He knew well the history of his uncle; he had seen the one song which Quashie had disposed of in the village, and he strongly suspected that the ballad-monger was one of the three negroes who had hastened so cruelly the death of the man to whom he owed so much. He detested the dog also, and thus with mingled feelings he had witnessed the encounter from the beginning, a passive and an undiscovered spectator.

“Now, sar,” said Quashie, “take you dat at you dam imben-betral scull.”

This time the aim of the black was effective; alas! too effective for him. The dog shook his head, and plunged forwards with a terrible strength, and the chain snapped.

“Run for your life,” shouted young Morgan.

No need of urging voice for poor Quashie. The hound was over the palings in a moment, and then began the awful death-chase. It would not have been long, had not the hound been encumbered by his chain. Then commenced the low deep baying at his heels, not unfamiliar to the terrified negro. The deadly and goblin-like hunt passed by the lordly mansion, young Henry Morgan following at his best speed. He shouted for guns and horses. Men assembled and joined in the horrible chase. All knew that nothing but the death of the dog could save the life of the man. Several shots were fired ineffectually, and though the running was not of the swiftest, owing to the confusion, those following could neither head nor get abreast of the indefatigable Siam hound. Down a dell, across a stream, and up the slope of of a woody hill, man and dog toiled. It was thought that the

negro had gained considerably on the hound in toiling through the underwood; the chain of the dog having much impeded him among the bushes.

The men too had now breasted the untameable animal, and were preparing for him the decisive shot, and the black was all but saved, when bursting from the enclosure and emerging in an open glade, full before his view, he saw standing before him, in the broad bright moonbeams, what seemed to be the spirit of Sir Henry Morgan. The figure appeared to be dressed in its usual costume, the arms were folded in the hero's accustomed manner, and he gazed sternly and immoveably on the fear-stricken Quashie.

"Know bery well him dog here, him master not far away. Debbel dam em both!"

So turning round to meet the fate he fancied he could not avoid, he prepared his knife, and waited for the spring of the blood-hound. The hound was on the black's throat instantaneously, the black's knife in the hound's entrails at the same moment.

"Take care," cried out young Morgan, "but fire immediately; the black is dying."

Three muskets were discharged, two bullets had taken effect on the dog, and a third had mortally wounded the negro. It was with difficulty that the hold of the dead dog could be loosened from Quashie's throat. The blood of both animals mingled together, but the black had still strength enough to address the supposed ghost.

"Berry good, Massa Morgan," said he, looking up at the statue. "Massa Buckra, nigger body, and dog—three dam rascals—all go to brimstone place togedder—howebber, sing massa my song in him ear all day long down dere—bloody, bloody buccaneer," and thus, singing dolefully, he died.

We need not tell any but the most obtuse of our readers that, on the top of the wooded hill that overlooked the new mansion, a spot had been cleared, and a stone statue of Morgan erected, on the pedestal of which it was gravely asserted, in very classical Latin, beginning, "Vir fortissimus et illustrissimus," that he had lived a man of every virtue, the glory of his country, and an honour to human nature, and that his surviving family deplored his death and honoured his memory.

It is no difficult undertaking to sum up the character of our hero. He was most completely the creature of circumstances. With a physical construction the most perfect, and which might almost be taken for an assurance of a superior mind, through the absence of that mind's moral cultivation, he failed in all the attri-

butes of true greatness. He shone most in emergencies. Where the embarrassments were the most perplexing, the obstacles the most difficult to be overcome, and the dangers the most terrible and alarming, he always appeared the most gloriously. Whilst the crisis lasted, no man was ever more unshaken in courage, in conduct more calculating, in resources more fertile. When the deed was accomplished, the hero sank into the ordinary man, and the ordinary man too often into the brute, and, as the brute is perfect in its sphere, beneath it.

He was formed to do great things, not to think them. As the ends that he proposed to himself, though vast, were mean and always eminently selfish, all his greatness consisted in the wonderful power that he displayed in removing the obstructions to attain a very inadequate purpose. He might be compared to a grand and terrible hurricane laying waste a province and desolating a kingdom, in order to reach and root up some worthless weed. He was by nature sanguinary, and when he had once soothed and softened his revenge by soaking it in human blood, the lust for destroying life never left him, and became to him not only an appetite but a famine.

We do not believe that Morgan ever felt a genuine love. He was amorous, like most men of the sanguineous temperament, but he certainly never understood the nature of a sacrifice for a beloved object. Puzzled in his youth by a perplexity of creeds, and too soon observing the wickedness of men professing the most opposite faiths, he flung them all aside, and took to himself instead an impious self-independence of God and man. Even this arrogance not satisfying him, he turned his face from the effulgence and bliss of Heaven, and flung himself into the arms of the first loathsome superstition that came in his way.

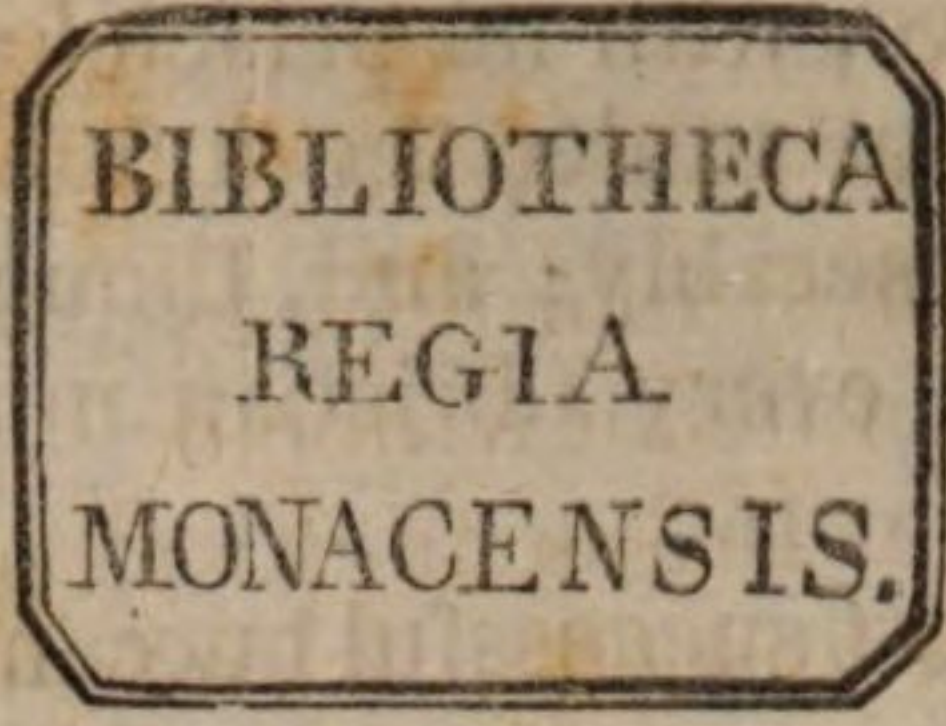
The yearnings of his heart were insatiable—he was insatiable in his revenge, in his vanity, and in his avarice—it was a passion of the same class as ambition, but on a much lower scale. He carried this eagerness into the pursuit of his happiness; but as he had circumscribed his views to this meaner world, and to himself, as one unbelieving in immortality, he naturally sought his chief good in sensuality, and fell a sacrifice to his baser appetites.

On the surface of society he appeared gay, convivial, and most engagingly frank. He was extremely eloquent, and a consummate hypocrite. It is difficult to say what his success in life would have been had he been properly trained; for had he been educated to good, he never would have identified himself with those diabolical transactions from which sprang all his temporary greatness.

With no ideas of justice, with no principles of morality, and no faith in religion, when not under the influence of the greatest excitement, he lived miserably; and, though we dare not say that he died hopelessly, every Christian must tremble for his future doom.

Truly, the lot of the most successful buccaneer that ever existed is not to be envied.

THE END.





Howard, Edward

Works

Bd.: 2. Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer. - 1842

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